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UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS OF HISTORY

MEMORIES OF THE BEGINNING AND END OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

BY

LOUISE WIGFALL WRIGHT

DAUGHTER OF LOUIS T. WIGFALL, SENATOR FROM TEXAS TO UNITED STATES SENATE, LATER SENATOR FROM TEXAS TO CONFEDERATE STATES SENATE, ON THE STAFF OF PRESIDENT DAVIS, AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH, AND WITH CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHS

BY March, 1861, the Provisional Government of the Confederate States was already established in Montgomery, Alabama. The Southern people were still hoping for a peaceful solution of their difficulties by the evacuation of Fort Sumter. In anticipation of leaving Washington, and in view of the uncertainty of their movements, my parents had sent my sister and myself, children of eight and fourteen years of age, to remain temporarily with my maternal grandmother at Longwood, a suburb of Boston. My father writes at this time in a letter to my brother at school: "Political matters are in *statu quo, ante bellum*. The war has not yet begun, but I believe it will before *the end of summer*, though the general impression here is that we will have peace."

During the winter, Texas not having seceded, my father had stood at bay in the Senate: almost alone, surrounded by enemies, the champion of the South; he had refused to give up his seat until his state had passed the ordinance of secession. Then, at length, as they had expected, my parents had to leave Washington.

My mother wrote me from Charleston:

"Tuesday, April 2, 1861.

We arrived here yesterday morning and I find very little change in the appearance of things since we were here eighteen months ago. You meet a good many soldiers, but that is about the only difference. The people are all *strongly in hopes that Fort Sumter will be evacuated very soon*. Some think to-day, and that the reason why it has been put off so long was on account of the New England elections. Your father has gone down to-day to visit the fortifications and has had the 'Lady Davis' put at his command."

She wrote me daily from April 10th to April 13th.

Interesting in connection with her letters to me are a telegram sent at this very date by my father to President Davis, and the President's answer from Montgomery.

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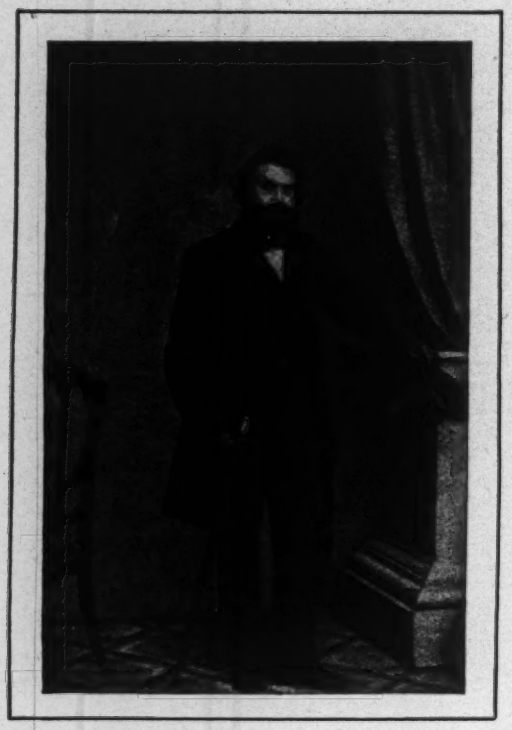


LOUIS T. WIGFALL

Senator from Texas and Brigadier General C. S. A.

"Charleston, 10 April, 1861.

No one now doubts that Lincoln intends war. The delay on his part is only to complete his preparations. All here is ready on our side. Our delay therefore is to his advantage and our disadvantage. Let us take Fort Sumter before we have to fight the fleet and the Fort. General Beauregard will not act without your order. Let me suggest to you to send the order to him to begin the attack as soon as he is ready. Virginia is excited by the preparations, and a bold stroke on our side will complete her purposes. Policy and prudence are urgent upon us to begin at once. Let me urge the order to attack most seriously upon you.

L. T. WIGFALL."

"Montgomery, Alabama, April 12, 1861.

My dear friend:

Your dispatch reached me after I had directed one to be sent, which anticipated your wish so fully that you might have imagined it to be an answer, if the dates had been reversed. . . .

As ever your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A want of vigilance let Anderson pass from Moultrie to Sumter. I hope your guard boats, steamers and launches are under competent and faithfully watchful officers. J. D."

My mother tells what was happening:

"Wednesday, April 10, 1861.

You see we are still here and it is quite impossible to say for how long a time. Your father has been with General Beauregard almost constantly since we came, until yesterday, when General Beauregard requested him to go on his staff, and since then he has been actively engaged in carrying out his orders. I suppose you know the condition of things from the papers—that the administration, after their professions of peace, have determined to reinforce the Fort at all risks, and we are in hourly expectation of the arrival of the storeship and the fleet sent to protect it. General Beauregard is only waiting for the arrival of the troops from the country to make the attack on the Fort. He is quite confident of the result, and God grant he may be right. We are all anxious enough as you may suppose."

"Thursday, April 11.

. . . Your father was gone all night with Captain Hartstein, seeing to placing light boats, with fires of pine wood, in the harbor, for the purpose of detecting the approach of the enemy's boats. He has gone again to-day and will not return until evening. . . . A demand for the surrender of the Fort was made to-day, but the answer has not yet come. In case of Anderson's refusal (of which there is little doubt), the fire of the batteries on him will open at eight to-night. God grant the Fort may be surrendered before the arrival of the fleet, for although I believe General Beauregard is prepared on every side, yet I should feel all danger were over if we had the Fort. It will be a night of intense excitement and, although I can't help feeling *shivery* and nervous, yet I am not as much alarmed as I might be, and something tells me it won't be so bad after all. I am going down after a while to walk with Mrs. Chesnut on the Battery and will add more when I hear the answer Anderson returns."

"Friday, April 12.

I was awakened about half-past four this morning by the booming of a cannon, and it has been going on steadily ever since—the

firing is constant and rapid—with what results we don't yet know. Your father has gone to Morris's Island to obtain a report from the command there, and in order to avoid the guns of Sumter he has taken Major Whiting's rowboat, so as to run in by the inlets. I don't know how long he will be gone.

"Eleven o'clock. The news we hear so far is good. No one killed on Morris's Island so far—and a breach reported in Fort Sumter. The iron battery is working well, and the balls from Fort Sumter have no effect upon it. All is excitement of the most painful kind."

"Saturday, April 13.

The news is glorious for us. No one hurt on our side and no damage of any consequence to our batteries. Your father has been at Morris's Island all yesterday and all night. He, however, wrote me not to expect him and I did not feel uneasy, as Captain Hartstein told me it was utterly impossible for boats to land with such a high sea. This morning Fort Sumter *is on fire* (produced from the shells it is thought). They say the flag is at half-mast and has been so all the morning—a sure sign of distress. The fleet will try to relieve him, of course, but it will be in vain, and thus, I trust in God, this business will end. Heaven has favored our side, and we are all grateful to a Kind Providence. I doubt if your father returns before night."

Before night my father had done much. Modest, brief, and uncolored as was his report in answer to General Beauregard's request for a concise statement of the capitulation, between the lines it is none the less dramatic:

"Head Quarters, Confederate States Army,
Charleston, South Carolina,
April 13, 1861.

Major: I have the honor to report that between one and two o'clock this afternoon, the flag having fallen at Fort Sumter and its fire having ceased, I left Morris's Island, with the consent and approval of General Simons, to demand the surrender of the works, and offer assistance to the garrison.

Before reaching the Fort the flag was again raised. On entering the works I informed Major Anderson of my name and position on the staff of the Commanding General, and demanded the surrender of the Fort to the Confederate States.

LOUISE S. WIGFALL

From a photograph, March, 1861

My attention having been called to the fact that most of our batteries continued their fire, I suggested to Major Anderson that the cambric handkerchief,* which I bore on my sword, had probably not been seen as I crossed the Bay, and requested him to raise a white flag—which he did. The firing then ceased from all our batteries—when Major Anderson lowered his flag and surrendered the Fort.

The time and manner of the evacuation are to be determined by General Beauregard.

Before the surrender I expressed the confident belief to Major Anderson that no terms would be imposed which would be incompatible with his honor as a soldier or his feelings as a gentleman, and assured him of the high appreciation in which his gallantry and desperate defense of a place, now no longer tenable, were held by the Commanding General.

Major Anderson exhibited great coolness, and seemed relieved of much of the unpleasantness of his situation by the fact that the proposal had been made by us that he should

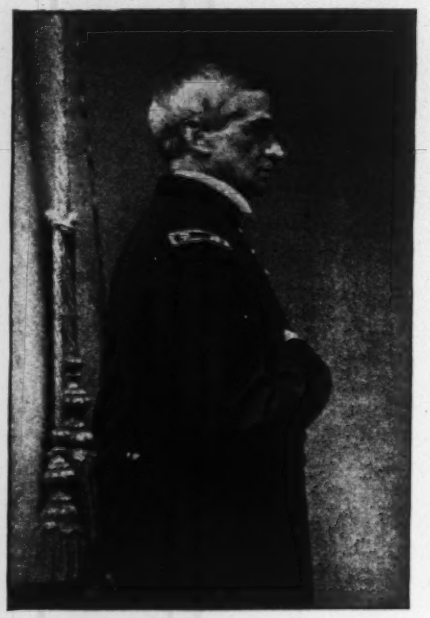
* Now in my possession, with the knots tied in the corners as when used.—L. W. W.

surrender the works, which he admitted to be no longer defensible.

I take great pleasure in acknowledging that my success in reaching the Fort was due to the courage and patriotism of Private William Gourdin Young, of the Palmetto Guard, without whose aid I would not have surmounted the obstacles.

I have the honor to be with the highest respect, LOUIS T. WIGFALL.

Major D. R. JONES,
Asst. Adjutant-General,
Confederate States Army."



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON, U. S. A.
The gallant defender of Fort Sumter.

Two weeks later my mother wrote me from Alabama, whither my father, as Deputy from the State of Texas, had gone to attend the Congress which convened on the twenty-ninth of April.

"Montgomery, April 26.

The people here are all in fine spirits, and the streets are so lively and every one looks so happy, that you can scarcely realize the cause of the excitement. No one doubts our success. . . . I suppose the chief fighting will be in Maryland and Virginia. . . . This is a beautiful town and much larger than I expected to see it. There are a great many gardens and as beautiful flowers as I ever saw anywhere. Several bouquets of the most superb flowers were presented to your father the night he spoke here and, of course, I had the benefit of them. The streets are very wide and five of them unite, and diverge on the square opposite us—something like Washington."

"April 29.

I have been this morning to witness the opening of Congress and hear the President's message. It was an admirable one, worthy of his reputation. It gives such a fair and lucid statement of matters as they now stand that, I am sure, it will do good abroad, if not at home. . . . This afternoon I went with Mrs. Chesnut to call on Mrs. Davis. I am going to-morrow to her reception. . . . You allude to reports given in the Northern papers of the Fort Sumter affair. It is only what might have been expected of them—that they would garble and misrepresent the truth; but I must confess that Major Anderson's silence and the disingenuous bulletin he sent to Cameron have surprised me. He takes care not to tell the *whole truth*, and any one, to read his statement, would suppose he had only come out on those conditions, whereas, he surrendered *unconditionally—the United States flag was lowered without salute while your father was in the Fort.* This was seen, not only by your father, but by the thousands who were on the watch, and it was only owing to General Beauregard's generosity (misplaced it seems, now) that he was allowed to raise it again, and to salute it on coming out of the Fort and take it with him. . . . And this conduct, too, after the kind and generous treatment he met with from the Carolinians! Judge Ochiltree is here and tells me Tom is a private in a company Capt. Bass has raised in Marshall. . . . The drums are beating here all the time, and it really makes me heart-sick when I think about it all.

I don't think, though, the military enthusiasm can be very high at the North, as I see they are offering $20 additional pay to volunteers a month. That fact speaks volumes. I suppose it is to be accounted for in the anxiety to get rid of the mob population who might be troublesome at home."

In this matter my mother received, before long, friendly correction. It came in a let-

ter from a Northern woman who had lived all her married life in the South, but, in her widowhood, had returned to her people in Providence.

"May 13, 1861.

. . . We are always delighted to hear from you—and indeed your letters and Louis's are the only comfort we have in this Yankee land, surrounded by people who have no sympathy with us, and who only open their lips to revile the South and utter blood-thirsty threats. This morning an amiable lady wished she had Jeff Davis in front of a big cannon. This feminine wish was uttered in the cars when L. and F. were going in to Boston. We have now sufficient proof of how much stronger hate is, than love of country. Where was the patriotism of Massachusetts when the country was at war with the English in 1812? I lived then at the South, and was ashamed of my countrymen who refused to assist in the war. Massachusetts, which was the leading State of New England, refused to let her militia leave the State, and when the United States troops were withdrawn, to fight in other places, applied to the Federal Government to know whether the expenses of their own militia, who were summoned to defend their own State, would be reimbursed by the Government. When our capital at Washington was burned, with the President's House and Treasury buildings, and other public buildings, why did they not go to meet the British? On the contrary, they rejoiced at the English victories, and put every obstacle they could in the way of the Government. Now they are subscribing millions, and urging every man to go and fight their own countrymen. It is not patriotism; it is hatred to the South, and woe is me, that I must live here among such people. God grant you success. It is a righteous war and all the bloodshed will be upon the souls of those who brought it on.

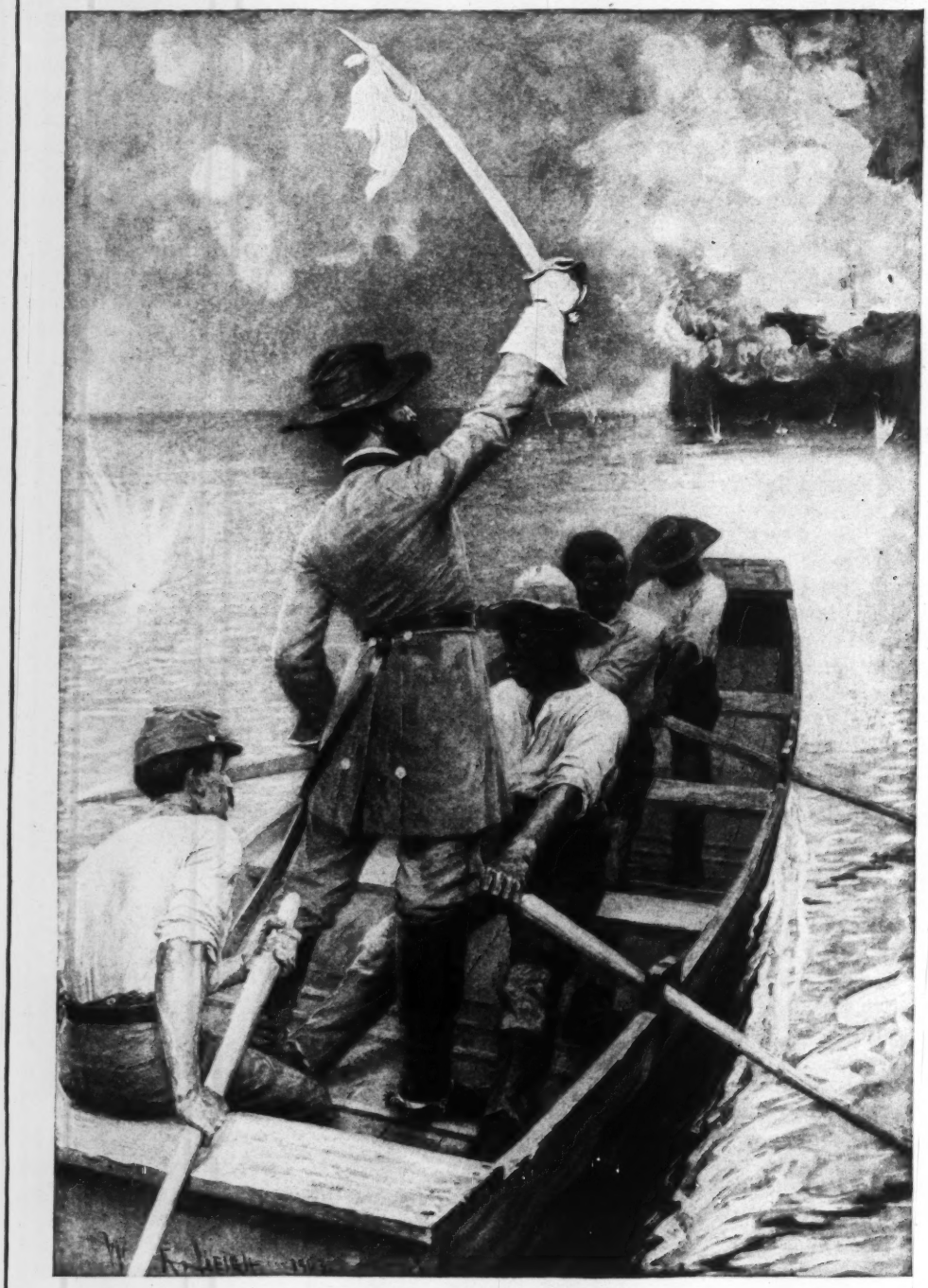
. . . I think, however, that you at the South are wrong to undervalue the courage and resources of the Northern States. They are no doubt less accustomed to the use of firearms, there are very few who know how to ride, and they are less fiery in their impulses. They are less disposed to fight, but they are not cowardly where their interests are concerned, and will *fight for their money*. Where their property is at stake they will not hesitate to risk their lives, and at present there is no lack of money. The women are all roused, and are urging their relatives on; while some of the young ladies are exceedingly anxious to imitate Florence Nightingale, and distinguish themselves in the army. The boys are parading about with red shirts and guns, and their wise mothers are admiring their military ardor.

I would not advise you of the South to trust too much in the idea that the Northerners will not fight, for I believe they will, and their numbers are overwhelming. You know an army of ants can kill a wounded horse. It is a mistake, too, for you to suppose that it is only the lower orders who are enlisted. I have heard of a good many of the most respectable young men who have enlisted for three years. I suppose there are a good many counter-jumpers and Irish among them, but still there are many very decent persons who have gone to the wars.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BEAUREGARD

The Commander of the Confederate forces in the Fort Sumter affair.

. . . By the way, I hear it said they have got enough cotton at the North to supply their factories for a year? Can it be true? If so, I think there has been a great mistake somewhere. The only thing



APPROACHING FORT SUMTER

"between one and two o'clock this afternoon I left Morris's Island to demand the surrender of the works, and offer assistance to the garrison." FROM WIGFALL'S REPORT TO BEAUREGARD.

THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER, APRIL 13, 1861

"On entering the works I informed Major Anderson of my name and position on the staff of the Commanding General and demanded the surrender of the Fort to the Confederate States."

FROM WIGFALL'S REPORT TO BEAUREGARD.

that will bring these people to their senses is to stop the importation. I was surprised to see the other day that a cargo of rice from Savannah was stopped, and the vessel was allowed to sail with a load of cotton."

When the Montgomery Congress adjourned, President Davis had asked my father to act on his staff, and my parents moved to Richmond.

My mother wrote the day after their arrival:

"Richmond, May 30.

After a terribly fatiguing journey we arrived here safely yesterday morning. We left Montgomery on Sunday night, at eight o'clock, and traveled day and night until yesterday morning.

The President was everywhere most rapturously received. . . . I was all packed to start for Texas, when your father found that the President was so unwilling for him to go back at that time, that he determined to accept the position of Aide and, at least, act in that capacity until the opening of Congress, which will be on the 20th July. So here we are. These Virginians seem likely to overwhelm your father with their attentions and kill him with kindness—for yesterday he had to make no less than four speeches.

The whole country, as we came through, was like a military camp—the cars crowded with troops, and all as jubilant as if they were going to a frolic instead of to fight. The President is to take the field; but I don't know the exact programme, and if I did it would not be safe to write it—for there is no telling who may read our letters nowadays. Your father, of course, will go with him. It seems strange to me that I don't seem more frightened."

PRIVATE WILLIAM GOURDIN YOUNG

"my success in reaching the Fort was due to the courage and patriotism of Private William Gourdin Young, of the Palmetto Guard; without whose aid I would not have surmounted the obstacles."

FROM WIGFALL'S REPORT TO BEAUREGARD.

The President and his party were established at the Spotswood Hotel where they gathered round them a distinguished group.

My mother writes:

"June 11 and 14.

"We are still at the Spotswood Hotel but I don't know whether we shall continue very long. The President and his family will move next week to the place selected for them. I hear it is very handsome and the City Council has bought and put it at the disposal of the Government. They have also given Mrs. Davis the use of a nice carriage and horses and seem disposed to do all they can to show their joy at the exchange from Montgomery. . . . So far all is quiet here and I can yet scarcely realize that we are at war, actually. . . . I drove out with Mrs. Davis yesterday to one of the camp grounds and it was really a beautiful, though rather sad sight to me, to see them drill and go through with their manœuvres. Poor fellows! How many will never return to their homes. . . . There are several camp grounds in the neighborhood, and people throng them every afternoon, and unless you engage a carriage in the morning it is very hard to procure one."

Though I was only a girl of fourteen, my own letters, written during April, May, and June, from Longwood, near Boston, show to a not uninteresting degree the responsive ardor of a Southern child a little old for her years. I quote passages from them:

". . . Isn't the news from Sumter delightful. When I read the account in a paper, I felt like crying for joy. No one sympathizes with me here, except Grandmamma, and I feel like a stranger in a foreign land.

"Everybody here is groaning and deploring the taking of Sumter. Uncle B.

says that Boston was the scene of great excitement to-day, all the military were getting ready and every one is on the lookout for war in earnest. . . .

"I went to Boston to-day and you never saw such confusion; the State House steps and grounds were crowded with men, some to see, and some to volunteer.

"Grandmamma had a letter from Mamma, written in the midst of the firing of the guns at Sumter. One of Uncle B.'s last puns (you know how fond he is of making them) was the following: 'What does the man who robs and catches the Governor of South Carolina get? Poor Pickings' (Governor Pickens). I have just returned from seeing a company of zouaves drill; their manœuvres were miserable (!), and if this is a specimen of Northern chivalry, I don't think we have much to fear. Everybody here knows who we are, and whenever I go out the people stare and gaze at us. This evening I found little Fanny surrounded by girls, who were questioning and teasing her; she seemed to be perfectly able to maintain her position, and she said 'she gave them as good as they sent'; they all seemed quite amused at her answers, and said they liked to hear her—she talked so funny. One of the girls soon after came up to where I stood and said she thought the girls 'hadn't ought to tease Fannie.' This is one of their common expressions, and another is that they 'admire' to take a walk, or play on the piano. . . . Grandmamma and I went into Boston the other day, and to my joy I saw a photo of President Davis in one of the windows. I immediately purchased it. The Babcocks are coming to take tea with us this evening, and I anticipate a good deal of pleasure in seeing Emma. She is as lovely as ever and I am sure you would like her. We are fast friends and I made her promise she would read Mr. Davis's message, and as a reward I shall give her a very small piece of the flagstaff you sent me. She is a very sensible girl and in all our discussions we never get the least excited or vexed. 'Abe Lincoln' is her hero, and 'Jeff Davis' is mine; but there is one thing she never can explain, namely, *Abe's flight through Baltimore!* But we agree in almost everything else. She thinks Napoleon the greatest man ever lived, and so do I, and that is a never failing source of conversation.

"Mrs. Lincoln is now in Boston, and I suppose the Republicans are all flocking to see her, and she is asking them 'How they flourish?' Boston is in a whirl of excitement; troops drilling and volunteering all the time—the stores and houses all decked with flags. . . . Dear Papa, won't you send us each a small flag of South Carolina, and the Confederate States? I am very anxious to see them. Yesterday evening Aunt F. got an invitation to attend a meeting of ladies, to make shirts and sew for the different regiments; she, of course, is not going. A poor set of creatures they must be if they can't furnish their own shirts.

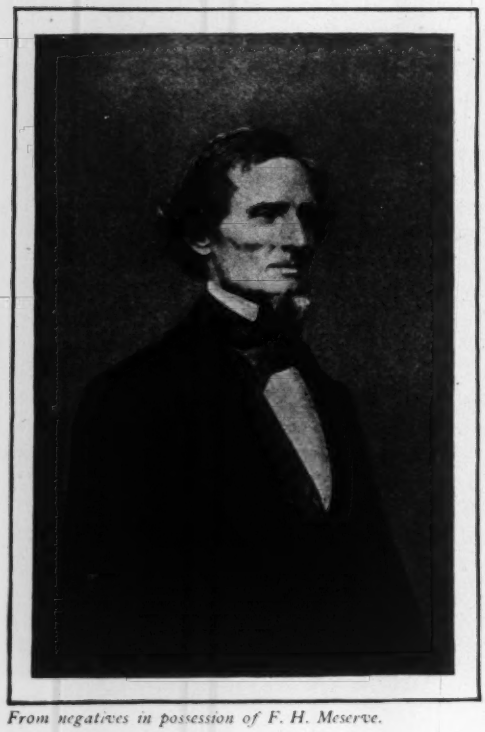
". . . Uncle B. has just bought *The Sun* announcing the secession of Virginia. I feel as if I can't contain myself I am so glad. Poor Uncle B. looks as if he had taken a blue pill—he takes everything so to heart; it is deplorable to see him. Aunt F. is in hopes that all the States will now follow and that will be the means of securing peace."

In the meantime all communication was rapidly being closed between the North and South, so that my parents began to feel great anxiety at their separation from my sister and myself. They had been conferring for some time, first with relatives, and then, as the right person, with Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, as to the best means of getting us through the lines. The following letter was written by me to my brother at the Military School in the University of Virginia, just about two weeks before we finally succeeded in making the arrangements for our departure:

"July 15, Longwood, near Boston.

. . . I received your letter several days ago, and I had a letter from Mamma about the same time, telling Grandmamma to send us on by the first good opportunity, but the way Mr. Walters said was the only way we could go would not have been safe, and I am now anxiously awaiting news from Mamma as to whether we shall go to Fortress Monroe, and let Papa send a flag of truce and get us, or not. My trunks were all packed ready to start at a minute's notice, when we received Mr. Walters's letter, telling us that the only way of reaching Richmond was by going through Winchester, to which you know the troops are making a general movement.

You may imagine how I felt. When Mr. Walters wrote the last time, all was different,



From negatives in possession of F. H. Meserve.

JEFFERSON DAVIS — MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS

President of the Confederate States of America and his wife.

and I fully expected to go home. I had already pictured our meeting. I almost felt your kiss and I heard Papa calling us 'his darlings' and Mamma's dear voice, and in one moment all was gone, and I glanced out of my window and instead of Richmond, I saw miserable old Boston. I felt as if my heart would break. . . .

You ask me in your last if I was not 'isolated'—that is exactly the word; with the exception of Emma Babcock and her family, there is not a soul here that cares whether I go or stay; or that I could call a friend; but if nobody likes me, there is some satisfaction in knowing there is no love lost. If I did not follow your injunction, and never believe what I see in Republican journals, I should have an awful time of it; for they make out the most desperate case. All the Confederate States soldiers are poor, half starved, naked, miserable wretches, that will run if you stick your finger at them; they are all waiting for a chance to desert, etc., and become loyal citizens to King Abraham the First and Prime Minister General Scott. The Southerners are defeated in every engagement; all the killed and wounded are on their side, and none is injured on the other. Such is about the summary of their statements—*mais je ne le crois pas*, and so they don't disturb my mind much. I saw that Papa had gone disguised as *a cattle drover* to Washington, to pick up information for the President. That is about a specimen of their stories. Mamma writes me in her last that you have joined the Military School at the University of Virginia, and would enter the army in three months, if you wished to, at the end of that time. I suppose you are very glad. I don't wonder and wish I could go too. I sit down to the piano every day and play 'Dixie' and think of you all the way in 'the land ob cotton,' etc."

Mr. Walters, to whom I alluded, arranged for us the only feasible plan for getting through the lines.

When all arrangements had been made, through his kindness, we started off on our adventures—placed by my uncle in charge of a responsible gentleman who was to take us to Baltimore and deliver us into the care of Mr. Walters.

We were cautioned to be very quiet, to express nothing at what we heard or saw, and to be as unobtrusive as possible in our demeanor. I shall never forget my emotions the day we started. In the crown of my hat I had concealed a package of letters to be delivered in Richmond, and my importance in my own estimation was not a little enhanced by the possession of this delightful secret. We made the journey to Baltimore without mishap or adventure of any kind—and when we reached the station, and alighted from the car, I noticed a gentleman eagerly scanning the passengers as they passed him. As we approached he came forward, asked a question in an undertone, which was answered with equal caution, and we were hurried into a carriage and driven rapidly to Mr. Walters's house on Mt. Vernon Place, where we were received by Mr. and Mrs. Walters with the greatest cordiality and affection. On refreshing ourselves after our journey, we were taken in to dinner, where my eyes fairly danced with delight at beholding in a wine-glass at each cover, a dear little Confederate flag—placed there in honor of the two little guests. After a short period our kind host and hostess bid us good-by, and we were again on our travels; it not being deemed safe for us to remain in Baltimore.

Mr. Walters's brother now took charge of us and we were rapidly driven six or seven miles in the country, to a hotel called "Paradise," near Catonsville—and a veritable "Paradise" it proved to the two tired little children who were received with open arms by the kind ladies of the hotel. There we spent the night, and in the morning were again on our travels.

On taking the train near the Relay House we found on board a number of the members of the Maryland Legislature, on their way to Frederick, at which place the Governor had convened the Legislature; Annapolis, the capital of the State, being under control of Federal troops. When we reached the Point of Rocks, we left the train, and had dinner at the country tavern, where we sat at table with a number of Federal soldiers, our appearance under such circumstances exciting no little interest and curiosity. Mr. Walters had with him an "open sesame," in the shape of a pass from General Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; and we were given every facility to proceed on our journey. At a signal, which had of course been prearranged, a boat put off from Virginia side, bearing a white flag of truce, and our sensations may be imagined when we saw the little craft approaching which was to bear us over the swift, beautiful river into the dear land of "Dixie." Our luggage being put on board we soon followed, and were rowed across the river without mishap. On reaching the shore we found a large, comfortable carriage and pair of horses waiting for us, and we were soon driving through a deep woods, where the sweet air and refreshing shade were very grateful after the glare, dust, and heat of our journey. It seemed like a story in fairyland, where the magic of the good fairy, at every turn, provides the thing most needed. Being furnished with fresh horses, we traveled almost all night, stopping to rest but a few hours; and then, taking the train at Gordonsville, arrived in Richmond in the afternoon. We drove at once to the Spotswood Hotel to join my mother. Not knowing the hour we would arrive, she had gone out to the camp of the First Texas Regiment, which my father was commanding, to witness the presentation by the President of a beautiful Texas State flag which she had made for the regiment. Nothing must do but we must follow as soon as possible. When we reached the camp the ceremony was over and my father was reviewing his regiment.

As the carriage stopped, word was carried forward of our arrival—and we were immediately surrounded by numbers of friends, eager to greet the little travelers; and my father, hurriedly dismounting from his horse and leaving the regiment in charge of another officer, rushed forward to meet us. He returned with us to Richmond, and there, as we reached the Spotswood, coming down the stairs, we saw my mother; her beautiful face lit up with joy and her fair arms held out to welcome us. Then we were feted and caressed to our heart's content; took tea with the President and his party that night, where our heads were completely turned by the attention shown us, and where we gave, to an appreciative audience, a full account of all our adventures "coming through the lines"—and the one query from all our eager auditors was: "What *do* they think of the battle of Manassas?"

II

Unhappily enough for our hopes, in less than four years from that time Northerners

were thinking less of Manassas than of Sherman's devastating march to the sea. The following letter, written to my mother by the wife of General Joseph E. Johnston, in command of the Army of the Tennessee, gives a picture of the time:

"Charlotte, N. C., February 19, 1865.

I take advantage of this sweet quiet Sunday afternoon for a little chat with you. It is so quiet in my little nook and the bright sunshine outside looks so cheerful and calm that 'tis hard to realize the terrible storm of war that is raging within a few miles of us, or the scene of excitement and fatigue I have gone through myself. At last Sherman has planted himself upon Carolina soil; and the pretty little town of Columbia, we learn to-day, has been partially destroyed; and alas, the poor women and children, who were forced to remain there, of their fate we know nothing; but, oh horrors, have everything to fear from the nature of the savages who are desolating their homes. What a sight it was to see the poor people flying, almost terror stricken, to know what they could do—many leaving with only little bundles of clothes, and many compelled to remain, for they had nothing but God to look to for shelter. . . . I left at the last moment on the car that brought the powder out. We only saved our clothes. How fortunate we were to do that, for many saved nothing. We left with the roar of the cannon in our ears.

. . . I arrived here after spending two days and nights on the road—three hundred poor women on the car ahead of us—none of us able to get rooms. A gentleman came down to the cars at twelve at night and brought me to this home and gave me this delicious little room; and here I am quite sick, with a doctor visiting me. I am waiting to hear from the General to know what to do. Oh, these terrible times of shipwreck—everything looks hopeless to me now; and then, if we are to go down—we are so far apart that we can see nothing of each other but the glimpse of a pale face as it sinks out of sight! What a glorious struggle our brave people have made for their liberties! The sight of this town to-day is lamentable: women hunting in every direction for shelter, and the people themselves beginning to move off for a safer place."

It seems almost incredible, and yet it is a fact, that in January and February, 1865, several entertainments were given in Richmond. The most notable of these was at the beautiful home of the Welfords, which was filled with guests who danced at what, I believe, was the last ball of the Confederacy. Grandmothers' satins and brocades figured on the occasion; and I warrant no lovelier group of women, nor company of gallant gentlemen, were ever gathered together. How the fiddles scraped and the music swelled for "the dancers dancing in tune"; while they shut their ears and would not hear the minor key that wailed the ruin of our hopes. And the grim shade of Appomattox, looming darkly already on the horizon, stalked ever nearer and nearer.

In a letter from Mrs. Joseph E. Johnston, dated "Charlotte, North Carolina, March 15th, 1865," I find this record:

"Charlotte is in a state of great excitement to-day, at the arrival of the President's family on their way South. What does it mean? Everybody seems to think it is the prelude to the abandonment of Richmond. How sad it seems, after such a struggle as that noble army has made to keep it. These terrible dark hours, when will they be past?"

A week before its evacuation we left Richmond. It was a lovely evening late in March;

"And as I saw around me the wide world revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive
With all her joyous birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."

As the train pulled out and ran slowly across the long bridge over the James, we watched with aching hearts the sunshine lingering with loving light on the towers and spires of this city, which is veritably "set on a hill"—and the light shining there seemed but a reflection of the glory which shall for all time linger around her as the Capital of the Confederacy.

We stopped in Raleigh and there heard of the fall of Richmond and the surrender at Appomattox. There we were joined by several of the Cabinet and Members of Congress and traveled in company with them to Georgia.

After General Johnston's surrender—which followed on April 26th—and the capture of the President, it became necessary, in order to escape arrest, that my father should make all possible effort at concealing his identity, and endeavor to make his way across the Mississippi River as speedily as might be, where Kirby Smith was still commanding the remnant of an army. To this end he donned the garb of a private soldier, shaved off his beard, and procured a borrowed parole. I have it yet.

"Appomattox Court House, Va.
April 10, 1865.

The bearer, pri. J. A. White, of Co. M, First Regt. of Texas Vols., a paroled Prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed. JNO. N. WILSON,
Capt. commdg."

The next step was to secure a large covered wagon—in which could be stowed away the few belongings we had with us—and four strong mules to draw the load; then an escort of paroled Texas soldiers was found, among whom my father took his place. Some kind friend provided a saddle horse for me, and, clad in a homespun dress and my head covered by a poke sun-bonnet, I rode alongside of the wagon. We were apparently a family of country people moving from one state to another; and that a number of soldiers tramped along in company with us excited no surprise, as the countryside was full of these poor tired, heart-broken travelers, making their way back to their ruined homes. It is recorded of one of these pitiful wayfarers that he wandered at eventide to the door of a farm-house and accosted the woman standing there, with "Stranger, whar's the spring—have you got any milk: I am so hongry, I don't know where I am going to sleep to-night."

Our plan was to travel direct through the State of Alabama to Montgomery. And this we did, riding one hundred miles through the State. Of course we had no money; that is, what the outside world called by that name. We had thousands of our dear old Confederate currency, in one hundred and five hundred dollar bills (with Stonewall Jackson's head engraved in one corner, and the Confederate banner draped over General Washington on the Great Seal, with "Deo Vindice" underneath it, on the other), but some kind friend had given us a large box of tobacco—which was as good as specie any time for *a trade*; so we went on our way—not rejoicing—alas! far from it; but with heavy hearts, while my father tramped the weary miles on foot among the Texas boys, who were proud enough to have the company of their former General and Senator in such unceremonious guise. And you may be sure they never told who he was. Nearing Montgomery, we stopped over night at Governor Fitzpatrick's plantation and had a rousing welcome and the best accommodations for tired travelers. My father and the Governor had much to talk over. When last he had seen him he was United States Senator from Alabama and possible candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Breckenridge ticket. And now! Well, the next morning we wended our way, and nearing Montgomery we caught sight of the first Federal pickets. I can feel now over again that suffocating sensation that sent the blood surging through the veins at sight of them. It was all over indeed.

Here we parted from my father, who was to make his way with the soldiers, home to Texas—as it was not safe to go with us through towns and in the ordinary mode of traveling by railway and boat. We were received into the hospitable home of Mrs. Knox on the outskirts of Montgomery. Even the stress and straits of war had not been able to make an impression on the delightful luxury of her well-appointed home. Oh, the bliss of those delicious beds and the sweet linen sheets and the comfortable meals! It seemed like a haven of rest after our terrible journey. In a few days Governor Watts, true friend and noble patriot, with heart and hand open to share his all with his countrymen, came for us and took us to his home, where plans were made for reaching our ultimate destination. Here we waited for some weeks, hoping for tidings from my brother who, we had heard, was making his way in our direction.

One evening, about dark, I was standing at the gate, watching down the road, with hardly a thought or hope of his appearing, when, far up the dusty highway, I saw him coming. He walked slowly, unlike the brisk step I knew of old; absolute dejection was in his mien, and he had no joyous greeting to give me. His uniform was worn and soiled, and he had taken from his collar the gold stars of his rank. Somehow I had no word to say. We stood and looked at each other. Finally we found speech, and to my query,

"What are you going to do?" he answered, "I am on the way across the river to join Kirby Smith."

I laid my hand upon his shoulder and paused a moment. "Have you not heard," I said, "Kirby Smith has surrendered?"

BABE RANDOLPH'S TURNING-POINT

BY

ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

ON July 3d, 1863, occurred one of the most picturesque cavalry fights of the entire war. The Union forces, under General Gregg, were opposed to the flower of the South, under "Jeb" Stuart. After a bitter struggle of seven hours the First Virginia was ordered to charge the right and center of the Union line.

They came forward in splendid order, until finally checked by the Fifth Michigan, who were dismounted and protected by a stone fence. The advancing line was also exposed to a raking fire from the right but, being supported by the First North Carolina, they leaped the fence and forced the Federals to retire. Both flanks were now exposed and a heavy fire from the Union artillery compelled them to fall back upon the main body.

The entire left wing of the Confederate army, under Hampton, was now ordered to charge, and came sweeping up the slope in perfect alignment. It was an impressive and memorable sight, exposed as they were to a deadly fire of shrapnel and canister from the Union artillery. They did not falter nor waver nor return the fire themselves, but as fast as a gap was made they closed it up. Their sabers were drawn in their hands, and the rays of the setting sun falling upon them lit up the somber, dust-encircled line like flashes of lightning ripping through the black folds of a thunder cloud.

They were under orders to waste no time firing, but to get within saber distance as soon as possible, and as this long line of perfect horsemen charged up the hill there was no sound save the clanking of accoutrements and the thud of the horses' feet.

The pride of the entire line was Troop "J" of the Second Virginia. It was composed of veterans who had ridden horses from the day they were weaned, and had been with Stuart since the beginning. Their peculiar genius was shown in the superiority of their mounts. The men were often hungry and weary and sick, but they never gave a thought to themselves until after the horses had been taken care of. This was plainly evident now as they gradually drew ahead until the advance assumed the appearance of a vast triangle, with Troop "J" at the very apex.

The captain fell, and immediately after him the first lieutenant. This left Babe Randolph—big, reckless, beardless Babe Randolph—in command, and as the line received this word it was seen to falter. Babe was untried, or rather he had been tried and found wanting. The first day that he had tried to creep, he had set the house on fire, and from that time on he had always been up to his neck in trouble. He was surcharged with a spirit of mischief, which his grandparents had never been able to cope with, to even a grandparent's satisfaction. He was never mean or underhanded, but had always been so strong and lusty that it seemed absolutely impossible for him to be sedate for more than the time he was forced to spend in sleep. His boyhood had been a strenuous and an inquisitive one, so that

from his sixth to his eighteenth year he had never been without at least one black eye. At that time the warriors capable of so decorating him were exceedingly hard to find. He had gained his name during his seventeenth year; a stranger from the North had taken occasion to tell him that he paid no attention to babes. He had first received a challenge, but having ignored that, had been given a horsewhipping and an opportunity to cool off in a slimy duck pond.

He was twenty-two now, but even his two years in the army had not quelled his wildness, or at least no one thought it had, as about once a month he came into prominence through some daring scrape. For this reason he had never been trusted with any detached service, and while his courage was not doubted, his judgment was.

So as the word was passed along the line the veterans of Troop "J" felt dubious. They all liked him—loved him, in fact—but when one man follows another into the Valley he wants to feel perfect confidence. If it had been First Sergeant Hendricks, for instance, there would have been no hesitation, but Babe—well Babe was Babe, and no man prophesied concerning him.

As he missed the rough growls of Captain Carvel, and then the calm encouragement of Lieutenant Pinckney, he turned in his saddle and saw that he was commander of the troop, upon which the first shock of that charge must fall. If the point of that wedge proved soft, what did it matter how highly the rest might be tempered? Troop "J" had to stand, and he had to give it the spirit.

In the short time it had taken for these thoughts to flash through his brain, the germ of his manhood had broken its shell and thrilled through his whole being. He saw the doubt upon the faces of those nearest him and, realizing their feelings, he knew that it was imperative for him to gain their confidence. He held his saber above his head and shouted in his strong, resounding voice: "Men of Troop 'J,' you must bear the whole brunt of this charge. As fast as there is a gap, fill it up. Our sabers are hungry; follow me to the feast."

Babe was the tallest man in the troop; his form could be plainly seen from the farthest end of the line, and his great, booming voice rang over the field like a trumpet. The men caught the tone and the spirit; they sat more erect in their saddles, they threw back their heads, and with the old, wild, hunting yell, they followed Rodney Randolph up the hill and into that dense, spitting, terrible smoke, which hung at the top.

For he was Babe no longer; he had come into his rightful inheritance of courage and wisdom and dignity, and as the rich blood of a race of men surged through his veins and lit up his countenance, those behind him were rejoiced to follow him, even unto death.

Every one who has felt the powerful muscles of a high-bred hunter roll and swell beneath him, can appreciate the feelings of Rodney Randolph as he galloped up the hill at the very head of this charge. There was perfect harmony between himself and Princess, his mount, she yielding her intelligence to him, he gaining his strength from her. There was no need for reins, the slightest pressure of the knee was enough to guide her, and as they swung easily up the slope, he felt like a centaur of old, filled with the glory of war.

A large body of Union cavalry now broke loose from the main force and bore down upon Troop "J" in an endeavor to break up the point of the triangle, but the devoted followers of Rodney Randolph cut into that oncoming line of blue as the sharp bow of a battleship plunges into a heavy swell.

The guidon-bearer had been riding at Rodney's elbow and was the especial point of attack. Finally, his revolver being empty, he lowered the guidon staff and, using it as a lance, plunged the sharp head into the neck of one of his adversaries. The staff was immediately seized by two other Federals, and in the struggle which ensued before Rodney recovered it, the pennant was torn loose.

As the Union troops, who saw the futility of their attack, were falling back upon their main body, Rodney fastened his battered gray hat to the staff, and waving it aloft he shouted jubilantly: "Men, this is the helmet of Navarre. Fear not—but *follow me!*"

The wild riders at his back gave an exultant shout and surged up the hill again after the old slouch hat, which seemed like a tossing cork on the crest of an angry wave.

The strange tumult at the center of the line caught the attention of both friend and foe, and General Gregg saw that he must break up that point at any cost; so the reserve, a picked body of men, were ordered against it, and under the dauntless Custer they dashed eagerly into the fray.

As the full impact of this shock was felt, Troop "J" faltered, and a confused stampede

seemed inevitable. As Rodney Randolph realized the awful consequences of such a disaster, he turned in his saddle and looked calmly back at his struggling men. His own saber had cleared a tiny circle around him for an instant, and he took the occasion to rally the drooping spirits of his command.

The blood was flowing down his cheek from a jagged cut near his temple, his wavy black hair was blowing unheeded about his brow, and his eye blazed like the eye of an eagle. He raised himself once more in his stirrups and, in a voice which stung like the prick of a spur, he shouted: "Men of the Old Dominion, the eyes of Virginia are upon you. Let every man who honors his mother and loves his State—*follow me!*"

Without waiting to note the effect of his words he turned and, waving his strange banner aloft, he forced his eager steed still deeper into the death-dealing ranks of the Union cavalry, his saber cutting here and thrusting there, until it looked like a circle of flame.

For a single instant the troop faltered, and then the rough voice of First Sergeant Hendricks was heard growling like an angry bear: "After the Babe, after the Babe, you cowards; I'll shoot the first man that falters."

With sadly reduced numbers the troop dashed after its lieutenant and, fighting shoulder to shoulder, soon forced its way to where the great bay mare was snorting and pawing and striving to advance to the very heart of the Union troops.

And their desperate recklessness told in the end. Although inferior in numbers, they forced the Federals slowly back until they were finally demoralized and retreated in disorder.

But it was as it was to be. As soon as the cavalry had passed the point of danger, the Union artillery, admirably placed, opened its scathing fire upon the remnant of Troop "J" of the Second Virginia, cutting down the horse and the rider, the young and the old, but not that wild leader, on the great bay mare, who still waved the old gray hat aloft and urged his followers on.

General Gregg knew that if the Confederate charge was not stopped instantly his line would be cut in two and he would lose the battle. So he had drawn, under cover of Custer's charge, a battery from the right and placed it in the center, where it had unlimbered, dangerously close to the enemy.

Rodney knew that Stuart would support his charge and he saw that the one thing necessary for its success was the capture of that battery, so he called to his men, in his clarion voice: "Men, take that battery and the day is ours!"

The men were as numb to danger as the horses by this time and, yelling like fiends, they bore down upon the battery, which seemed confused and unable to fire.

When the exact time arrived, however, it was seen that the battery could fire, and fire with terrible precision. The muzzles had been depressed, so that the shrapnel struck the ground midway between the oncoming Confederates and the pieces themselves. By this means the shells were exploded and, glancing upward on a slight slant, the fragments tore with pitiless effect into the point of that advancing triangle.

It was the crisis. The tall figure in front was seen to stagger and then to fall, and at this sight the point crumbled in like rotten masonry. The entire line paused, then closed up, and started to retreat in the best manner possible.

When Rodney opened his eyes again it was night, and the quiet stars looked tranquilly down, unmoved and unpitying upon the scene of carnage. The Confederates had been forced from the field, and the Federals, after following them for some distance, had gone into camp, and being wearied with what had been a constant struggle for days, little attention was paid to the fallen, so that only those who had been conscious had been moved that night.

He was in no pain, but felt an over-powering weakness, and lay perfectly still until he heard a low moan near him.

"Somebody hurt?" he asked.

"I didn't know there was any one near or I shouldn't 'a' squealed," said a soft voice in an apologetic tone. "I guess I'm done for, though."

"What outfit were you in?" asked Rodney.

"Ninth Michigan. What was yours?" answered the same soft voice.

"Oh, I was in the Second Virginia," Rodney replied, hoping that this would not interfere with their conversation; and it did not.

"That big, wild-looking savage at the head of your charge fixed me," said the Federal. "Saber clip on the crest. Oh, I'm burning up! Why don't they send some water!"

Rodney remembered that he had some water in a canteen slung from his shoulder, and he now tried to get it. The moment he moved the most excruciating pains shot through him, and he knew that he had been severely wounded. He could not move his legs at all. While he was getting the canteen loose, the moon, a beautiful crescent, rose from behind a clump of trees and cast its soft and peaceful light over the scene.

Rodney could not quite reach the Federal, so he tossed the canteen to him. He was filled with a consuming thirst himself, but the faint moonlight showed him that his late foe was still younger than himself—a mere boy, of slight build and delicate, regular features. He was very pale and drank eagerly of the water, but after a few gulps he resolutely tossed it back again, saying: "Thanks; that was mighty good. I wish my mother could know all you've done for me. I'm the last and she'll be sore lonesome, but I suppose God knows best; she always thought so. I can't last much longer. Good-by."

The boy's voice had been gradually growing weaker and he had been forced to pause several times during this simple farewell. Now he was perfectly still and Rodney felt very lonely. Suddenly the silence was broken by a strong voice saying: "Here."

This was immediately followed by the death rattle, and Rodney knew that the Boy in Blue had answered his last roll-call.

He examined himself as well as he could, and found that he was shot in the side and had several saber wounds, but this did not explain his inability to move his legs. Then, although it was torture, he forced himself to sit up and found that a dead horse was lying across them. The right one was very painful; the left had that numb nerve-agony which is maddening. He leaned forward and felt of them as thoroughly as he could. The right one was broken; the left had been torn away at the knee by a piece of shrapnel, and it was the horse which was staunching the flow of blood and keeping him alive. He sank back without a groan. He knew that there was no hope for him, even if the wound in his side had not been enough. His exertion had thrown him into an unbearable agony and he fainted.

When he returned to consciousness he felt a burning pain in his right hand. The third finger had been cut off while he was lying insensible, and the great signet ring, which had been in his family for nearly three hundred years, was gone. The wakeful vultures who hover over a battlefield had found him, but this did not worry him now.

What did move him, however, was the pressure of a moist nose upon his burning brow and the sight of a dark form standing beside him.

"Oh, Princess!" he cried, all his pent-up emotion rushing forth like a tide. "And did you find me!"

He kissed her soft, velvety muzzle, and choked back a sob. Alone and forsaken, he could be of iron, but the simple love of one faithful heart had broken down his stoicism.

Turning his head he saw a sight which cut him like a knife. The mare's left front leg had been torn away at the knee, and he could hear the drip, drip of her life-blood. It seemed to hurt him more than his own burning agony.

"Oh, my lady," he cried brokenly, "did they maim you too? Wasn't I enough without killing you—my beauty, my flower, my swift desert queen. Ah, we Randolphs have tossed many a life into the fire, for a king, or a cause, but only God knows how many of your strain have been sacrificed, not knowing nor caring what caused the strife, if only the rider proved true."

The Southerner of those days did not regard his horse as a useful and convenient motor. The horse was his pride, his comforter, his friend. If disappointed, he turned to him for sympathy; if jubilant, he turned to him for joy. And there is nothing which will so relieve the tense chords of the heart as will a wild gallop upon the proud back of a thoroughbred.

The mare had been slowly bleeding for so long that she was greatly weakened, and, sinking down beside him, she laid her soft muzzle in his hand.

"Faithful to death, my lady; faithful to death! I wonder if you know, Princess, how much better you are than we men. We talk bravely of love and honor and forgiveness; you don't—you only practise them.

"Does it hurt so, does it pain so badly? Do you remember, Princess, how you used to follow me around the pasture and the barn and even into the house, when you were a tiny, wobbly little colt. Then you grew to be the greatest hunter in Virginia, and then the war. Do you remember the day that we rode away, Princess? You taking such proud steps and I sitting up straight and

laughing carelessly, so that she would not think that I still cared. And this is the end of it, Princess; this is the end of it all. But I'm glad that we're going out together; it won't be so lonesome. You have been my only real friend, my only confidant, Princess. You are the only one who knew that Babe Randolph wasn't satisfied with his wild, useless life. You are the only one who ever trusted me, and now I return it all by leading you forth to die."

The fortitude of the horse is wonderful; they never groan. Sometimes the tears gather and roll down their cheeks, but, as a rule, they suppress every sign of suffering. Princess made low, gurgling whinnies as Rodney talked to her, but it was not from pain, but only to show him that she understood.

"But, oh, Princess, wasn't it grand! Wasn't it worth even the price we have paid? You weren't on trial, no one doubted you; your fame was as broad as my folly—but now this last fight has cleared me, and in the roll of the Virginia Randolphs, Lieutenant Rodney, of the Second, will stand without dishonor; while you, Princess, will be the tenth on the Randolph records to win the wreath of laurel. Many horses have we had, lady, but only nine ever won the laurel. 'Tis no light honor, and none has won it more fairly than you.

"And you have rounded out a noble life, Princess; your colts shall still gallop through the Old Dominion, but the line of Randolph ends with me. Oh, Princess, it's hard to look back at the world and see all its joys and opportunities, and know that one has missed them and shall never have another chance. Do you suppose she ever does think of me, Princess? Just once in a long while—at twilight, say; or when the midnight storm rattles down the valley, or when she hears them reading the list of the fallen—don't you think that maybe she does think of me, just for a moment then? She will have to think of me when the news of this battle goes home, for we have fought a good fight and they will not forget us."

The mare was growing restless and shook her head from side to side, as if in great pain.

"Are you awfully thirsty, Princess. There is just a little water which I was saving for the very end, but you shall have it; it won't make much difference anyway."

He put the canteen in her mouth, as he had so often done before, and she drank eagerly.

"Did it taste good, my lady? Wouldn't you just love to get a long, sweet drink out of the old spring, back home! Home, home. I wonder if you have a sound which means home. I know you have the thought. Even in this jangle of foray and fight, whenever we turned toward home, I could see your sharp ears point forward and knew what your hope must be. Princess, I wonder if there is another life. Do you know that every one of those twinkling little lights away up there, is a world, larger than this? Do you know that there never was a beginning, and there never will be an end? It is an awful thought when one stands outside the great locked door and waits, for the turning of the key; but you don't worry, do you? You have lived your best and there is no regret at the end—only a flitting sorrow. I have never been so very bad, Princess; just useless. But God knows me, and He won't expect too much."

She was getting very weak now and could hardly hold her head up.

"It isn't right to make you suffer this way, lady. It's pure selfishness—and after all that you've done for me. But it will be so lonely without you. I can't bear to lie here all alone and wait for my last reveille, but you wouldn't keep me suffering if you could help it, and I shall stop yours."

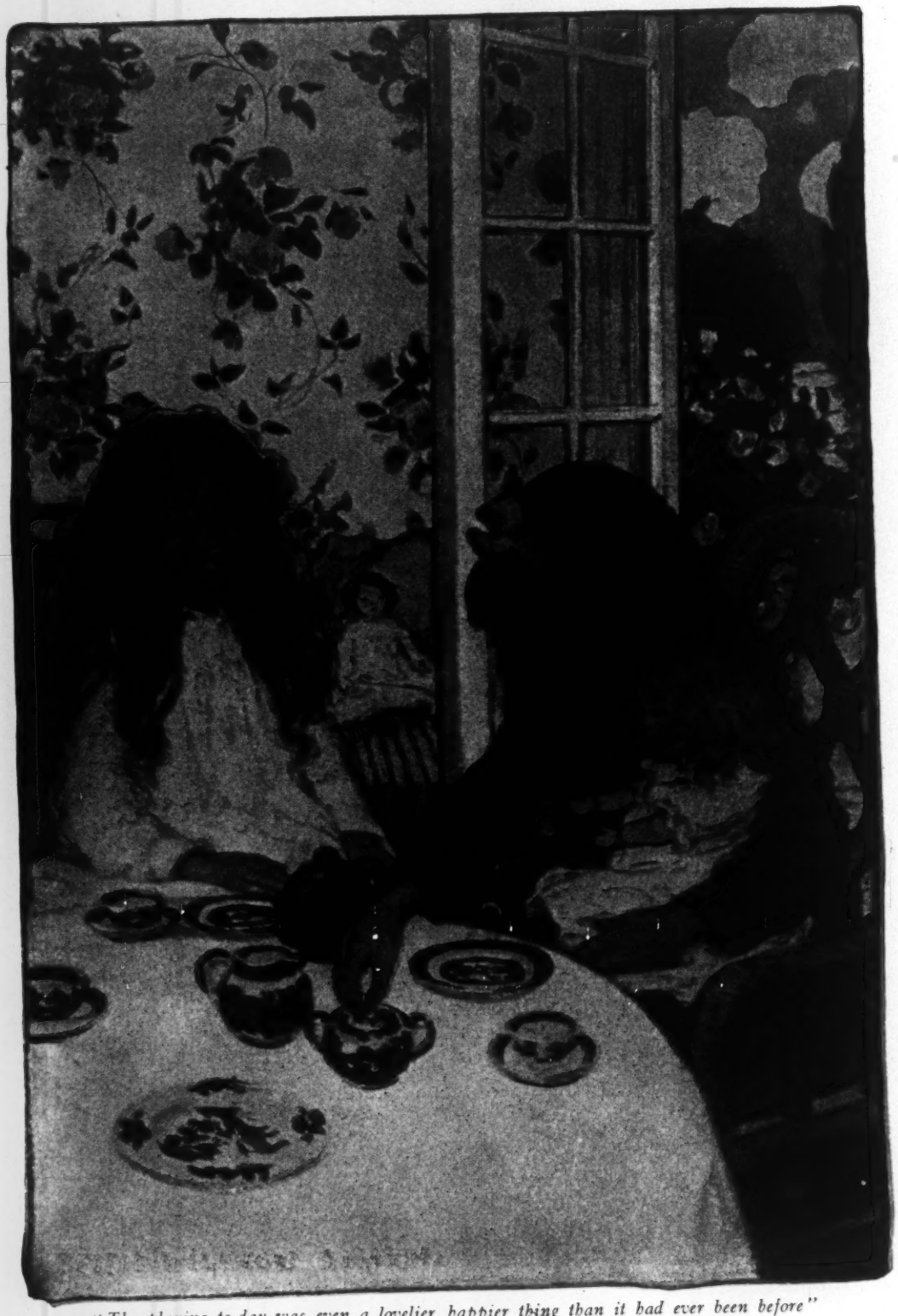
He loaded his revolver and threw the few remaining cartridges away. He knew what his temptation would be when left alone, and intended to throw the revolver away as soon as it had done its work. Then, raising himself upon his left arm, he kissed the white star on her forehead, and placed the muzzle of the revolver against the same white star.

"Good-by, Princess. God bless you till we meet again."

Then he fired, and with scarcely a tremor the great mare settled on her side; but in so doing, as if to return good for good, her beautiful head fell across his throat, and thus they who had been comrades in life were not separated in death.

The moon, as if satisfied with the closing scene, sank slowly in to the west, leaving their sleep peaceful and undisturbed. At this moment from away off in the silent darkness, like a call from another world, a lonely trumpet sounded "Taps." That sorrowful, heart-piercing, but mystically beautiful call, which marks the close of a soldier's day and the close of a soldier's life.

"'Oh, Princess!' he cried, all his pent-up emotion rushing forth like a tide. 'And did you find me!'"



"The playing to-day was even a lovelier, happier thing than it had ever been before"

IN THE CLOSED ROOM

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

PART TWO

JUDITH climbed the basement stairs rather slowly. Her mother was busy rearranging the disorder the hastily departing servants had left. Their departure had indeed been made in sufficient haste to have left behind the air of its having been flight. There was a great deal to be done, and Jane Foster, moving about with broom and pail and scrubbing brushes, did not dislike the excitement of the work before her. Judith's certainty that she would not be missed made all clear before her. If her absence was observed her mother would realize that the whole house lay open to her and that she was an undisturbing element wheresoever she was led either by her fancy or by circumstance. If she went into the parlors she would probably sit and talk to herself or play quietly with her shabby doll. In any case she would be finding pleasure of her own and would touch nothing which could be harmed.

When the child found herself in the entrance hall she stopped a few moments to look about her. The stillness seemed to hold her and she paused to hear and feel it. In leaving the basement behind, she had left the movement of living behind also. No one was alive upon this floor—nor upon the next—nor the next. It was as if one had entered a new world—a world in which something existed which did not express itself in sound or in things which one could see. Chairs held out their arms to emptiness—cushions were not pressed by living things—only the people in the pictures were looking at something, but one could not tell what they were looking at.

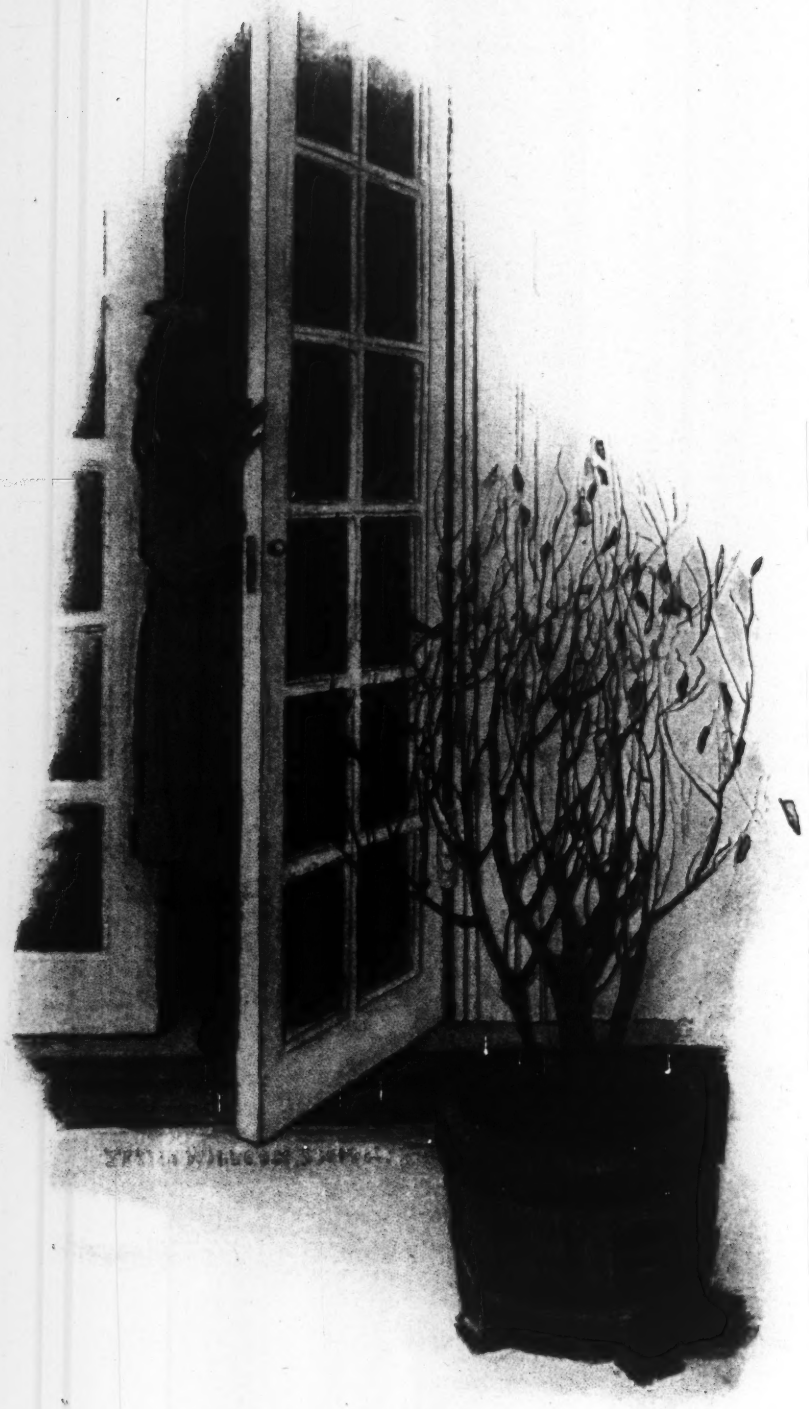
But on the fourth floor was the Closed Room, which she must go to—because she must go to it—that was all she knew.

She began to mount the stairs which led to the upper floors. Her shabby doll was held against her hip by one arm, her right hand touched the wall as she went, she felt the height of the wall as she looked upward. It was such a large house and so empty. Where had the people gone and why had they left it all at once as if they were afraid? Her father had only heard vaguely that they had gone because they had had trouble.

She passed the second floor, the third, and climbed towards the fourth. She could see the door of the Closed Room as she went up step by step, and she found herself moving more quickly. Yes, she must get to it—she must put her hand on it—her chest began to rise and fall with a quickening of her breath, and her breath quickened because her heart fluttered—as if with her haste. She began to be glad, and if any one could have seen her they would have been struck by a curious expectant smile in her eyes.

She reached the landing and crossed it, running the last few steps lightly. She did not wait or stand still a moment. With the strange expectant smile on her lips as well as in her eyes, she put her hand upon the door—not upon the handle, but upon the panel. Without any sound it swung quietly open. And without any sound she stepped quietly inside.

The room was rather large and the light in it was dim. There were no shutters, but



"'I wish they were not dead,' she said softly to the silence"

"'I'm going up to play with the little girl, mother, . . . You don't mind, do you?'"

the blinds were drawn down. Judith went to one of the windows and drew its blind up so that the look of the place might be clear to her. There were two windows and they opened upon the flat roof of an extension, which suggested somehow that it had been used as a place to walk about in. This, at least, was what Judith thought of at once—that some one who had used the room had been in the habit of going out upon the roof and staying there as if it had been a sort of garden. There were rows of flower-pots with dead flowers in them—there were green tubs containing large shrubs, which were dead also—against the low parapet certain of them held climbing plants which had been trained upon it. Two had been climbing roses, two were clematis, but Judith did not know them by name. The ledge of the window was so low that a mere

step took her outside. So taking it, she stood among the dried, withered things and looked in tender regret at them.

"I wish they were not dead," she said softly to the silence. "It would be like a garden if they were not dead."

The sun was hot, but a cool, little breeze seemed straying up from among the trees of the Park. It even made the dried leaves of the flowers tremble and rustle a little. Involuntarily she lifted her face to the blue sky and floating white clouds. They seemed so near that she felt almost as if she could touch them with her hand. The street seemed so far—so far below—the whole world seemed far below. If one stepped off the parapet it would surely take one a long time to reach the earth. She knew now why she had come up here. It was so that she might feel like this—as if she was upheld far away from things—as if she had left everything behind—almost as if she had fallen awake again. There was no perfume in the air, but all was still and sweet and clear.

Suddenly she turned and went into the room again, realizing that she had scarcely seen it at all and that she must see and know it. It was not like any other room she had seen. It looked more simple, though it was a pretty place. The walls were covered with roses, there were bright pictures, and shelves full of books. There was also a little writing desk and there were two or three low chairs, and a low table. A closet in a corner had its door ajar and Judith could see that inside toys were piled together. In another corner a large doll's house stood, looking as if some one had just stopped playing with it. Some toy furniture had been taken out and left near it upon the carpet.

"It was a little girl's room," Judith said. "Why did they close it?"

Her eye was caught by something lying on a sofa—something covered with a cloth. It looked almost like a child lying there asleep—so fast asleep that it did not stir at all. Judith moved across to the sofa and drew the cloth aside. With its head upon a cushion was lying a very large doll, beautifully dressed in white lace, its eyes closed, and a little wreath of dead flowers in its hair.

"It looks almost as if it had died too," said Judith.

She did not ask herself why she said "as if it had died too"—perhaps it was because the place was so still—and everything so far away—that the flowers had died in the strange, little deserted garden on the roof.

She did not hear any footsteps—in fact, no ghost of a sound stirred the silence as she stood looking at the doll's sleep—but quite quickly she ceased to bend forward, and turned round to look at something which she knew was near her. There she was—and it was quite natural she should be there—the little girl with the face like a white flower, with the quantity of burnished coppery hair and the smile which deepened the already deep dimple near her mouth.

"You have come to play with me," she said.

"Yes," answered Judith. "I wanted to come all night. I couldn't stay down-stairs."

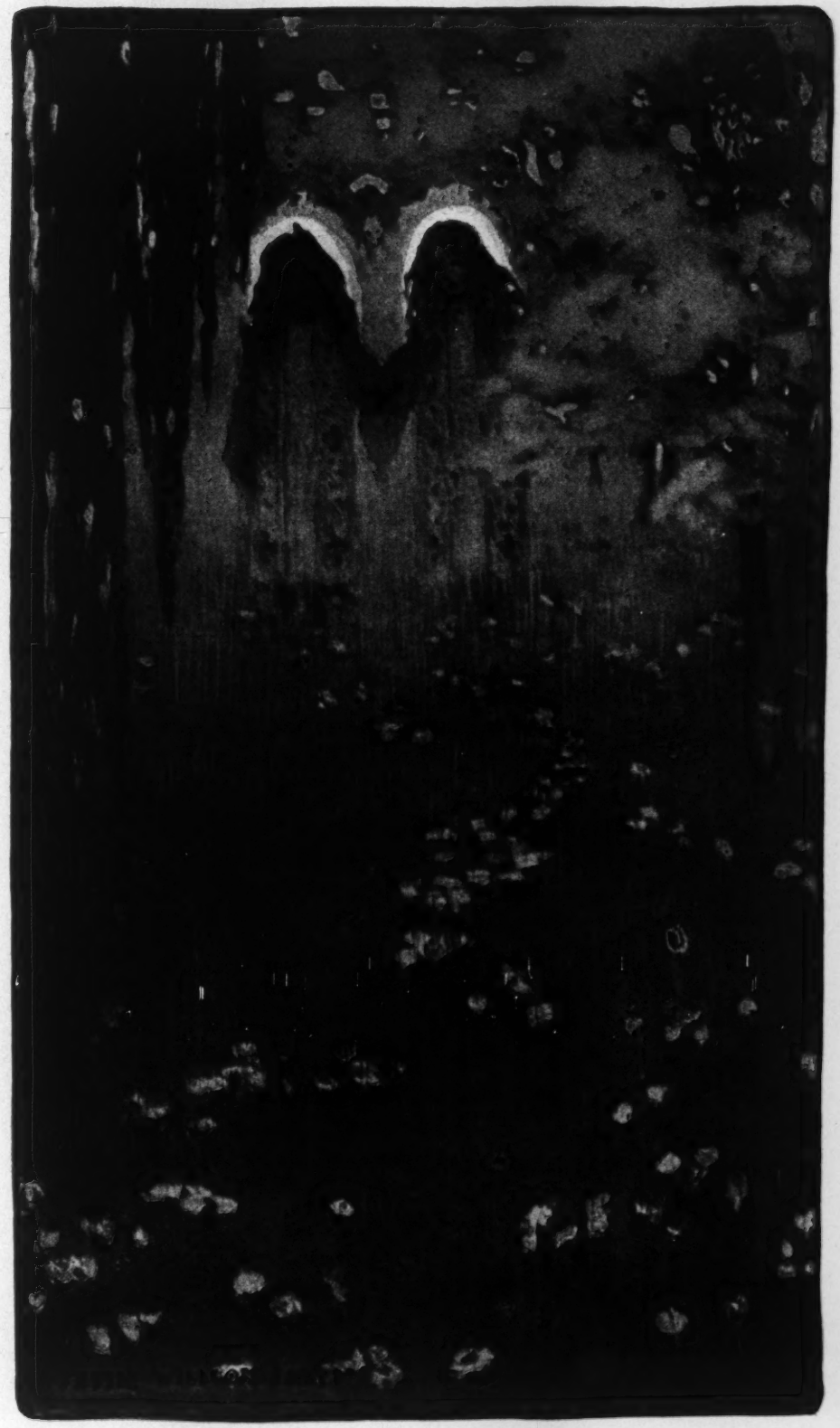
"No," said the child; "you can't stay down-stairs. Lift up the doll."

They began to play as if they had spent their lives together. Neither asked the other any questions. Judith had not played with other children, but with this one she played in absolute and lovely delight. The little girl knew where all the toys were, and there were a great many beautiful ones. She told Judith where to find them and how to arrange them for their games. She invented wonderful things to do—things which were so unlike anything Judith had ever seen or heard or thought of that it was not strange that she realized afterwards that all her past life and its belongings had been so forgotten as to be wholly blotted out while she was in the Closed Room. She did not know her playmate's name, she did not remember that there were such things as names. Every moment was happiness. Every moment the little girl seemed to grow more beautiful in the flower whiteness of her face and hands and the strange lightness and freedom of her movements. There was an ecstasy in looking at her—in feeling her near.

Not long before Judith went down-stairs she found herself standing with her outside the window in among the withered flowers.

"It was my garden," the little girl said. "It has been so hot and no one has been near to water them, so they could not live."

She went lightly to one of the brown rose-bushes and put her pointed-fingered little hand quite near it. She did not touch it, but held her hand near—and the leaves began to stir and uncurl and become fresh and tender again, and roses were nodding, blooming on the stems. And she went in the same manner to each flower and plant in



"They held each other's slim-pointed hands and stepped out upon the broad, fresh green pathway"

turn until all the before dreary little garden was bright and full of leaves and flowers.

"It's Life," she said to Judith. Judith nodded and smiled back at her, understanding quite well just as she had understood the eyes of the bird who had swung on the twig so near her cheek the day she had hidden among the bushes in the Park.

"Now, you must go," the little girl said at last. And Judith went out of the room at once—without waiting or looking back, though she knew the white figure did not stir till she was out of sight.

It was not until she had reached the second floor that the change came upon her. It was a great change and a curious one. The Closed Room became as far away as all other places and things had seemed when she had stood upon the roof feeling the nearness of the blueness and the white clouds—as when she had looked round and found herself face to face with the child in the Closed Room. She suddenly realized things she had not known before. She knew that she had heard no voice when the little girl spoke to her—she knew that it had happened, that it was she only who had lifted the doll—who had taken out the toys—who had arranged the low table for their feast, putting all the small service upon it—and though they had played with such rapturous enjoyment and had laughed and feasted—what had they feasted on? That she could not recall—and not once had she touched or been touched by the light hand or white dress—and though they seemed to express their thoughts and intentions freely she had heard no voice at all. She was suddenly bewildered and stood rubbing her hand over her forehead and her eyes—but she was happy—as happy as when she had fallen awake in her sleep—and was no more troubled or really curious than she would have been if she had had the same experience every day of her life.

"Well, you must have been having a good time playing up-stairs," Jane Foster said when she entered the big kitchen. "This is going to do you good, Judy. Looks like she'd had a day in the country, don't she, Jem?"

Through the weeks that followed her habit of "playing up-stairs" was accepted as a perfectly natural thing. No questions were asked and she knew it was not necessary to enter into any explanations.

Every day she went to the door of the Closed Room and, finding it closed, at a touch of her hand upon the panel it swung softly open. There she waited—sometimes for a longer, sometimes for a shorter time—and the child with the coppery hair came to her. The world below was gone as soon as she entered the room, and through the hours they played together joyously as happy children play. But in their playing it was always Judith who touched the toys—who held the doll—who set the little table for their feast. Once as she went down-stairs she remembered that when she had that day made a wreath of roses from the roof and had gone to put it on her playmate's head, she had drawn back with deepened dimple and, holding up her hand, had said, laughing:

"No. Do not touch me."

But there was no mystery in it after all. Judith knew she should presently understand.

She was so happy that her happiness lived in her face in a sort of delicate brilliance. Jane Foster observed the change in her with exceeding comfort, her view being that spacious quarters, fresh air, and sounder sleep had done great things for her.

"Them big eyes of hers ain't like no other child's eyes I've ever seen," she said to her husband with cheerful self-gratulation. "An' her skin's that fine an' thin an' fair you can jest see through it. She always looks to me as if she was made out of different stuff from me, an' you, Jem. I've always said it."

"She's going to make a corking handsome girl," responded Jem with a chuckle.

They had been in the house two months, when one afternoon, as she was slicing potatoes for supper, Jane looked round to see the child standing at the kitchen doorway, looking with a puzzled expression at some wilted flowers she held in her hand. Jane's impression was that she had been coming into the room and had stopped suddenly to look at what she held.

"What've you got there, Judy?" she asked.

"They're flowers," said Judith, her eyes still more puzzled.

"Where'd you get 'em from? I didn't know you'd been out. I thought you was up-stairs."

"I was," said Judith quite simply. "In the Closed Room."

Jane Foster's knife dropped into her pan with a splash.

"Well," she gasped.

Judith looked at her with quiet eyes.

"The Closed Room!" Jane cried out. "What are you saying? You couldn't get in?"

"Yes, I can."

Jane was conscious of experiencing a shock. She said afterwards that suddenly something gave her the creeps.

"You couldn't open the door," she persisted. "I tried it again yesterday as I passed by—turned the handle and gave it a regular shove and it wouldn't give an inch."

"Yes," the child answered; "I heard you. We were inside then."

A few days later, when Jane weepingly related the incident to awe-stricken and sympathizing friends, she described as graphically as her limited vocabulary would allow her to do so, the look in Judith's face as she came nearer to her.

"Don't tell me there was nothing happening then," she said. "She just came up to me with them dead flowers in her hand an' a kind of look in her eyes as if she was half sorry for me an' didn't know quite why.

"'The door opens for me,' she says. 'That's where I play every day. There's a little girl comes and plays with me. She comes in at the window, I think. She is like the picture in the room where the books are. Her hair hangs down and she has a dimple near her mouth.'

"I couldn't never tell any one what I felt like. It was as if I'd got a queer fright that I didn't understand.

"'She must have come over the roof from the next house,' I says. 'They've got an extension too—but I thought the people were gone away.'

"'There are flowers on our roof,' she said. 'I got these there.' And that puzzled look came into her eyes again. 'They were beautiful when I got them—but as I came down-stairs they died.'

"'Well, of all the queer things,' I said. She put out her hand and touched my arm sort of lovin' an' timid.

"'I wanted to tell you to-day, mother,' she said. 'I had to tell you to-day. You don't mind if I go play with her, do you? You don't mind.'

"Perhaps it was because she touched me that queer little loving way—or was it the way she looked—it seemed like something came over me an' I just grabbed her an' hugged her up.

"'No,' I says. 'So as you come back. So as you come back.'

"And to think!" And Jane rocked herself sobbing.

A point she dwelt on with many tears was that the child seemed in a wistful mood and remained near her side—bringing her little chair and sitting by her as she worked, and rising to follow her from place to place as she moved from one room to the other.

"She wasn't never one as kissed you much or hung about like some children do—I always used to say she was the least bother of any child I ever knew. Seemed as if she had company of her own when she sat in her little chair in the corner whispering to herself or just setting quiet." This was a thing Jane always added during all the years in which she told the story. "That was what made me notice. She kept by me and she kept looking at me different from any way I'd seen her look before—not pitiful exactly—but something like it. And once she came up and kissed me and once or twice she just kind of touched my dress or my hand—as I stood by her. *She* knew. No one need tell me she didn't."

But this was an error. The child was conscious only of a tender, wistful feeling, which caused her to look at the affectionate healthy young woman who had always been good to her and whom she belonged to, though she remotely wondered why—the same tenderness impelled her to touch her arm, hand and simple dress, and folding her arms round her neck to kiss her softly. It was an expression of gratitude for all the rough casual affection of the past. All her life had been spent at her side—all her life on earth had sprung from her.

When she went up-stairs to the Closed Room the next day she told her mother she was going before she left the kitchen.

"I'm going up to play with the little girl, mother," she said. "You don't mind, do you?"

Jane had had an evening of comfortable domestic gossip and joking with Jem, had slept, slept soundly and eaten a hearty breakfast. Life had reassumed its wholly normal aspect. The sun was shining hot and bright and she was preparing to scrub the kitchen floor. She believed that the child was mistaken as to the room she had been in.

"That's all right," she said, turning the hot water spigot over the sink so that the

boiling water poured forth at full flow into her pail, with clouds of steam. "But when I've done my scrubbing I'm comin' up to see if it *is* the Closed Room you play in. If it is, I guess you'd better play somewhere else—and I want to find out how you get that door open. Run along if you like."

Judith came back to her from the door. "Yes," she said, "come and see. But if she is there," putting her hand on Jane's hip gently, "you mustn't touch her."

Jane turned off the hot water and stared. "Her!"

"The little girl who plays. *I* never touch her. She says I must not."

Jane lifted her pail from the sink, laughing outright.

"Well, that sounds as if she was a pretty airy young one," she said. "I guess you're a queer little pair. Run on. I must get at this floor."

Judith ran up the three flights of stairs lightly. She was glad she had told her mother, though she wondered vaguely why it had never seemed right to tell her until last night, and last night it had seemed not so much necessary as imperative. Something had obliged her to tell her. The time had come when she must know. The Closed Room door had always shut itself gently after Judith had passed through it, and yesterday, when her mother passing by chance, had tried the handle so vigorously the two children inside the room had stood still gazing at each other, but neither had spoken and Judith had not thought of speaking. She was out of the realm of speech, and without any sense of amazement was aware that she was out of it. People with voices and words were in that far-away world below.

The playing to-day was even a lovelier, happier thing than it had ever been before. It seemed to become each minute a thing farther and farther away from the world in the streets where the Elevated Railroad went humming past like a monster bee. And with the sense of greater distance came a sense of greater lightness and freedom. Judith found that she was moving about the room and the little roof garden almost exactly as she had moved in the waking dreams where she saw Aunt Hester—almost as if she was floating and every movement was ecstasy. Once as she thought this she looked at her playmate, and the child smiled and answered her as she always did before she spoke.

"Yes," she said; "I know her. She will come. She sent me."

She had this day a special plan with regard to the arranging of the Closed Room. She wanted all the things in it—the doll—the chairs—the toys—the little table and its service to be placed in certain positions. She told Judith what to do. Various toys were put here or there—the little table was set with certain dishes in a particular part of the room. A book was left lying upon the sofa cushion, the large doll was put into a chair near the sofa, with a smaller doll in its arms, on the small writing desk a letter, which Judith found in a drawer—a half-written letter—was laid, the pen was left in the ink. It was a strange game to play, but somehow Judith felt it was very pretty. When it was all done—and there were many curious things to do—the Closed Room looked quite different from the cold, dim, orderly place the door had first opened upon. Then it had looked as if everything had been swept up and set away and covered and done with forever—as if the life in it had ended and would never begin again. Now it looked as if some child who had lived in it and loved and played with each of its belongings, had just stepped out from her play—to some other room quite near—quite near. The big doll in its chair seemed waiting—even listening to her voice as it came from the room she had run into.

The child with the burnished hair stood and looked at it with her delicious smile.

"That is how it looked," she said. "They came and hid and covered everything—as if I had gone—as if I was Nowhere. I want her to know I come here. I couldn't do it myself. You could do it for me. Go and bring some roses."

The little garden was a wonder of strange beauty with its masses of flowers. Judith brought some roses from the bush her playmate pointed out. She put them into a light bowl which was like a bubble of thin, clear glass and stood on the desk near the letter.

"If they would look like that," the little girl said, "she would see. But no one sees them like that—when the Life goes away with me."

After that the game was finished and they went out on the roof garden and stood and looked up into the blue above their heads.

How blue—how blue—how clear—how near and real! And how far and unreal the streets and sounds below. The two children stood and looked up and laughed at the sweetness of it.

Then Judith felt a little tired.

"I will go and lie down on the sofa," she said.

"Yes," the little girl answered. "It's time for you to go to sleep."

They went into the Closed Room and Judith lay down. As she did so, she saw that the door was standing open and remembered that her mother was coming up to see her and her playmate.

The little girl sat down by her. She put out her pretty fine hand and touched Judith for the first time. She laid her little pointed fingers on her forehead and Judith fell asleep.

It seemed only a few minutes before she wakened again. The little girl was standing by her.

"Come," she said.

They went out together onto the roof among the flowers, but a strange—a beautiful thing had happened. The garden did not end at the parapet and the streets and houses were not below. The little garden, ended in a broad green pathway—green with thick, soft grass and moss covered with trembling white and blue bell-like flowers. Trees—fresh leaved as if spring had just awakened them—shaded it and made it look smiling fair. Great white blossoms tossed on their branches and Judith felt that the scent in the air came from them. She forgot the city was below, because it was millions and millions of miles away, and this was where it was right to be. There was no mistake. This was real. All the rest was unreal—and millions and millions of miles away.

They held each other's slim-pointed hands and stepped out upon the broad, fresh green pathway. There was no boundary or end to its beauty, and it was only another real thing that coming towards them from under the white, flowering trees was Aunt Hester.

In the basement Jane Foster was absorbed in her labors, which were things whose accustomedness provided her with pleasure. She was fond of her scrubbing, she enjoyed the washing of her dishes, she definitely entertained herself with the splash and soapy foam of her wash-tubs and the hearty smack and swing of her ironing. In the days when she had served at the ribbon counter in a department store, she had not found life as agreeable as she had found it since the hours which were not spent at her own private sewing machine were given to hearty domestic duties providing cleanliness, savory meals, and comfort for Jem.

She was so busy this particular afternoon that it was inevitable that she should forget all else but the work which kept her on her knees scrubbing floors or on a chair polishing windows, and afterwards hanging before them bits of clean, spotted muslin.

She was doing this last when her attention being attracted by wheels in the street stopping before the door, she looked out to see a carriage door open and a young woman, dressed in exceptionally deep mourning garb step onto the pavement, cross it, and ascend the front steps.

"Who's she?" Jane exclaimed disturbedly. "Does she think the house is to let because it's shut?" A ring at the front door bell called her down from her chair. Among the duties of a caretaker is naturally included that of answering the questions of visitors. She turned down her sleeves, put on a fresh apron, and ran up-stairs to the entrance hall.

When she opened the door, the tall, young woman in black stepped inside as if there were no reason for her remaining even for a moment on the threshold.

"I am Mrs. Haldon," she said. "I suppose you are the caretaker?"

Haldon was the name of the people to whom the house belonged. Jem Foster had heard only the vaguest things of them, but Jane remembered that the name was Haldon and, remembering that they had gone away because they had had trouble, she recognized at a glance what sort of trouble it had been. Mrs. Haldon was tall and young and, to Jane Foster's mind, expressed from head to foot the perfection of all that spoke for wealth and fashion. Her garments were heavy and rich with crape, the long, black veil, which she had thrown back, swept over her shoulder and hung behind her, serving to set forth, as it were, more pitifully the white wornness of her pretty face, and a sort of haunting eagerness in her haggard eyes. She had been a smart, lovely, laughing, and lovable thing, full of pleasure in the world, and now she was so stricken and devastated that she seemed set apart in an awful lonely world of her own.

She had no sooner crossed the threshold than she looked about her with a quick, smitten glance and began to tremble. Jane saw her look shudder away from the open door of the front room, where the chairs had seemed left as if set for some gathering, and the wax-white flowers had been scattered on the floor.

She fell into one of the carved hall seats and dropped her face into her hands, her elbows resting on her knees.

"Oh! No! No!" she cried. "I can't believe it. I can't believe it!"

Jane Foster's eyes filled with good-natured ready tears of sympathy.

"Won't you come up-stairs, ma'am?" she said. "Wouldn't you like to set in your own room perhaps?"

"No! No!" was the answer. "She was always there! She used to come into my bed in the morning. She used to watch me dress to go out. No! No!"

"I'll open the shutters in the library," said Jane.

"Oh! No! No! No! She would be sitting on the big sofa with her fairy storybook. She's everywhere—everywhere! How could I come? Why did I? But I couldn't keep away! I tried to stay in the mountains. But I couldn't. Something dragged me day and night. Nobody knows I am here!" She got up and looked about her again. "I have never been in here since I went out with *her*," she said. "They would not let me come back. They said it would kill me. And now I have come—and everything is here—all the things we lived with—and *she* is millions and millions—and millions of miles away!"

"Who—who—was it?" Jane asked timidly in a low voice.

"It was my little girl," the poor young beauty said. "It was my little Andrea. Her portrait is in the library."

Jane began to tremble somewhat herself.

"That—?" she began—and ended: "She is *dead?*"

Mrs. Haldon had dragged herself almost as if unconsciously to the stairs. She leaned against the newel post and her face dropped upon her hand.

"Oh! I don't *know!*" she cried. "I cannot believe it. How *could* it be? She was playing in her nursery—laughing and playing—and she ran in to the next room to show me a flower—and as she looked up at me—laughing, I tell you—laughing—she sank slowly down on her knees—and the flower fell out of her hand quietly—and everything went out of her face—everything was gone away from her, and there was never anything more—never!"

Jane Foster's hand had crept up to her throat. She did not know what made her cold.

"My little girl—" she began, "her name is Judith——"

"Where is she?" said Mrs. Haldon in a breathless way.

"She is up-stairs," Jane answered slowly. "She goes—into that back room—on the fourth floor——"

Mrs. Haldon turned upon her with wide eyes.

"It is locked!" she said. "They put everything away. I have the key."

"The door opens for her," said Jane. "She goes to play with a little girl—who comes to her. I think she comes over the roof from the next house."

"There is no child there!" Mrs. Haldon shuddered. But it was not with horror. There was actually a wild dawning bliss in her face. "What is she like?"

"She is like the picture." Jane scarcely knew her own monotonous voice. The world of real things was being withdrawn from her and she was standing without its pale—alone with this woman and her wild eyes. She began to shiver because her warm blood was growing cold. "She is a child with red hair—and there is a deep dimple near her mouth. Judith told me. You must not touch her."

She heard a wild gasp—a flash of something at once anguish and rapture blazed across the haggard, young face—and with a swerving as if her slight body had been swept round by a sudden great wind, Mrs. Haldon turned and fled up the stairs.

Jane Foster followed. The great wind swept her upward too. She remembered no single intake or outlet of breath until she was upon the fourth floor.

The door of the Closed Room stood wide open and Mrs. Haldon was swept within.

Jane Foster saw her stand in the middle of the room a second, a tall, swaying figure. She whirled to look about her and flung up her arms with an unearthly rapturous, whispered cry:

"It is all as she left it when she ran to me and fell. She has been here—to show me it is not so far!"

She sank slowly upon her knees, wild happiness in her face—wild tears pouring down it.

"She has seen her!" And she stretched forth yearning arms towards the little figure of Judith, who lay quiet upon the sofa in the corner. "Your little girl has seen her—and I dare not waken her. She is asleep."

Jane stood by the sofa—looking down. When she bent and touched the child the stillness of the room seemed to have got into her blood.

"No," she said, quivering, but with a strange simplicity. "No! not asleep! It was this way with her Aunt Hester."

THE END

THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "EMMY LOU: HER BOOK AND HEART"

PART III—CHAPTER IV

NOW William Leroy supposed Mrs. Garnier to be in his mother's room. A moment later he followed Alexina up the stairs, meaning to get something out of his desk which he wished to show her. He was a most direct youth considering that he was, by his mother's confession, a timorous one. There was an odd little smile about his mouth perhaps because all things looked pleasant right now.

His nature was practical rather than sanguine and built in general only on things achieved, but to-day the fruit was hanging golden on the trees and the grove was one of the few new ones in bearing. He had anticipated the railroad by several years in planting, and now the grove and house were going to bring a figure larger than he had ever hoped for.

As the Israelites yearned for Canaan, he was looking towards the pastoral lands of Kentucky. To-day, for the once, he would let this new buoyancy, this unanalyzed optimism, run warm in his blood; why not? He was young, he was strong, he was master of his circumstances for the first time.

He went up the steps lightly, springily, with a sort of exuberant joy in the mere action. His canvas shoes made no sound. The stairs landed him at his own door. He brought up short.

Alexina was standing midway of the threshold; he thought he heard a sob.

She turned hurriedly, her hands outspread across the doorway as by instinct.

"Don't," she begged; "please go away." Then as he wheeled, "No, don't; wait—" She swallowed before she could speak.

"It's Molly," she said. "Can you send us back to town; she's—she's——"

"Not well," the daughter was trying to say. The boy's straightforward eyes were fixed on hers inquiringly.

"What's the use; I can't lie," she broke down miserably. "I ought not to have come with her." Her arms dropped from across the doorway. In all perplexity he was waiting. He had a glimpse of Molly within, drooping against the table, and her eyes regarding them with a kind of furtive fear.

His hunting flask from out the cellarette was there on the table.

The girl was speaking with effort. "I'm sorry; she must have felt bad and found it."

She suddenly hid her face in her hands against the casement.

That roused him. He felt dazed. It needed a woman here to feel the way.

"I'll get mother," he said.

"Oh," begged the girl and quivered, "can't we get back to town without? Must she know?"

King was growing himself again. "Why," he said, "of all people, yes, mother."

He went down the steps two at a time. There was no sensitive apprehension in his manner when he brought her back, as there was often concerning his mother; he knew her strength as well as her incompetencies.

She came straight up and hardly noticed Alexina as she passed but went on to Molly, whose eyes, full of shame and fear, were dully watching the scene.

Charlotte put her arms about her, drew her to the sofa, and sat by her. "Poor dear," she said, "poor dear."

Molly drooped, trembled, then turned and clung to her crying piteously, "You're sorry for me. I did it because I'm afraid. He said they all come down here to die. Malise don't know, she don't understand, she's hard."

"You go down to your dinner, Alexina," said Charlotte; "it's waiting. Oh, yes, yes; you will go." There was finality in the tone, very different from Charlotte's usually indefinite directions. "Leave your mother to me; oh, you needn't tell me anything about it, I know. And take that hardness out of your face, Alexina; it's your own fault if you let this embitter you; it's ourselves that let things spoil our lives, not the things. I'll tell you something that you may believe I know, something that I told Willy at a time his arrogance seemed to need the knowledge. My father—my great, splendid, handsome father—all my life was—this way. But he came straight home to my mother, and so she kept him from worse, and held him to his place in the world. Keep on loving them; it's the only way. Many a time we've all cried together like babies, father and mother and I, by her sofa——"

"Willy," called Charlotte. The boy ran up from below. "Take Alexina down to her dinner and afterwards take her out of doors. No; you're not going back to the hotel; not to-night. Willy can send Peter in for your woman and your things, for you're going to stay here till she's better and you see this thing differently."

That evening King and Alexina sat on the edge of the pier, the water lapping the posts beneath their swinging feet. He was peeling joints of sugar cane and handing her sections on the blade of his knife, she trying to convince herself that they were as toothsome as he insisted they were. He could idle like a child.

But the girl's mind was back there in the house. "According to your mother," she was saying, "there's got to be affection back of the doing of a duty." Poor child, she was putting it so guardedly, so impersonally, she thought.

"Well," said he, dropping his unappreciated bits of cane, piece by piece into the water, "that's a woman's way of looking at it."

"What's a man's?" asked the girl at that, "how does a man do hard things?"

"He just goes at 'em, I should say," said he, "and doesn't analyze. He's got to be at something, you know, it's part of the creed."

"What creed?" demanded Alexina.

"Mr. Jonas's."

"Oh," said Alexina, "yes I see."

CHAPTER V

Molly, Alexina and Celeste stayed a week at Nancy with the Leroys. It was a household wherein there was no strain, no tension, though, to be sure, there was small management. One had a comical apprehension that Mandy the cook and Tina the washwoman kept their families off the gullibility and good faith of their mistress.

Alexina was sent into the sunshine.

"Keep her outdoors," Charlotte commanded Willy; "the child's morbid."

Mr. Jonas drove out with trophies of game as offerings to Mrs. Garnier. One morning Mr. Henderson came with him in the buckboard, and Molly and the two men sat in the sunshine on the porch and talked.

"Did he die?" she asked the minister presently.

"Who?"

"The man at the house where you stopped that day?" She asked it as one driven to know, even while apprehensive of the answer.

Exultation leaped for an instant to the young man's face—a stern joy. "He died," he told her, "but in the faith at the end."

"In what faith?" Molly asked curiously. She was a child in so many things.

"The church," he told her, with reproof in his tone.

The click of Mr. Jonas's incisors upon incisors chopped the air.

But Molly moved a little nearer the minister.

"Yes," she agreed slowly, unwillingly almost; "they all do. Father Bonot used to say it over and over. They all come back to the church to—to die."

She was shivering.

There was a quick, snapped off h'ah from Mr. Jonas.

Mr. Henderson looked bewildered. "I did not know; then, Mrs. Garnier, you are——"

"I'm a Catholic," said Molly, a little in wonder.

"Romanist," said the other gently.

But Molly wasn't listening nor would she have known what the distinction meant, had she been. It was Mr. Jonas who gave forth another sound that was almost a snort, and marched off to where King and Alexina were sitting on the step.

Molly watched him go, then glanced around as if to insure aloofness and leaned forward her fingers pulling at the edge of her handkerchief.

"You helped him to die, and you're a priest—one sort of a priest—and I want to tell you——"

"No," said the other; "you do not understand; let me make you see."

"It doesn't matter," said Molly; "no," hurriedly, "let me tell you, I want to tell you. It will help me. I take things—I have to; anything that will make me forget and make me sleep. I'm afraid—I take it because I'm afraid to die."

He looked at her out of dull eyes. She was, self-avowedly, everything he held abhorrent—alien, worldly, and weak. He stammered something—was he asking God to help her, or himself?—and left her.

Later as he and Mr. Jonas drove back to Aden the eyes of Mr. Jonas snapped. "You're brewing mischief to your own or somebody else's peace of mind, you always are when you look like that. Out with it, man."

Why Mr. Henderson should out with it, he himself knew less than any, but Mr. Jonas had a way.

The minister's words came forth with effort.

"I've been seeking light to know why Mrs. Garnier was sent down here. I've never cared for a woman before; I can't seem to tear it out. But to-day it's made clear: she was sent to me to be saved."

"From her faith?" inquired Mr. Jonas. But the minister was impervious to the sarcasm.

"To the faith," said Mr. Henderson.

The others gone, Alexina, King William, and the Captain sat on the porch. The girl, who was on the step, reached up and put a hand on the locket swinging from the Captain's fob. "May I?" she asked, "I used to, often, you know."

The Captain slipped the watch out and handed it to her, the rest depending, and she opened the locket, a large, thin, plain gold affair. "This," she said, bending over it, then looking up at the Captain archly, "is Julie Piquet, your mother, wife of Aristide Leroy, refugee and Girondist——"

She recited it like a child proud of knowing its lesson, then regarded him out of the corners of her eyes, laughing.

There answered the faintest flicker of a smile somewhere in the old Roman face.

The girl returned to the study of the dark beauty on the ivory again, its curly tresses fillet bound, its snowy breasts the more revealed than hidden by the short-waisted, diaphanous drapery.

"And because it had been your father's locket, with you and your mother in it, Mrs. Leroy wouldn't let you change it to put her in, and so this on the other side is you, young George Gautier Hippolyte Leroy——"

"Written G. Leroy in general," interpolated the gentleman's son.

"And this is how you looked at twenty, dark and rosy-cheeked, with a handsome aquiline nose. You never were democratic, for all your grand pose at being; do you believe he was?" This to King. "Look at him here; if ever there was an inborn, inbred aristocratic son of a revolutionist——"

"He barricaded the streets of Paris with his fellow-students in his turn, don't forget," said King.

"Where his papa had sent him for a more cosmopolitan knowledge of life than Louisville could afford," supplemented Alexina gaily.

"And where he wrote verses to a little dressmaker across the hall," said William.

"Verses?" said Alexina. "Did he write verses? I never heard about the verses."

"No?" said the son; "hasn't he ever written verses to you? Well, since I've opened the way to it, I was leading up to it all the while, why I have. I'll show 'em to

you. I've had 'em in my pocket waiting the opportunity three days now." Which was true. He had been going for them that first day.

He produced a small card photograph, somewhat faded which taken in Alexina's hand, showed her a little girl's serious face with short cropped hair.

"She had a nice little straight nose, anyhow," said Alexina approvingly, studying the card.

"Turn it over," said Willy Leroy. He had a way of commanding people. Some day Alexina intended warring with him about it, but she turned it over now. The lines inscribed on its reverse were in a round and labored script that, despite effort, staggered down hill.

"I wrote 'em," said Willy Leroy, "moi, myself, with gulped-down tears at leaving you. I've never written any since."

She was reading them.

"Out loud," he commanded.

She read them aloud. She was laughing, but she was blushing absurdly too.

"This is Alexina and she
Is a girl but she
Plays like I tell her and she
Cried because we had to come away
And this is Alexina."

"He thinks, your son does," said Alexina, addressing herself to the Captain, "that he was a precocious person, whereas he was only——"

"Young," said the Captain.

"Lamentably egotistical," said Alexina.

"Give it to me," said Willy, "my picture and my feelings thereon——"

"No," said the girl; "I want it."

"Yes." He said it with the King William air. She made a little mouth, but gave him the card, which he put back in his wallet and the wallet in an inner pocket. "You're welcome to a copy of the lines," he said.

Alexina, bestowing on him a glance of lofty disdain, departed high-headed into the house.

But he ran after her and stooped that he might look into her face—was he laughing at her?

"Oh," she said, and wheeled upon him, but she had to laugh too, such was the high glee behind this sweet gravity on his countenance. Glee there was yet something else too in the dark eyes laughing at her, something unconsciously warm and caressing.

The girl ran quickly up-stairs.

And William Leroy, brought to himself, stood where she left him. The hand on the newel post suddenly closed hard upon it then he straightened and walked into the parlor and, sitting down, stared at the embers of the wood fire, as one bewildered. Then his head lifted as with one who understands. On his face was a strange look and a light.

CHAPTER VI

Alexina went up to her mother and Mrs. Leroy. Molly was lolling in a big chair in the sunshine, idly swinging the tassel of her wrapper to and fro. The shadows about her eyes were others than those lent by the sweep of her child-like lashes and she looked wan but she looked at peace too. In her present state the flow of Mrs. Leroy's personal chat was entertainment. Now, there was always one central theme to Charlotte's talk, whatever the variations.

"He hasn't a bit of false pride, Willy hasn't," she was stating. "After his father lost his position, those two years before the trees began paying, there's nothing Willy wouldn't turn his hand to. He carried a chain for the surveyors and went as guide for parties hunting and fishing in the glades."

Molly's attention sometimes wandered from these maternal confidences.

"You were Charlotte Ransome before you were married, weren't you?" she asked irrelevantly. "You used to come to New Orleans winters, didn't you? You were at a party at my Uncle Randolph's once when I was a girl, and you were spoken of as a great beauty, I remember. There was a pompom head-dress too, one winter, called the Charlotte Ransome."

The Charlotte listening, only the vivacity of smile and eyes left of her beauty, the Charlotte living the obscure life of a little raw Southern town, let her needle fall, the needle she handled with the awkwardness of a craft acquired late. She was darning an old table-cloth, come down from her mother's day, that day when triumphs and adulation made up life, and when cost or reckoning was a thing she troubled not herself about. She was that Charlotte Ransome again, called up by Mrs. Garnier, Charlotte

Ransome, the beauty, the fashion, and the belle.

"Oh," she said, "the joy of youth, the joy! Old Madame d'Arblay, the Louisville milliner, devised that pompom head-dress out of her own cleverness, and I remember my old Aunt Polly Ann Love tried to talk her down on the price. How it comes back, the intoxication of it, and the living. Drink deep, little Mab, it never offers twice. I seemed to have divined it never would be again."

The girl looked from one woman to the other. Molly still pursued this thing called adulation, and Mrs. Leroy, big-hearted, simple-souled as she was, looked yearningly back on that which was gone.

Was this all then? Was life forever after empty, except as with Mrs. Leroy, of duties that occupied but did not satisfy? And what of women who are neither beauties nor belles? What has life to offer them?

A vast depression came over the girl. And was this all? Both women bore witness that it was.

"I heard tell in those days," Molly was saying to Mrs. Leroy, "of a dozen men in the South you might have married. How did you come" — curiously — "in the end to marry Captain Leroy, so much older, and so quiet, and—er——"

Charlotte was too simple to resent the question, which to her meant only affectionate interest and besides, she was an egotist, and livened under talk of herself. She had no concealment; indeed, had she been cognizant of any skeleton in the family closet, it must speedily have lost its gruesomeness to her, so constantly would she have it out, annotating its anatomy to any who showed interest.

"Because he came to us in our troubles," said Charlotte, "to mother and me when father died. He was shot, my father, you know, in a political quarrel on the street in Lexington, the year before the war. And Captain Georges came to us. We'd always known him; his father and my Uncle Spottswood Love operated the first brandy distillery in Kentucky. Captain Georges had brought me pretty things from New Orleans and Paris all my life. I meant never to marry, then; I'd been unhappy. But it turned out we were poor, and so, when Georges said for me to marry him so he could care for mother and me, why——"

"Oh," breathed Alexina. It was denunciation. Certain scenes of childhood had burned into her memory, which she had interpreted later. Molly had not loved daddy, either.

"No one was ever so good, so nobly, generously good to a woman as Georges has been to me," Mrs. Leroy was saying; "and even in our poverty he and Willy have managed, and kept it somehow from me, and long, oh, long ago, I came to love him dearly."

The young arraigner, hearing, gazed unconvinced. She pushed the weight of her hair back off her forehead, as she always did when impatient. "Came to love him dearly." With that mere affection which grows from association and dependence, and habit.

The girl sitting on the window-sill in the sunshine, drew a long breath. There was more in life than these two had found, and, all unknowingly, they had proved it.

CHAPTER VII

Charlotte kept them with her the week, then Molly turned restless.

"I can't stand hearing another thing about Willy, Malise," she declared. "I think he's a very dictatorial and outspoken person myself."

So Molly and Alexina and Celeste went back to the hotel, which had filled during the week of their absence. There was life and bustle in the halls as they went in and, from their windows up-stairs, they could see the lake gay with sailboats.

The talk down-stairs concerned dances, picnics, fishing parties. The somnolent Molly awoke, languor fell from her, and she stepped at once to the center of everything gay, the embodied spirit of festivity. Mr. Henderson, incongruous element, was there too, with deliberate election it would seem, for Molly's eyes did no inviting or encouraging. She did not need him in capacity of attendant or diverter these days, and it was clear that in any other capacity he embarrassed her. But he was not deterred because of that.

"You are coming to church, remember," he told her on Sunday morning.

Molly did not even play at archness with him now; she looked timid. And at the hour she went, and Alexina with her. They had heard him officiate before, and it seemed the mere performance of the law; but into the dogmatic assertions of his discourse to-day glowed that fire which is called

inspiration. The Reverend Henderson was living these days.

Molly, slim and elegant in her finery, moved once or twice in the pew. Alexina could not quite tell if she was listening. But she was.

"Dear me," she said, from under the shadow of her lace parasol, as they walked home, "how wearing it must be to be so—er—intense." She spoke lightly, but she shivered a little. The Reverend Henderson had laid stress upon his text, "In the midst of life we are in death!"

As they went up the hotel steps Molly turned and looked around her and Alexina turned too, since it was Molly's mood. The sky was blue, the air breathed life and glow and sparkle. There was a taste almost of sea about it. On the prim young orange trees about the new houses across the street the fruit hung golden.

"He used to reach them for me—Father Bonot did," said Molly, slowly, "before I was tall enough. They're sweeter—Louisiana oranges are. I used to run and hide behind his skirts, too, when I was afraid my mother was going to whip me."

They went in. Half way up the stairs Molly paused. "You Blairs, you're all like *him*—not like Father Bonot."

"Like who?" asked Alexina.

"Like Mr. Henderson. You Blairs and Mr. Henderson would have pulled aside your skirts so my mother could have caught me and whipped me."

Something like apprehension sprang into Alexina's eyes. "Oh," she said anxiously, "no; surely I'm not like that, and Aunt Harriet's not!"

"Yes, you are," said Molly stubbornly. "you all of you are. It's because"—a sort of childish rage seized her—"it's because you're all of you so—so damnably sure of your duty." And her foot stamped the landing in her little fury.

It was funny, so funny that Alexina laughed. And perhaps it was true. She could have hugged Molly; she never came so near to being fond of Molly before.

December arrived, Christmas came and went. Life was almost pastoral—no, hardly that, it was more *un fete champetre*. Each day after breakfast the hotel emptied itself into the sunshine and merriment, emptied itself, that is, of all but the invalids. Molly shunned those. She never even looked the way of one if she could help it.

There was a lake party one night. They took boat at the hotel pier in various small craft and followed the chain of lakes to an island midway of the farthest. The moon was up as they started.

The party was of the gayest, and one might have said that Mr. Henderson was out of his element. Certainly his face was hardly suggestive of hilarity. But he followed Mrs. Garnier into one of the larger boats and took his place with a sort of doggedness. Even in the moonlight the sharpening angle of his cheek-bone was visible and the deepening of the sockets in which his eyes were set, eyes that followed Mrs. Garnier insistently.

Molly being of the party, it followed that Alexina was too, but that William Leroy was of it seemed to quicken something in his own sense of humor. His manner with the gay world was perhaps a little stony. He avowed, when thus accused by Alexina and Mr. Jonas, that it was to cover bashfulness.

"I hate people," he declared.

Yet, for a bashful youth, he was singularly deliberate and masterful, seeming to know what he wanted and how to get it. To-night it was that Alexina go with him in a small boat. The others started first, a youth in a striped flannel coat, strumming a guitar.

King put out last. He rowed slowly and often the boat drifted. When they entered the lock connecting the first lake with the next, the other boats had all passed through. The moon scarcely penetrated the dense foliage on the banks above them, and the ripple of the water against the boat seemed only to emphasize the silence—the aloofness. There must have been an early blossom of jasmine about, so sweet was the gloom.

When they passed out into the vaulted space and open water of the next lake, the other boats were far ahead. The tinkling cadence of the guitar floated back to them.

He rowed lazily on. Presently he spoke. "I wonder if you remember how we used to talk, way back yonder, about the land of Colchis?"

"Yes," said Alexina; "I remember."

"I believe we are there at last. We closed the contract for our oranges to-day. It's pretty fair gold, the fruit in Colchis. We pick for delivery on Monday."

He never had talked to her of personal affairs before; it was Mrs. Leroy who had told her what she knew.

"There are several possible purchasers looking at the place, we are going to sell, for dwellers in Colchis, you know, are only sojourners; they long for home."

"The Jasons, too?"

"This Jason worse than all. He wants four seasons to his year, and to hear his horse's feet on pike, and to put his seed into loam."

They slipped through the next lock and out upon the long length of Cherokee, the lake of the island which was their destination. It seemed to bring self-consciousness upon the speaker.

"You are so the same as you used to be," he said; "I forget. How do I know you want to hear all this?"

"You do know," said Alexina honestly.

He did not answer. They were coming up to the other boats now, beached at the island. Lights were flickering up and down the sand and the rosy glare of a beach fire shone out from under the darkness of the trees. Figures were moving between it and them and they could hear voices and laughter.

"You do know," repeated the girl.

They had grounded. He was shipping the oars. Then he got up and held out a hand to steady her. She, standing, put hers into it. They did not look at each other.

"Yes," he said, "I do know. You're too honest to pretend."

He helped her along and out upon the sand. There was a negro boy awaiting to take charge of the boat. They went up the slight declivity. He had not loosed her hand, she had not withdrawn it. The laughter, the chat, the aroma of boiling coffee, the rattle of dishes being unpacked reached them. They stood for a moment in the shadow, then her hand left his and they went to join the others.

The dozen men and women were grouped about the pine-knot fire, for the warmth was grateful.

There was badinage and sally, light, foolish stuff, perhaps, but flung like shining nebulæ along the way by youth in its whirl of mere being. It is good to know how to be frivolous sometimes. Alexina felt the exhilaration of sudden gaiety, daring. She sat down by the youth with the guitar and the striped flannel coat.

"'*And both were young, and one was beautiful,*'" warbled the owner to his guitar, making room for her. "Right here, Miss Blair, by me."

More than one presently stole a look at the tall, rather handsome Miss Blair, hitherto conceded reserved and different from her mother. She was laughing contagiously with the youth, and in the end she gained the guitar over which they were wrangling. She knew a thing or two about a guitar herself, it seemed—Charlotte Leroy could have explained how—as many chords as the owner anyhow. But the young Leroy, it would appear, was sulky, certainly unsociable, sitting there, removed to the outskirts of things, to smoke and stare at the moon. Yet never once did the girl look his way. It was enough that they were to return together.

Nor was she paying attention to Molly either. There are times when the mad leap and rush of one's own blood absorbs all consciousness.

Molly was gay too, feverishly gay. Some one had brewed a hot something for the delectation and comforting of the chilly ones, and Molly's thin, little hand was holding out her picnic cup as often as any one would fill it. It was Mr. Jonas who presently took the cup away and tried to wipe a stain off the pretty dress with his handkerchief.

It was late when the start homeward was made. King came over to Alexina.

"I have to ask you to change to the large boat going back," he said, a little stiffly perhaps; "Mr. Jonas is taking Mrs. Garnier in the small one, and Mr. Henderson says he will see to you."

When she answered her voice was slightly nonchalant.

"Why not?" she said, absorbed in putting on her jacket.

She took her place in the boat by Mr. Henderson. Evidently the evening had gone wrong with him for his face was ghastly in the moonlight, and his long, nervous fingers never stopped fingering the little gold cross hanging below the line of his vest.

William Leroy did not return with the party at all. Not that she was concerned with that, Alexina assured herself proudly; it was only that she could not help hearing the others wondering at his entering a boat with the negro boy and rowing swiftly away up the lake. It was clear to her. Lake Nancy would have been the next lake on the chain had the channel been cut and he meant to tramp across home, to save himself the

trouble of going back to town. She didn't think he had very good manners, at any rate. Yet, when the boats came in at the hotel pier, it was William Leroy who met them. He waited for Alexina and walked with her a little ahead of the others up through the yard. "Mrs. Garnier is not well," he told her. "I went home and drove in and Mr. Jonas is putting her in the wagon now. We'll take her out to mother; she's all upset over something."

She stopped short, having forgotten her mother. "I can't let you," she declared, "it isn't right to Mrs. Leroy."

"Mother's waiting," he said. "You'd better go in and say something to somebody and get Celeste."

Mrs. Leroy said that people always obeyed the King William tone. Alexina stood hesitating. He waited.

Then she went.

He was in the wagonette when she and Celeste came out. The place was still and deserted, even Mr. Jonas had gone, for which Alexina was grateful.

Molly was on the back seat, and Celeste, gaunt and taciturn, started to mount beside her.

She protested. "Not you, mammy; go in front. I want Malise—not the big Malise, you know—the little one."

The girl taking the wraps from the old woman, got in by her mother and began to put a shawl about her. The dew was falling heavily. Molly touched her hand. "Once Alexander said to me, 'Let Malise keep tight hold on you, Molly.'"

William Leroy was flicking the mules, traveling briskly through the sandy streets, and talking to the old woman, but she was sullen and the conversation died.

Alexina's heart was choking her. Her father—daddy—Molly had spoken to her of daddy.

And all the while Molly was talking on, feverishly, incessantly. "You must keep him away, Malise, that minister, he worries me and his eyes make me uncomfortable, following me. He makes me remember things, and I don't want to. He says it's his duty. He said to-night, I'm not going to get well, and that he had to tell me in order to save me from myself. Make him keep away from me, Malise; I'm afraid of him. I took it, *that*, to-night, to forget what he said—say it isn't so, Malise—say it."

Willy leaned back over the seat, talking in steady, everyday fashion. "There's the moon setting ahead of us; see it, Mrs. Garnier? Everything's so still, you say? Why, no; it's not so still. There is a cock crowing somewhere, and that must be a gopher scuttling under the palmetto. Now, look backward. See that line of light? It's the dawn."

CHAPTER VIII

The next evening at Nancy, an hour or two after supper, King William was tapping at Mrs. Garnier's door, which was ajar.

"She is asleep," warned Alexina; from within.

"Then come on out," he begged; "the moon's up."

"Go on," Mrs. Leroy told her, "Willy wants you," which to Charlotte was reason for all things.

"It's windy," he called softly, "bring a wrap."

The girl came, bringing her reefer jacket and her Tam, and put them on in the hall. The jacket was blue, the Tam was scarlet, and both were jaunty. He regarded her in them with satisfaction.

"Now, there," said he, with King William approval, "I like that."

They went down and out. She was tired, she said, so they sat on the bench under the wild orange. The moss, drooping from the branches, fluttered above them. The wind was fitful, lifting and dying. It was a gray night, with scattered mists lying low over the lake, while a shoal of little clouds were slipping across the face of the moon.

"It's been too soft and warm," said Willy; "it can't last."

But Alexina shivered a little for there was a chill whenever the wind rose.

"Walk down to the pier," he begged, "and back and then you shall go in."

The path led through the grove. Stopping to select an orange for her, he passed his hand almost caressingly up and down a limb of the tree.

"And you begin to pick the oranges Monday," said Alexina.

"Monday."

"And this is Thursday."

They walked on. He was peeling away the yellow rind that she might have a white cup to drink from.

"I won't be here to see the picking," said Alexina. "I have to go to Kentucky for two weeks, something about business. Uncle

Austen wrote me in the letter you brought out to-day, that it would simplify things if I could come and Emily—Emily Carringford, you know—Uncle Austen's wife, wrote too, asking me to stay with them."

"So," said he, "you go——"

"Monday. I've been talking to your mother, and she's willing, if Captain Leroy and you are—I came out to ask you—I am always to be asking favors of your family, it seems—if you will let me leave Molly here instead of at the hotel. Celeste can attend to everything."

"Why not?" asked Willy.

"It's—it's a business proposition," said Alexina. But it took a bit of courage to bring it out.

"Is it?" said he.

"Or I can't do it, you know."

They had reached the lake and were sitting, like children, on the edge of the pier. The lake was ruffled, the incoming waves white-crested, and the wind was soughing a little around the boat-house behind them. He was breaking bits off a twig and flinging them out to see them drift in.

"Great country, this," he said, "that can't produce a pebble for a fellow to fling."

He looked off now toward the shining, shadowy distance, where the moon gleamed against the mists. "You are"—then he changed the form of his question—"are you very rich?"

"Leave the very out, and, yes, I suppose I am rich," said Alexina.

"You are so—well—yourself," he said, "sometimes I find myself forgetting it."

The girl swallowed, once, twice, as if from effort to speak. She was looking off too, against the far shore. "Is it a thing to have to be remembered?" then she asked.

"Isn't it?" said King William, turning on her suddenly. There was sharp harshness in his tones. "I wish to God it wasn't."

She got up and he sprang up too, facing her. Suddenly she stamped her foot. The wind, rising to a gale now, was blowing her hair about her face and she was angry. It made her beautiful. She might have been a Valkyr, tall, wind-tossed.

But the sob in her voice was human. "I've had Uncle Austen say such things to me in his fear I might let other people forget it, and a girl I cared for at school let it come between us, but I thought you—I had a right to think you were bigger. Your mother is, oh, yes, she is, and your father is. Not that I despise the other, either." She lifted her head defiantly. "It's a grand and liberating thing, though it was shackles on me in Uncle Austen's hands. I don't despise it; I couldn't; but that it should have to be remembered——"

"Just so," said Willy Leroy, in his father's phrase.

Her head went up again and she looked at him full, straight, then turned and fled towards the house.

He ran after her, came abreast, and after the fashion he had, stooped to see into her face. "Don't go away, in from me—mad," he begged. Was he laughing?

"But I am mad," she returned promptly.

"But don't go in, either way," he said; "stay, mad if you will, but stay. Oh, I'm not proud"—he was breathing hard again—"that is—only this proud; I shall build onto my little gold of Colchis until we stand at least nearer equal—and then——"

Each looked at the other, with defiance almost. She was as beautiful as Harriet Blair.

"Then," said the girl; "you will be that far less my equal. Let me go." And she jerked her sleeve from his hand and ran into the house.

CHAPTER IX

The morning after dawned sunless and chill. The sky was a pale leaden, below which darker masses of clouds scurried. The wind blew strong, steady, resistless. At breakfast they all sat shivering.

"Have Pete start fires," said King William to Charlotte, "and you had better move Mrs. Garnier over to my room before night." For there were not fireplaces in all the rooms.

It was a dreary morning every way. The breakfast was poor and scant. Aunt Mandy defended herself. "Ev'y thing done give out," she declared. "Miss Charlotte been so occapied she done forgot to order things f'om town."

Convicted, Charlotte looked at Willy, then hastily she took the defensive. "Mandy ought to have reminded me," she declared.

"No, *ma'am*," responded Mandy. "I done quit this thing uv tellin', an' havin' you say things give out too soon."

Willy sat stony. The Captain shivered. One realized all at once that he was an old man. "The thermometer is at forty-six degrees, King," he remarked.

"Yes," said the son, "and falling."

All morning it fell. At noon it registered forty degrees. The wind still swept a gale that whistled and shrieked at the corners of the house and the three women passed the morning in Charlotte's room, shivering about the open fireplace, while Pete spent his day chopping and bringing in arm loads of fat pine wood. All the sense of dissatisfaction with Aden returned. Desolate gray sand is a hideous exchange for sward, and orange trees look like toys from a Noah's ark.

At dinner there was a furrow between King's straight dark brows. "It's thirty-eight degrees," he told his father, "and falling. It's clearing, too."

Afterwards he was talking to Pete in the hall. "No, sir," reiterated Pete, "we's too far below the line. Ain't never heard of such a thing down here."

At four o'clock King came in to say he was going to town. "It's down to thirty-four," he told his father. "I'm going in and telegraph up the river for reports."

"And what then, son?" asked the Captain. "What can you do?"

It was a hitherto unexperienced danger threatening Aden. But youth cannot sit and wait. Alexina, from the window in Charlotte's room, saw King William fling himself on his horse at the gate and gallop off. The wind had ceased. The live-oaks on either side of the old iron gate stood motionless, their moss hanging in dreary, somber lengths. There was no sound of bird or insect. And it was cold—cold. Alexina had a jacket over her woolen dress, for Aden houses are not built for cold, which poured in at casements, beneath doors, at keyholes. Molly on the couch, drawn up to the fire, coughed, and coughed again. Alexina went to her. "I'm cold," she complained; "and how dreary it is."

It had cleared and the sky was a pale, chilly blue. The sun set in a yellow pallor. The night fell.

King came in and warmed his hands at the parlor fire. Alexina and Charlotte had come down now. "Thirty-two," he told his father, "and falling."

Neither the Captain nor his son ate much supper, but near-sighted Charlotte, absorbed in things at hand, seemed unconscious of anything more amiss than discomfort from the cold. After supper the son disappeared.

Molly was coughing sadly. They had moved her bed across to Willy's sitting-room and a fire crackled on the stone hearth but it was to be one of the nights when she would not sleep, or but fitfully, and when Celeste and Alexina would not sleep either. At nine o'clock they persuaded her to bed.

"But talk, Malise, you and mammy talk, I don't have chance to think when people keep on talking; and, mammy, rub my hands, it helps, to have some one rub them."

At ten she wanted a drink of water. Alexina went to the window where she had set a tumbler outside. The night was still and clear, the stars glittering. The moon would rise soon now. How large the grove showed itself from this south window, stretching away to the southwest around the curving shores of Nancy. As Alexina opened the window she shivered despite the heavy wool of her white wrapper and as she took in the glass, was it? Yes, over the surface of the water radiated a ferny, splintery film, which was ice.

Molly, feverish and restless, drank it thirstily, and said it was good, but it roused her so that she began to talk again.

"He said I couldn't prevent his praying for me." She was harping on the minister. "For my soul," she laughed uneasily. "I told him to let my soul alone. It's perfectly funny, Malise, that I've got to be prayed over when I don't want to be."

The night wore on. Celeste was nodding even while her brown hands went on rubbing up and down the slim white wrist and arm.

The wood on the andirons broke and fell apart. The room grew shadowy. "Build it up, Malise," begged Molly; "I like it light."

There was no more wood up-stairs. It was past twelve o'clock and the house was still. Alexina opened the door into the hall. A lamp in case of need, because of Molly, was burning on a stand. Alexina had remembered there was wood piled on the parlor hearth. Her slippers were noiseless.

Down-stairs she paused, then tip-toed to the front door. The big thermometer and barometer in one, hung against a side of the recess and could be seen through the glass side lights. It was bright moonlight now; the shadows of the rose vine were clear cut on the porch floor. She looked at the thermometer. She looked again.

It had come then, what never had come to Aden before. From the talk of the day she had gleaned enough to know that the fruit

hanging on William Leroy's trees was but so much sodden, worthless pulp.

She turned back toward the parlor where the firelight was flickering out the doorway, then stopped. He was in his father's chair before the hearth. His elbow was on his knee and the hand on which his chin was propped was clenched. The flame flared up. His face was haggard and harsh.

Alexina fled back up-stairs. Molly had fallen asleep; Celeste was nodding.

The girl shut the door and dropped in a little heap on the bearskin before the fire. She was shivering, but in her eyes, fixed on the embers, was a yearning, brooding light, that made them beautiful. Then suddenly she hid her face in her hands, her head bowed on her knees, and began to cry.

(To be concluded)

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

BY JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

TRIUMPHS—PART ONE

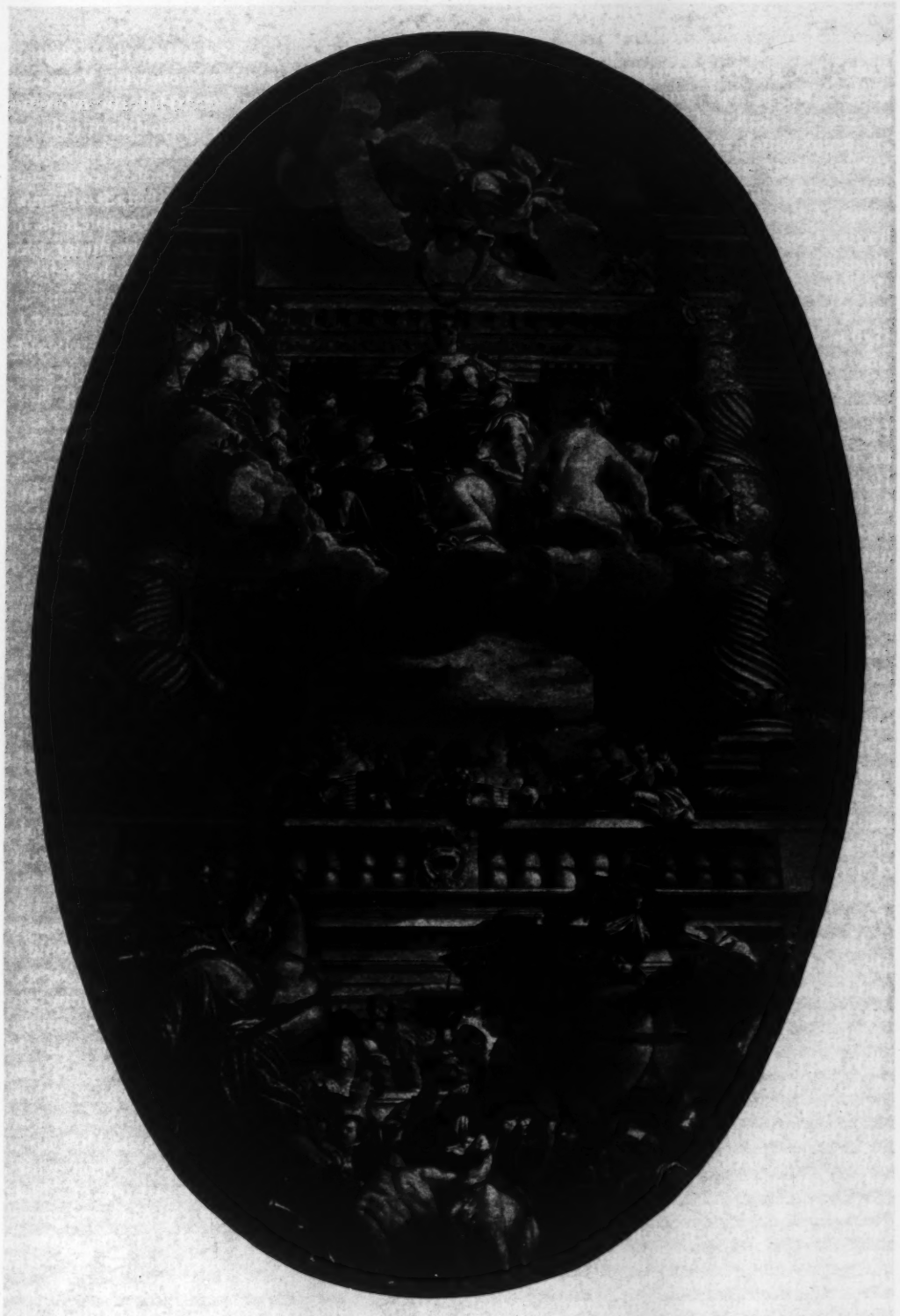
AS the song and the verse recorded success, so also has the work of the hand in the arts of the hand—the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting—from their most vague beginning. Mostly these early testimonials are mere records; often, however, associated with some ideals—naturally those of religion, of observance—of duty to the forces which perhaps give success. Sometimes they are testimonials to personal valour in the person of the ruler, who triumphs over his bound enemies in Assyrian sculptures or fights the Lion hand to hand.

That good taste of the Greeks, which we can never too much admire—so much is it a record of intellectual sight and of moral balance—preferred to record triumphs by some devotion to the Gods who give the battle, or else by some image, which through praise of God and Heroes, apart from men themselves, might not wake that Nemesis which they knew hangs forever over each attempt at self-glorification. That perfect taste is not so far from later recognition of the religious necessity of attributing all triumph and all success to something outside of us.

With the Roman world the testimony is more brutal, and as the ruler is a form of God, as the State and God become one, there is perhaps more harmony than we discern easily to-day. With the crash of Rome and the triumph of Christianity comes of course some element of the Christian spirit, but still we see the Emperor, often a half barbarian, placed on the right hand of the lowly Christ in Byzantine mosaic. He is his Viceregent, a sort of Lieutenant, and he continues the Roman tradition. Then the chivalry of the Middle Ages, the absorption of all in service to the Church, or to the Blessed Virgin, or to the Blessed Saints, or to Christ Himself the Head, wipes out the record of personal triumph. Churches are built, windows are placed, saintly stories are painted almost as *atonement* for success. With the necessary reaction, with the breaking up of the ties to the superiors of hierarchy, with the assertion of personal value and valour comes first, and in Italy, the record of the glory of the City. Occasionally this is, in a smaller way, a memorial of some great lord of personal promise or achievement, but it is the City which is first glorified. Any smaller attempts here and there are unimportant, and drowned in the praises and lauds of Venice as painted by her artists. No songs since Roman days have been as fine in praise of the majesty of the City's fame. "Nil visere majus." Their meaning was sufficient, their theme grateful enough to lift the painters with them. In whatever case, that something that painting alone can give—the cry of music excepted—

remains for us, to whom Venice is but a name, her glory all departed. But, nevertheless, we see and sympathize with the idea of success depicted; as we do in music's triumphs which are for us, and are our own. though their meaning was once for others and not for us at all. What is the exact cause of these representations and triumphs having come to be the greatest types is difficult to establish. Why, especially, when the function, the external representation of the pomp of power was so often seen by Italian eyes in Pontifical splendours, or in the ceremonial of churches; in all processions of civic and government display; when the imagination of writers and of painters in Florence, in Milan, or elsewhere, was called to instil poetry into every detail; when Italian records are full of them; when fortunes were spent upon them; when a special form of poetry consecrated that name of "Triumph" for ideals such as Chastity, Love, or Death (in verse we know they bore the name Trionfi). When painters and sculptors again translated these poems of literature into engaging shapes, why was it left to Venice the commercial alone to feel the great breath of joy and elation that animates these great wall or ceiling pictures, which takes them away from local conditions and makes them types of the pure ideal? It may be that the other previous forms, exhausted first attempts based on the copying of external realities—and not on the realities of art, in which colour, line, and spaces are the bases and realities of fact used to *excuse these means of art.*

The great painter, Paul of Verona, fits so absolutely by his temperament, his training, and his methods of painting, into the representation of scenes open to the public eye, to which also belong a certain proportion of display, a certain idea of function, that he seems to have invented the occasions for them. Other Venetians have also spread open great surfaces of architecture in which move their crowds: the needs of the time, which as we know determine the forms of talent, called for big spaces to be adorned in churches, in the meeting places of convents, of palaces private or public; other painters have filled these needs of the day, but none as if they had always wished for such a chance and felt themselves in their proper home. A cool and temperate lighting, a wise and temperate arrangement and balance, a wise and temperate expression even in such a drama as that of Christ falling below the weight of the cross, have always been with Veronese. But the larger the space to fill, the more figures to be invented, the more difficult the relations of real life and arbitrary arrangement of imaginary spaces, the more at his ease seems this modest, most balanced, most gentlemanly of painters. So complete is his equipment, so thoroughly has he understood the necessities, or what one might call the duties of the paintings to be seen on big stretches of wall or ceiling—which must be seen from many places and still keep beauty of line and arrangement, and tell their story however looked at, in light, and half light, and shadow—that we pass a little too easily and call this decoration and not drama. But the essential good taste which is Veronese's mark and his serenity of mind made him decide the proper course. In the great spread of wall paintings, which must remain before the spectator whether he wishes to see or not, it is evident logic that peace and order and absence of disturbance or sudden appeal should be the law. Veronese is, therefore, the great decorative painter, whatever else we may think of him, and it is but right that fate should have called him to paint the great function of Venice Triumphant, in perfect union between the idea and the artist. That triumph is one of peace, of serene established success. If centuries of war, of financial and diplomatic struggle, of commercial effort, of continued industry, have been the beginning of this day of peace, there is almost nothing in the serene picture to recall it. Only such matters as belong to great festivals; the putting of the people in order and in their places; some troops of guards making a police enough to remind the happy ones at home that outside and far away there are men on watch, and all the security of discipline and courage. Two horsemen ride through a crowd which is there to enjoy the spectacle and take them as part of it. All but these few guards look up to where above, over many steps, upon which ride the horses, and on the last one of which, the Lion of St. Mark spreads his imaginary wings, rises a palace solid but imaginary, a painter's dream of architecture, but the dream of a painter learned in other arts. Were it more real we could not explain why such things occurred there; we should feel that in a building built by hands, subjected to the conventionalities and the necessities of the builder, gods would not float from

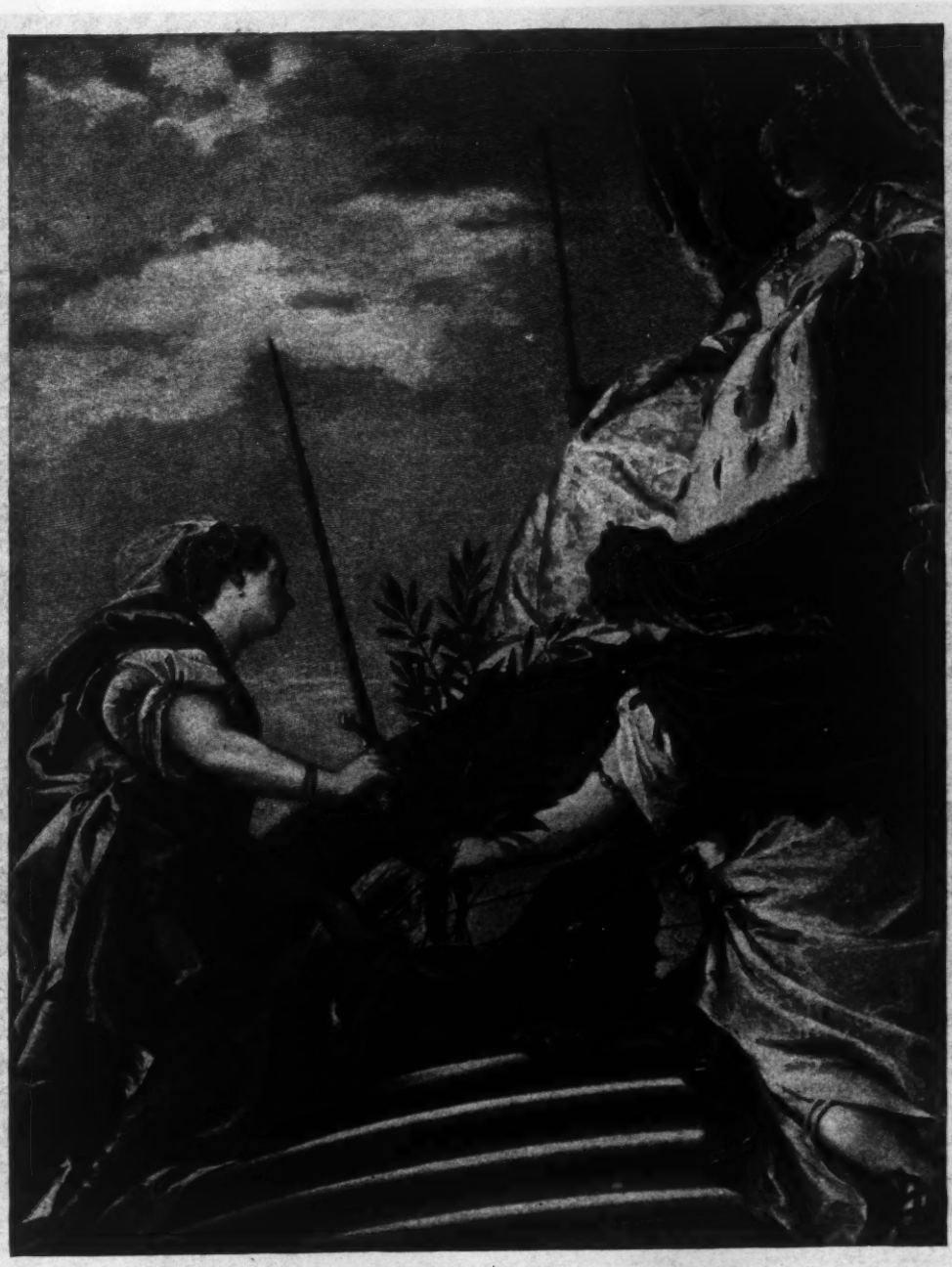


THE GLORY OF VENICE

FROM THE PAINTING BY VERONESE

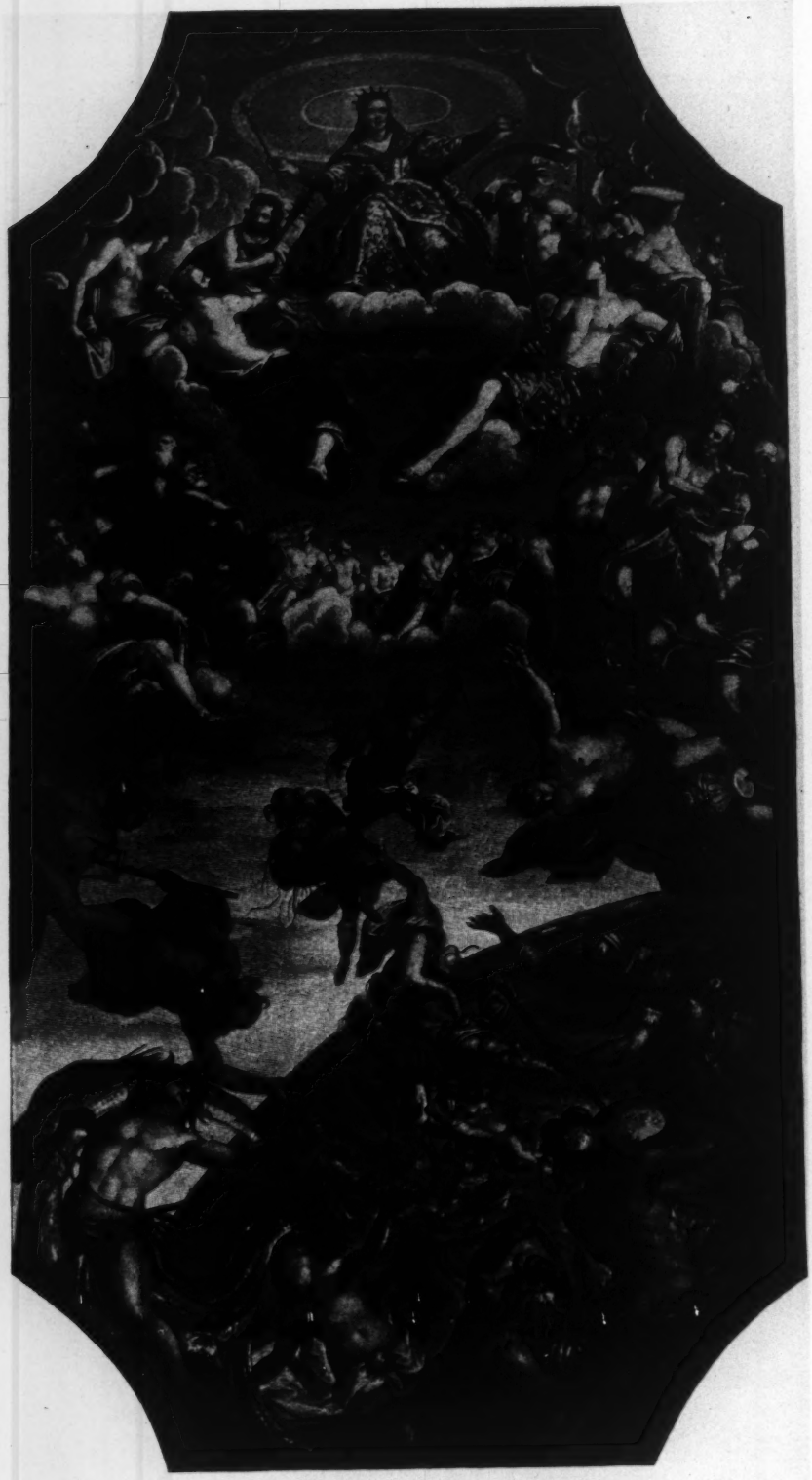
pillar to pillar, or triumphant angels sail past the cornices through the blue and white sky known only to Veronese. Hence, everything, every reality of construction, is slightly modified, with the appearance of great exactness and anxiety to conform to proper architectural rule. But the painter has only conformed to external rules and escaped the grave necessities. Perspective, the art of placing things so that they may recede or diminish with a semblance of correctness, has been most subtly used here, as was the training of the time. We are enabled, thereby, to look up with all this multitude. We should look up since it is the ceiling, but the subject itself is one better understood if we suppose that it lies above us, away from whatever plane, whatever level we ourselves are on. If the architecture be imaginary, we are reassured by the relative reality of its habitants. Were we Venetians of that day we should be pleased to see the same great ladies, in their beautiful dresses, just as we met them at a distance on great occasions. And their good nature takes in all their attendants, their children, and the crowd of the curious who always trespass. These press in and lean against the columns—a little more and they would wet their hands in the clouds that separate them as by an upper story from the immortal Gods above. Noblemen, and clergymen, Turks and infidels subject to Venice, lean also on the great balcony and gaze at the triumph above, just taking visible form. On that second story of clouds rests the fashionable mythology of the moment, not quite Greek, not quite antique, and still so clearly made of that same imagination which first gave human shape to powers and abstract ideas. Mars, dressed in somewhat antique fashion, and Ceres crowned with wheat, and Commerce with Mercury's wand, and the other necessary chorus, sit around the sweet Goddess Venice, foreshortened high above, clad in brocade and ermine, her blond Venetian hair, obtained by nature or by artifice, dropping on her shoulders. She waits calmly, like any well-bred lady, for the crown which the occasion gives her, brought down by some divine messenger, swooping from the sky, who needs no wings to tell us how easily she moves through space, as between the architraves and the columns and the statues far above. She has left that blue and white sky of Veronese which seems to belong to Venice and crowns in this case the glories of a beautiful summer's day. All is fancy, all is imaginary, all is impossible except that *there* are the figures of the scene, and, since they are there in their proper place and perspective, the sight must be true; and we feel that in this steady light of ordinary day it must occur again, and must be the usual habit of Venice the Glorious.

I do not know but that the less important "Venice Enthroned" of Paul Veronese be not more perfect. It is more of a rendering to us of a success which we recognize and which still lives for us. To-day the commercial, diplomatic, and warlike successes of these prudent but splendid noblemen and merchants are gone forever. It requires a historic training to recall their function in the growth of the modern world. But Venice is still enthroned actually as a City, and in the memories of literature and art, not as active, not as pushing, not as all alert from harsh necessity, but as beautiful and charming, and peaceful, and once a harbour for the exile, a garden for art, a refuge of moderation in the wars of religious intolerance. In the picture we see that Justice and Peace ascend the steps toward the throne, and that those steps are guarded by the Lion of Venice. These ideas of allegory are Venetian Dames draped somewhat differently from their contemporary human sisters, who once walked below the ceiling within which these live in glorified paint and canvas. In their day this slight difference was sufficient to remove them far enough. At this very day a little change in drapery idealizes our emblematic figures, which to-morrow will again indicate the nineteenth and twentieth century fashions from which they sprung. Some adjustment of hair, some cut of sleeves, something is sure to tell; may our women hold their own as these have done. The great globe on which sits enthroned Venice means to us no longer the power of the sea; then it established a fact and had a clear meaning of proud allegory. But its great curve which makes most of the impression of the picture to the eye, is still beautiful, still triumphant. And the Venice who sits dreaming above the subject world of the sea is a charm in herself. She rules by beauty, by divine indifference; for, as I said, she is not at all the necessary allegory of a driving, cautious, and much-occupied people, but the emblem of a refined ease, so long acquired as to be hereditary. Her ermines and great brocade and sceptre held erect, and canopy



VENICE ENTHRONED

FROM THE PAINTING BY VERONESE



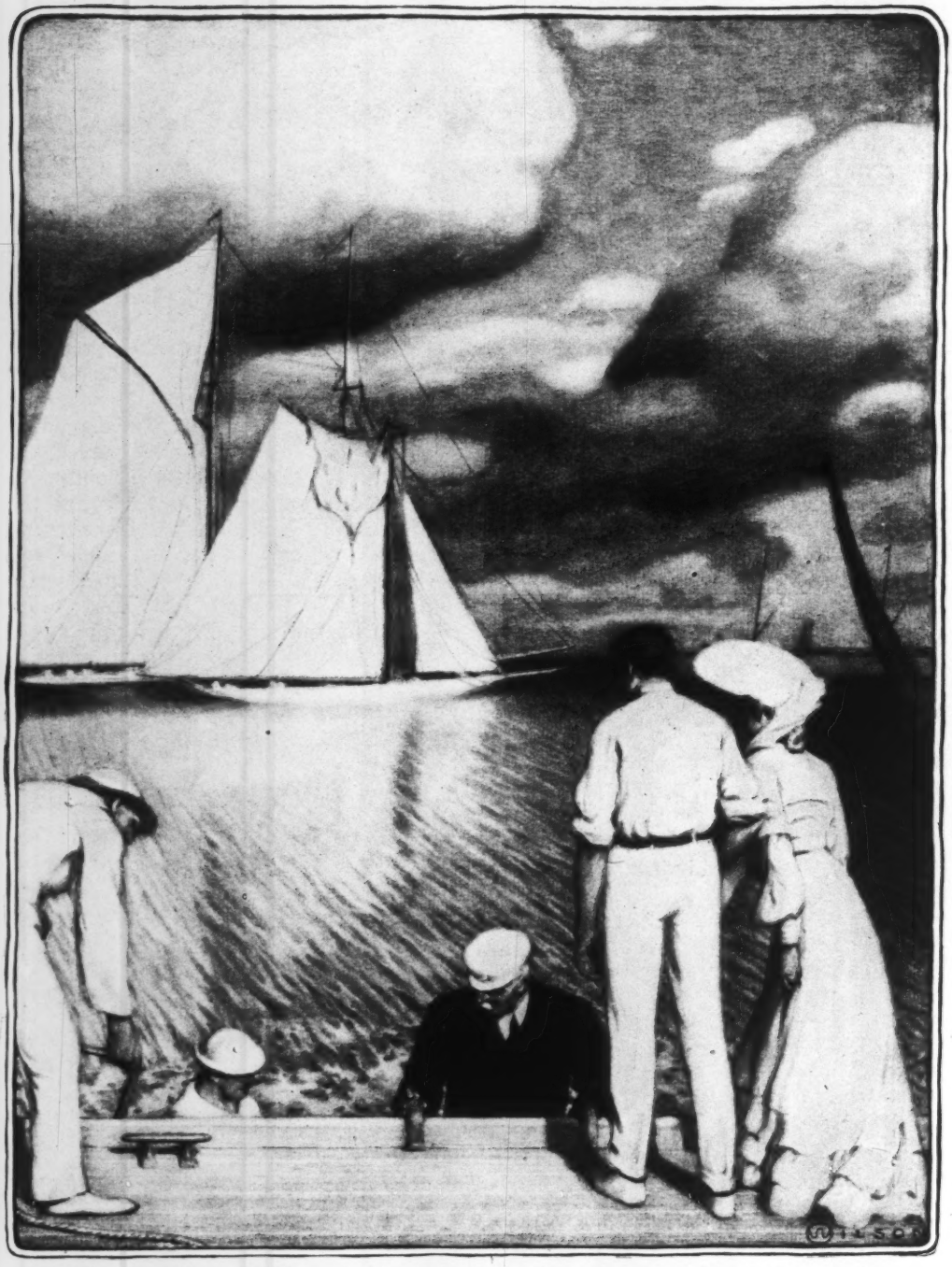
THE GLORY OF VENICE

FROM THE PAINTING BY TINTORETTO

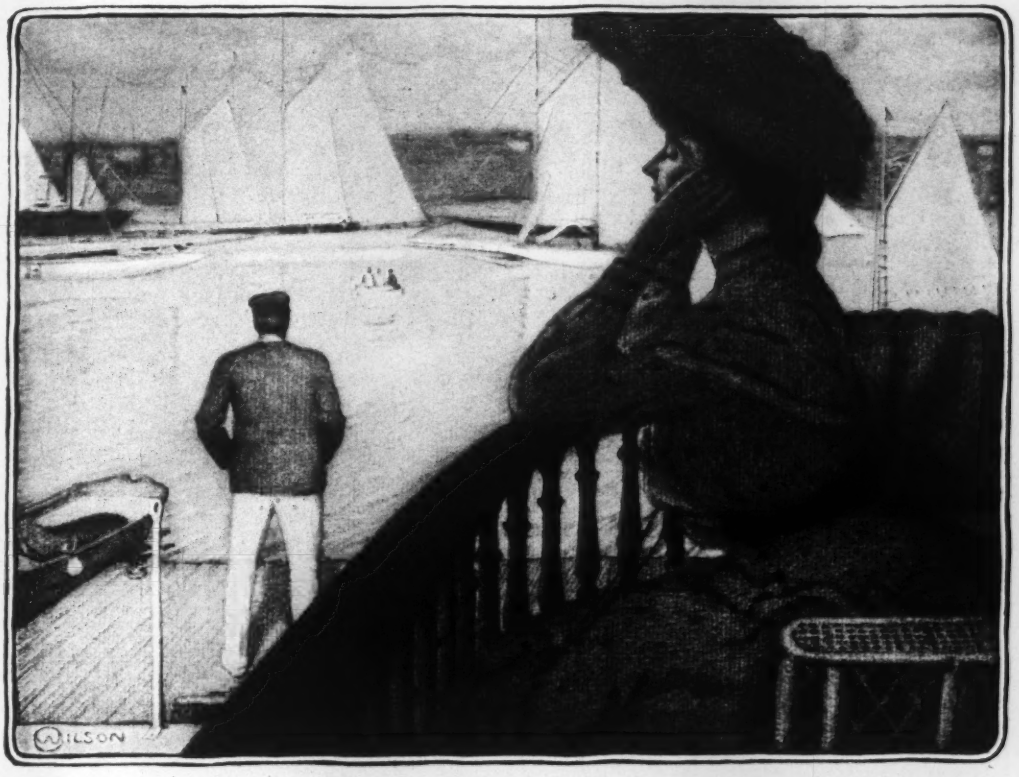
above are not necessary to her pose of easy security, but they are necessary to the picture; the picture is in the great curved lines of dais and knee and edge of globe and in the two erect tangents of the sword in the hand of Justice and the sceptre in the hand of Venice. Even the exact parallelogram of the picture is a perfect choice for the inside lines and suggests large spaces of an outside world in which this record of peace and acquired security was seen by the painter's mind.

In the great ceiling picture of the Ducal Place, the "Glory of Venice" by Tintoretto, a less quiet genius has been called upon to glorify the City; a much less quiet genius: one who was disturbed by the admirations of his time—desires for the line and the grouping of the painters of Florence and of Rome, Michael Angelo or Raphael, known by hearsay and by drawings; and also moved by certain glories of the great Titian near to his own origin. A greater tension, thereby, drives his themes throughout; but also he was born a dramatist, and none other of his school has told such powerful stories; no painter anywhere has surpassed him in the suddenness of his view of the stories he chose or was made to tell. And it is not a superficial artistic capacity for line and arrangement; with this power of artistic control go emotion and that perception of the story in itself which makes the dramatist. He is, therefore, finer indeed in such of his stories as mean a great deal: stories of Scripture—the Christ before Pilate, where the silent prisoner seems to judge his judge; or the worn-out Christ in the wilderness tempted by that most beautiful Satan; or the Crucifixions, the two that fill the great space of the Scuola di San Rocco or hung high on the wall of San Cassiana—each one another form of triumph, more suited to his character—more suited to the telling of a great message than to the joyful clamour of success. But the "Glory of Venice" is still a wonderful picture; to the artist an astounding success—only the man of art perhaps may know how many powers go to such an easy sweep, to so much work, to such rapid execution, such invention of detail, to such difficulties of drawing undertaken with so little hesitation. There are here the same sources of line that we see in the "Venice Enthroned" of Veronese. The same great curve of the globe, which is the sea, emblem of Venice's sea power, determines the lines of all the picture. Against it, from it, to it, go the lines of movement of all the lower figures; sea Gods, Old Neptune with his trident, his mate Amphitrite following him, Tritons carrying fish, riding on sea monsters, all the old charming, useless mythology, newer and more fashionable then than to-day, move across the picture. All are evidently bound to one function which some have already begun, typified by the sea maiden far down at the end of our picture, who has brought a sea shell's worth of pearls as tribute offering to the Goddess Venice the Great. Slowly, others rise from the curved sea surface carrying tribute, branches of coral, and vases full of the waters of many rivers that flow into ocean from lands ruled over by Venice. The Gods above are pleased. They recline on clouds, pleased at the homage paid to their daughter, Venice, the most beautiful of the children of the sea; and like clouds they are spread in concentric circles below the great circle above, where Venice is the centre, herself ringed about with many halos and circles of clouds. She is the same Venice that we know in Veronese's triumphs; beautiful, good-natured, joyful—not an imaginary being, not an allegory—a mere glorified picture of her real daughters and in their usual holiday costume. Her very brocades are those for sale in the shops, the warehouses of foreign guilds, or made in her own lands. She is a gay and a kindly mistress. The Gods, Hercules and Mercury and lyric Apollo and Old Time and others less clearly typified, sit about her. They merely lounge in their accustomed places, for she is a patroness or an employer of their forces. And they make with her the great circle at one end of the picture, which is repeated in another less evident way at the other end.

For these representations of ideas are like musical compositions; it is not only the special figures looking like life that make this manufactured world great for artists. That more or less successful representation of fact attends those who are capable of the musical arrangement of the whole song. It is this orchestration which insures to this and certain other works of art an immortality which even a more accurate copy of nature does not have. Think of the multitude of pictures on decorated wall or ceiling and how many are more than a filling up by some subject? In how very few has the great source of art been used:—arrangement, the cadence which keeps all the notes together.



"'Drop me here, Reddington,' ordered the Commodore, eager to go aboard his vessel"



THE FRIENDLY FOG

BY

HENRY C. ROWLAND

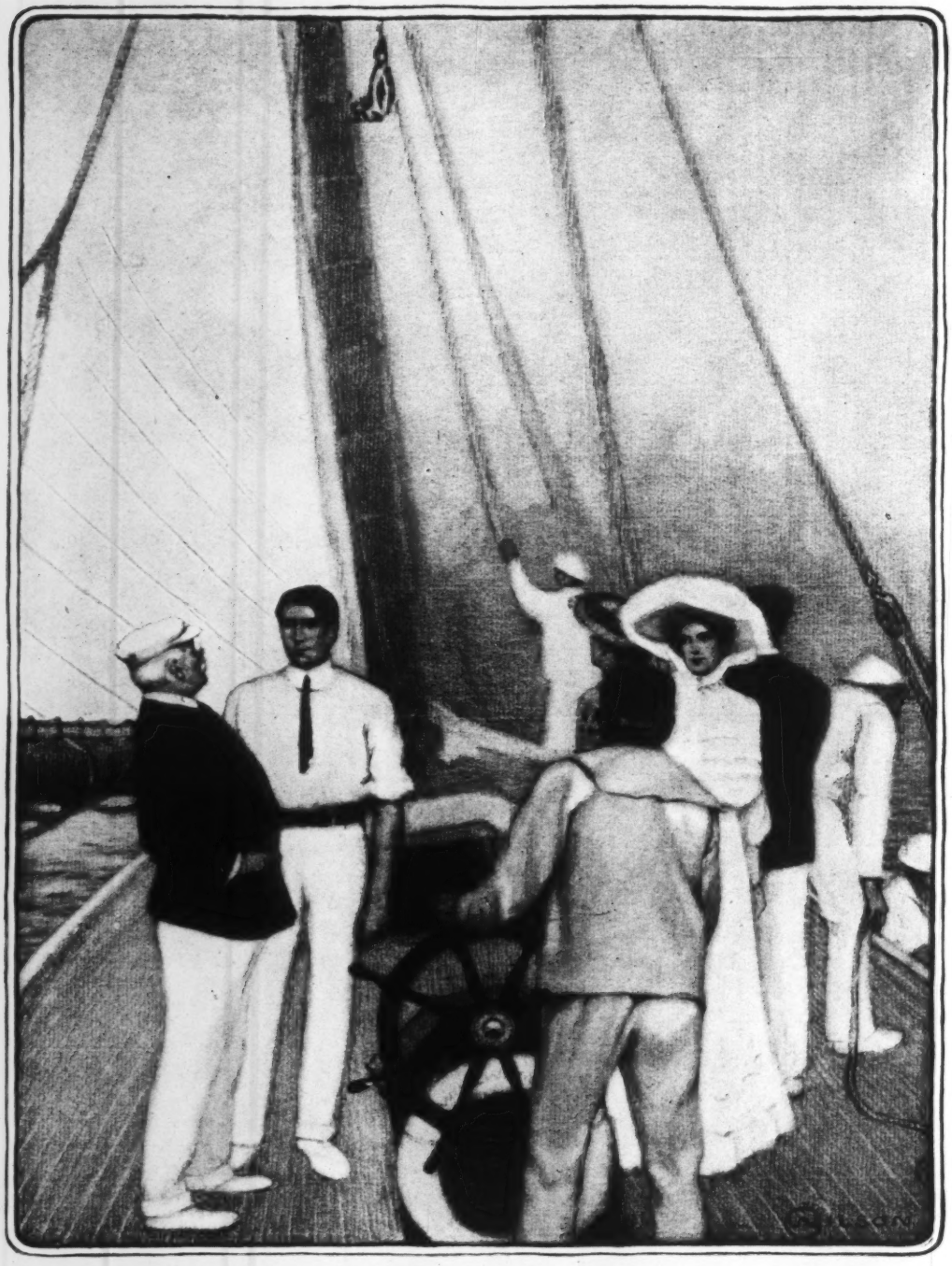
AUTHOR OF "SEA SCAMPS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COGGESHALL WILSON

MISS OLGA NORTH rested her rounded elbows on the rail of the yacht club veranda and thoughtfully watched a manly figure on the boat-landing below. Something in the expression of the square shoulders persistently presented toward the club-house seemed discomposing to the lady, for presently she bit her lower lip so sharply that the tears started to her big blue eyes.

A diminutive dinghy of dark mahogany, from which there issued a series of reports resembling a rapid-fire gun, emerged suddenly from under the stern of a large sloop-yacht and began to thread its way in and out of the fleet at anchor in a manner that suggested a whirligig-beetle among the lily-pads. As it approached the landing Miss North was interested to observe that it staggered beneath the burden of three passengers—two gentlemen and a sailor.

As the blatant little boat approached the landing, Miss North assumed a strategic position behind two large pillars, whence she viewed the ensuing pantomime with keenest interest. The man on the float had thrust his hands into the pockets of his blue-serge



" 'My packet is at present under your flag and orders!' "

yachting blouse and, after a casual glance at the approaching dinghy, resumed his contemplation of the animated scene before him.

The little boat shot alongside the landing, and appeared to explode without injury to itself or its occupants, who leaped nimbly out. The man on the float half turned, nodded curtly, and was about to resume his inspection of the scenery when one of the new comers walked over to where he stood.

Something in the precise actions of the two men suggested to Miss North the hostile manœuvres of a pair of cross-grained setters, between whom there is a point of difference. Then the third man came slowly forward and there followed a brief discussion, at the end of which the third man produced a note-book, from which he appeared to read aloud. This rite was followed by a few more words, some short nods, after which all three wrote in turn in the note-book.

Miss North turned with an impatient exclamation and walked toward the other end of the veranda, where small clusters of gaily clad people were talking and laughing in the excited manner which precedes a great event. Before she could join in the conversation there was a quick step behind her.

"Good morning, Miss North," said a man's voice, which was pitched in a rather high key. Miss North turned slowly.

"Good morning, Mr. Bentley," she replied, in the tone of one responding to a passing greeting.

"A ripping day for the start, isn't it?" observed Mr. Bentley, with a forced enthusiasm. "Did you ever see a finer sight?" He gently edged the girl away from the crowd of spectators and half led, half coaxed her to the far end of the veranda. "Has the Commodore come ashore?"

"No; father is still aboard—or else they have neglected to fly the absent signal." She answered a bit dryly, glancing at the stately schooner which was the flag-ship of the Sachem Harbor Yacht Club. "I came in to meet some guests who have not yet arrived."

"They had better hurry," he replied; "the breeze is apt to spring up at any moment now. By the way," he went on in a confidential undertone, "I just ran into Jack Reddington——"

"I hope the damage was not serious," she interrupted. "You seem to be rather unfortunate in that way. The last time——"

He gave a short laugh which painfully lacked the ring of mirth.

"The damage can not be appraised until we get inside the New Haven breakwater. Reddington has got a pet delusion, which he values at a thousand dollars, that the 'Willewemoc' can get there ahead of the 'Venus.'"

"How much time allowance do you give him?" asked Miss North with interest.

Mr. Bentley looked annoyed. "We are going to race boat for boat," he replied.

"But that seems hardly fair, does it? The 'Venus' is a much larger boat——"

"There isn't much difference, and what there is Reddington is willing to waive under a condition which he has imposed, that each man shall act as his own sailing-master."

"Oh!" said Miss North. "I did not know that he was so clever."

Mr. Bentley flushed angrily and changed the subject. For a moment they stood gazing in silence at the highly-colored scene which is bound to attend the start of the annual cruise of a large and thriving yacht club. In the sheltered basin, on the edge of which stood the house, dainty little vessels, with wings of gossamer, hovered at their moorings, the creamy sails sparkling against a dark-green hillside beyond. Farther out rode the statelier craft at anchor, all but head-sails hoisted, awaiting the preparatory signal that was to come with the new breeze. Hulls of white and green and burnished mahogany flashed in multi-hued reflection from the placid, sunlit water, broken here and there by the impetuous rush of eager launches bearing bouquets of summer girls chorusing laughter and song.

"It *is* pretty," she said involuntarily.

"It only needs a breeze to make it perfect," he answered. "See, here comes a cutter from the flag-ship!"

"It is the gig!" she answered in a slightly tremulous voice, at the same time stealing a furtive glance at the landing where the square-shouldered figure was still on silent duty. "Papa detests power in small boats. His gig is a seven-oared whale-boat and he trains the crew himself. See how beautifully they pull."

"They seem to like it," he answered admiringly. "Just see her jump when they catch the water."

In the stern of the boat sat a strongly-built, middle-aged man, with a tanned face and iron-gray hair and mustache. He glanced upward and touched the visor of his cap in answer to Bentley's salute.

"Oars!" came the crisp order, followed by: "Hold water, starboard—give way, port—give way together—in bow—way enough!

The boat shot up to the landing, the bowman deftly unshipping the Commodore's flag as the officer stepped out. Again Miss North became an absorbed spectator of the ensuing pantomime.

The young man standing upon the float saluted the Commodore, who replied stiffly. There was a short dialogue, at the end of which Miss North was able to catch an emphatic "No sir!" from her father, as he turned on his heel and approached the club-house.

"Olga," he said as he drew near, "I wish that you would go out aboard and look things over in the saloon. That new steward is as green as verdigris. Send the gig right back; those people ought to be here at any moment." He turned to Bentley, whom he addressed with an air of hearty good-fellowship.

Olga left them and walked down to the float where the gig was hanging on. A launch from a steam-yacht had just run up to the landing and a noisy party was disembarking. Olga waited for them to pass up the gangway and then descended to the float, where the young man was still standing, in gloomy contemplation of the tide that was swirling past.

"Hello, Olga," he remarked casually, at the same time stretching out a strong arm to assist her down the steep ascent.

"What did father say to you, Jack?" she asked abruptly, throwing a guilty glance over her shoulder toward the club-house.

"I am ashamed to tell you," he replied, with a mournful smile.

"Then I expect it was the same that he told me," replied the girl sadly.

"The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children," observed Mr. Reddington. "You see he has never forgiven me for allowing my dad to defeat him for the legislature."

"Yes," she assented; "next to being elected, I suppose the worst disgrace is to be defeated. What is the penalty, Jack?"

"He forbade my speaking to you," observed the young man calmly.

"Then why do you disobey him?" she asked sharply.

"Partly for the same reason that you do, I suppose; partly because I am not impressed with the due respect of his authority. You are of age and I am of age and he is certainly old enough to know better. Besides, you see he has handed me his ultimatum and our diplomatic relations are over. It is now war, and all is fair in——"

"Why did you make that foolish bet with Mr. Bentley?" she interrupted sharply. "You know that you can't afford to lose a thousand dollars, Jack."

"That's the reason," he replied with a knowing grin. "I don't intend to lose it. There are no conditions to the race except that each man shall handle his own boat without counsel from his professionals. I'd go up against him with a Haverstraw bricklighter under that requirement alone."

"Is there to be a time-limit?" she asked anxiously. "Because it does not look as if we'd get much breeze to-day, and the 'Venus' can outdrift anything in the fleet."

"The 'Willewemoc' 's a good drifter if you put her in a tideway," he replied with great cheer. "He knows his almanac but I know the currents in this old basin. Just watch me shoot her up through the breakwater stern on."

"I wish you success, Jack," she answered slowly as he assisted her into the gig; "but I think you are very foolish."

"Don't worry, dear," he answered reassuringly; "there are still other factors to consider. There's a fair-sized fleet going down, and you know Bentley has the fouling habit, and once a man gets that it's all up. If there was only himself and a bucket adrift on the Atlantic, he'd hit that bucket before he hit the beach." He stepped back and lifted his cap with a smile.

The Sachem Harbor squadron was lying becalmed in a dense fog about ten miles from the starting point. The "Venus" and the "Willewemoc" had crossed the line together in a thin southeast breeze, the latter vessel holding the windward berth. When the breeze dropped the "Venus" was about a quarter of a mile in the lead, with the flagship right abeam and to leeward; then the fog had softly enveloped the fleet, and the life and animation of the scene had dwindled into the drip of cordage, the muffled clang and toot of bell and fog-horn from every quarter, with the raucous intermittent blare from the Mate's Island automatic fog-whistle.

Aboard the flag-ship the Commodore was fuming at the delay. Not to lose her position the schooner had anchored and was riding in silence, broken only by the dismal bellow of her horn. At the end of an hour, as the weather conditions showed no change, the Commodore could stand the inertia no longer.

"Bentley's right off here," he observed; "let's go over and make him a call. Quartermaster, get me the megaphone."

The quartermaster brought the bulky

implement, through which the Commodore bellowed lustily.

"*'Venus' aboy!—A-boy-y-y!*"

There was a moment's pause, then a thin answering hail came up from the still water.

"There he is," observed the Commodore triumphantly. "Mr. Davies, call away the gig!"

The boat was smartly lowered and manned, and a minute later a gay party was speeding into the fog. When they had proceeded for what seemed to the Commodore to be about the proper distance, he arose and hailed again. An answering shout on the starboard bow told him that his reckoning was correct, and a moment later the boat was laid alongside the big sloop.

"Hello, Bentley," called the Commodore cheerfully; "we've come to make you a call."

"Delighted, I'm sure," replied Mr. Bentley, looking over the side with an expression that gave the lie to his words. "Will you—eh—come aboard?"

"That's what we're here for," replied the Commodore in a hearty voice.

The party went up over the side and, as the decks were damp and disagreeable, their host led them below, where, at the Commodore's comment on the chill of the cabin, the steward was ordered to serve refreshments. They had been there about half an hour when Olga, happening to glance through the port, observed that the water was slipping past.

"Why, Mr. Bentley!" she cried, then suddenly checked herself.

"What is it, Miss North?" he inquired in his smoothly disagreeable voice.

"Oh—er—nothing. I—er—would you be so kind as to show me those photographs in that locker?"

Mr. Bentley graciously complied and about twenty minutes were spent in looking at the pictures. As he went to replace them he happened to glance through the port and discovered to his horror that the vessel was moving through the water.

"My G—goodness!" he exclaimed. "We're going ahead!"

"What?" cried the Commodore. "Going ahead! Nonsense; it's the tide running in. Why, we're at anchor!"

"But you see," began the miserable Mr. Bentley, "I did not anchor because according to my almanac——"

"Oh, hang your almanac!" thundered the outraged Commodore. "Do you mean to say that we've been sailing along through this muck? Why, how the dickens are we to find the schooner?"

He rushed on deck, followed by his dismayed party. The "Venus" was slipping along at a good four knots. Mr. Bentley turned angrily to his stolid sailing-master.

"Why didn't you tell me that we were drawing ahead, Andersen?" he demanded. The man touched his cap.

"Had your orders not to make any suggestions, sir."

"You'll have to heave to here until it clears, Bentley," said the Commodore. "We may be a mile or two past the schooner for all I know, and it won't do to risk getting mixed up in the fog so late in the day."

"Can't you all stay aboard until we reach New Haven?" almost wailed Mr. Bentley.

"Not possibly. Why, my people won't weigh anchor until I give the order! Besides we may be out all night and you haven't got the accommodations."

"But you see," began the wretched Bentley, "I've got a thousand dollars up on this day's run with Reddington and——"

The Commodore's face grew very red. "I'm sorry," he began stiffly, "but you should have told us so and we would not have come aboard."

"Suppose I put about and sail back," suggested Bentley desperately. "Maybe we can raise the schooner. She can't be far!"

"Well, suppose you try then," answered the Commodore snappishly.

Mr. Bentley gave the necessary orders and a moment later the "Venus" was gliding back, upon her wake. For several minutes nothing was said, then Mr. Bentley took the megaphone.

"*'Aurora' aboy!*" he screamed.

"Oh, peep! They couldn't hear that across the street. Let me try," growled the Commodore in disgust. He took the megaphone and a sonorous roar ripped its way through the fog.

All about them the sodden mist hung motionless on the drab-gray water. The faint draught that sent them ahead was all aloft, the topsail being the only bit of canvas that was doing work. From the diaphanous obscurity about them came the incessant, though muffled, clamor of bell and horn, while now and again they felt the shock of the paddles of some great Sound steamer and felt the long undulation of

her swell as she shrieked her way through the fog.

A thicker opacity loomed ahead and, at a quick word of warning from the lookout, Bentley put his helm over just in time to avert a collision. A big yawl reared suddenly out of the mist.

"Aboard the yawl!" hailed the Commodore. "Have you seen the flag-ship?"

"Saw her at anchor just before the fog came in," replied a man's voice. "She must be to the westward."

"Listen!" cried Olga suddenly. "There's a horn that sounds like ours."

"I believe you're right!" cried the Commodore as the dismal note welled louder up from the sea. "It's to the westward, too—although I must say it seems to me that we've sailed back too far as it is."

Mr. Bentley thought so too, but was diplomatic enough not to mention it.

"I think that we can count on that being the flag-ship, Commodore," he remarked with an air of heartiness. "Rather a good reckoning—eh?" He glanced hopefully at Olga, but the girl did not see fit to endorse his kind congratulations of himself.

"I don't know of any one else in the fleet that's got as husky a whoop as that," observed the Commodore as a louder blast smote upon their ears. "Look out—here's a little chap close aboard. Aboard the knock-about! Why don't you blow your horn and have you seen the flagship?"

"Just passed her at anchor!" piped a boy's voice. "Almost cut her down! Our horn got laryngitis and lost its voice!"

There was a laugh of relief from the party on the "Venus."

"Suppose I drop you here?" suggested Mr. Bentley, with an eagerness that was but poorly concealed.

The Commodore was about to suggest that they first make certain that the horn they had remarked was really aboard the flag-ship, but reflecting that even if it were not, another boat would answer as well as the one they were on, and that a man can hardly be blamed for not caring to pay over a thousand dollars, and that to his rival and a man with whom he the Commodore had quarreled violently but three days before, he agreed rather shortly to Mr. Bentley's suggestion. The party was quickly loaded into the cutter and with a few hollow farewells they shoved clear.

"Hospitable boat," observed one of the male guests satirically. "It would be too bad if Bentley was to lose that thousand. He's only got about fourteen millions—what?"

Not caring for this commentary on the disposition of the man toward whom he was seeking to gently coerce the affections of his daughter, the Commodore replied somewhat stiffly.

"It isn't the money he minds, but it's being crowed over by that impudent young ass Reddington. It was lucky we didn't get aboard his boat. He'd have cut us loose the minute the breeze freshened—what's become of that horn anyway?"

A strident wail close aboard arose in answer.

"That's the 'Aurora,'" said the Commodore. "I know her voice. Not a bad piece of navigation on Bentley's part after all. I hope that he hasn't lost too much time to give the slip to that young pup Reddington——"

"I beg your pardon!" said a placid voice from the fog, so close aboard that they all started. "Did I hear you call my name?"

There was a second of startled silence, then Olga gave a short hysterical laugh.

"Why, it's the 'Willewemoc!' That's J—er—Mr. Reddington's voice."

The Commodore was saying strange deep-sea words beneath his breath. Had one gathered the fragments that escaped it might have appeared that both Mr. Bentley and Mr. Reddington were equally consigned to waters where their respective vessels would have required a sheathing of asbestos.

"Boat there!" called a deep voice. "What boat is that?"

"This is the flag-cutter from the 'Aurora,'" replied the Commodore, with dignity. "We are looking for the schooner!"

There came from the fog a long whistle of amazement.

"The flag-ship's about a mile to the northeastward by my reckoning. Better come aboard. Stand by to take a line!"

A vast cloud of canvas reared silently over their heads, and a long, gray shape shot suddenly into view. They heard a quick order; then a heaving-line came whirling through the air and fell across the boat. A moment later they were hauled alongside.

"Come aboard!" called Mr. Reddington hospitably. He stepped to the waist, dropped the little accommodation-ladder, and a

minute later a crestfallen party were assembled upon the damp decks of the "Willewemoc."

"Starboard!" ordered Mr. Reddington sharply. "Starboard—steady! Keep her there. That ought to fetch her!" he added cheerfully to his guests. "If it doesn't, we'll box-haul around until we pick her up, and if that doesn't work, we'll anchor and wait for it to clear!"

"But I understand," began the Commodore coldly, "that you have a thousand dollars with Bentley on——"

"Oh, hang Bentley!" replied Mr. Reddington with spirit. "He'll get lost in this fog—just as apt to wind up in New York or Saybrook as anywhere else. Besides, what's a fool race with Bentley to your convenience, sir, and that of your daughter and guests. My packet is at present under your flag and orders!" He pointed to the small piece of bunting which even as he spoke was being run aloft.

The Commodore cast his eyes to the truck, and as the little flag with its circle and stars was broken out by a twitch on the halliard, he turned to Mr. Reddington with a peculiar expression in his keen gray eyes. Commodore North was a retired naval officer, and the smartly executed bit of etiquette touched him in a tender spot.

"I must say, Reddington," he began, "if every owner in this fleet had your spirit——"

"Not another word, sir!" said Mr. Reddington heartily. "As it happens, I and my vessel are honored, but it would have been the same on any vessel in the squadron, I am sure!"

"You'd lose another bet then," observed one of the guests under his breath to Olga.

"By George!" said Mr. Reddington; "I believe it's going to clear!"

An anæmic ray of sunlight struggled downward through the dissipating mist above them. Sounds around about became gradually clearer, and suddenly they caught a glimpse of a small sloop drifting a quarter of a mile astern.

"Here comes the breeze!" said the Commodore as a damp breath fanned his cheek. "There's a patch of blue sky. Look! Look! There's the 'Aurora' dead ahead of us——"

"Why, what has happened to her?" cried Olga. "Doesn't she look odd?"

A fresh slant from the west whipped up the ragged edges of the fog and whirled them upwards to melt in the sparkling azure over their heads. All about them lay the fleet, and right ahead the stately "Aurora," not half a mile distant, lay gleaming in the new-born sunshine. As they looked more closely, however, they could see that something was amiss. Beside her a long white hull seemed striving to usurp her berth and a tall tower of canvas of a darker hue was flapping wildly against the taut rigging of the schooner.

"Some one's fouled her!" cried Mr. Reddington excitedly. He snatched up a binocular and took a short survey.

"By George!" he exclaimed, handing the glass to the Commodore. "Bentley's run into her!"

"Brother Bentley builded better than he knew!" softly whispered the irrepressible guest. "He was trying hard to find her a few minutes ago—and he's done it—to the Queen's taste if not to the Commodore's," he added slyly to Olga.

"Well, I'll be—" began the Commodore, his face scarlet.

"Don't father," said Olga. "Save it for Mr. Bentley—he needs it!"

The Commodore drew Mr. Reddington slightly aside.

"Reddington," he said, "I've been unjust to you, but I'm beginning to see my mistake. "That"—he pointed toward the ill-starred "Venus"—"is the chump I wanted my daughter to marry!"

Reddington flushed. "Really, Commodore," he began, "I'm more happy than I can say if you're willing to forgive me for being obstinate the other day, but as far as Bentley is concerned—well, you know how it is in a fog like this——"

The Commodore raised a warning hand. "There, that'll do, my boy. You're not possessed of all the facts. You can tell Olga whenever you like that we've squared things, and as for the rest—well, it's cheap at the price of a smashed rail and a bit of standing-rigging!"

They bore swiftly down upon the unfortunates, and as they drew nearer there was borne to their ears against the freshening breeze a sound of ripping oaths, sail and cordage. A moment later the breeze caught the flapping mainsail of the "Venus," swinging her to leeward; her bowsprit ground along the schooner's rail, the topmast forestay fouling the forerigging of the "Aurora," and, with a rending crash, the "Venus's"

topmast was carried away a foot above the masthead.

"Drop me here, Reddington," ordered the Commodore, eager to go aboard his vessel.

"Away gig!" called Mr. Reddington. "I'll send the rest of your party in your boat, Commodore."

As the Commodore departed Mr. Reddington turned to Olga.

"Come below a minute, dear—I have something to tell you."

Apparently it was good news for, when the two emerged but a minute later, Olga's cheeks wore a flush that was not due to the salt kiss of the sea.

Having started his guests for their vessel, Mr. Reddington stepped into his diminutive dinghy and, putting the "Willewemoc" in the charge of his sailing-master, was pulled smartly over to where the "Venus," now cleared of the "Aurora," was drifting idly.

"Hard luck, Bentley," he called with real sympathy. "What can I do for you?"

Mr. Bentley turned a rueful face in his direction.

"Nothing, thanks. I'm going back after another spar—and I say, Reddington, that thousand's yours whenever you want——"

"Bentley!" cried Mr. Reddington, "if you ever mention that thousand to me again I'll go aboard your old packet and scuttle her, d'ye hear?"

Although he had purposely lowered his voice, it nevertheless carried to the deck of the flag-ship. Olga turned to her father, her pretty face aglow.

"Did you hear that, dad?" she whispered. "Don't you think he's a dear?"

"I think," replied the Commodore, as he bent his brows upon his scarred and battered rail, "that the other man is dear at any price!"

ROOSEVELT AND THE POSTAL FRAUDS*

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

AMONG the extra constitutional organs of government that have developed among the people of this nation during the first century of progress, the most important organ is the party system. The nation is ruled by parties to-day in every integral part of it: in the township, in the county, in the city, in the congressional district, in the state and in the federal government. Party managers are as truly estates of the government of this country as its elected officers. These party managers have not been slipped into the government by any one's stealthy design. They are results of an evolution of American conditions. In the first days of the government the people, living in small units—small towns, small states, and in a little federal government—found no trouble in communicating, through the ballot box, their simple desires in public matters to their public officers. But as towns and states grew larger, and as the federal government widened in its scope, and as the country grew in geographical extent, the power of the people at the ballot box could not grow. A public officer, not knowing his constituents personally, could not know their individual wishes, and citizens could not make it plain to their officers, who were strangers, what kind of government the majority desired; there would have been an awkward failure in the action of the government had not the party system come as a kind of compound lever, with its second fulcrum or ballot box, and its second lever of party opinion, to relieve the straining governmental mechanism of the fathers.

*For a more detailed account of the facts given in this article see the official report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General J. L. Bristow on "The Investigation of Certain Divisions of the Post-office Department."

The party is (or should be, properly) the monitor of executive officers under the government; it not merely conveys opinion, but it makes opinion, and when dominated by selfish influences, the party is used as an agency of the organized, greedy minority, against the unthinking, unorganized majority, thereby perverting the very spirit of democratic government, which the party system was intended to help. The degeneracy of the system is not, however, proof that, as a system, it has outlived its usefulness; rather, this degeneracy proves that the people are not using it.

A crooked politician who is not caught has been respected for his smartness just as a crooked business man who is not convicted in a court is too often looked up to by his fellow men. Public sentiment which would revolt at accepting the booty of Jesse James accepts "endowments" from business men whose fortunes are founded on plunder not a whit less wicked. And politicians, known to take money for the non-enforcement of laws, which non-enforcement results in the loss of human lives, and in misery to thousands of people, are permitted to move among their fellows without loss of caste. The party system has been allowed by the people to be the chief weapon of defense of the rascals against the people. For nearly thirty years in America the corruption of public officials has been growing steadily worse. Only at long intervals have moral issues stirred the people; and commercial issues, like the tariff and the currency, being the points of difference between the two great parties, have dominated the parties, and have formed party opinion in matters of legislation; in matters executive, men selected by parties to administer the laws too frequently take the color of the party's morals (or lack of morals) and administer the laws honestly only in the sense that a business man runs his affairs honestly—without lying to those with whom they have business relations. Such officers, holding office by grace of party, are loyal to party, and have frequently regarded the people as natural prey, and have looked upon such public money as they could pocket without being caught, as their private perquisites. For ten years public morals have become so vitiated by the prevailing code of party ethics that he who exposes the public officers in their semi-legalized looting has been viewed as an enemy of his party. Only within the past four years has there been growing among the people any considerable sentiment favorable to the public servant who exposed a fellow servant whom he caught stealing. But with the visible growth of moral perception in matters political among the people, the lever of the party system may begin to act for the people. If this growth is permanent and not sporadic, if the people of the United States are getting a real moral intelligence about their politics, and are not merely going through a spasm of virtue, an important function in government is beginning to show itself. It is the trait of civic honesty.

But when civic honesty is as forceful in America among the whole people as the sentiment is against unchastity, for instance, when civic honesty is backed by a sentiment for which people are willing to sacrifice their personal comfort and pay extra taxes to maintain, then, and not before, will personal honesty become the best policy for government officials. To bring about such a condition means more for America than the adjustment of tariffs or the establishment of any kind of currency. The people seem to realize this, and just now they are interested in problems of production and distribution of wealth only in a casual way. The real interest in American politics is in the moral uplift in the administration of the existing laws given to the country by President Roosevelt. The most important manifestation of this is found in the way he cleaned up the corruption he found in the post-office department. That story is one which the people have not had in as exact detail as they should have it to realize what manner of man they are dealing with in the White House.

For nearly ten years a number of congressmen and a few citizens have known that there was crookedness in the post-office department. During McKinley's first term it was whispered among politicians all over the country that there were some profitable pickings for some one in the post-office department. When the Cuban postal scandal was probed, politicians all over the land winked and said the fellows were getting too greedy and too bold. Clocks and typewriters and cash registers and mail-box fasteners were being dumped into country post-offices too lavishly for the men who "do business in politics" not to be morally certain that there was a "rake-off in it"—as the phrase goes—for some one. Generally

speaking, when a man has advanced far enough in the masonry of politics to be postmaster of a town of ten thousand, he knows that when a typewriter that he doesn't need, and didn't order, is sent to him from Washington, and a cash register that he never thought of needing is dumped on him, and a lot of useless rural delivery register books is consigned to him, and when the service has to pay fifty per cent. more than the current price for repainting the mail-boxes which he has not asked to have repainted — the postmaster, well along in the craft of politics, knows that some one is stealing. So, during McKinley's entire administration, Republican politicians of high and low degree, seeing the way things were going in their local post-offices, had their idea about the condition of things at Washington and, being loyal party men, kept still. It was supposed to be a breach of faith for a Republican to cry "stop thief" on a fellow Republican, or for a Democrat to stop the peculations of a fellow Democrat. And when the thief is the man above you it takes considerable moral courage to say anything about it. The few postmasters who did say anything about the stealing found out to their sorrow that silence is golden.

Naturally the stories of the thieving in the post-office department came to congressmen and senators who are necessarily close political friends of postmasters. During the three years last past probably not twenty Republican congressmen and senators did not know of the corruption of the post-office department; having this knowledge, congress divided itself into two bodies—the minority, which said nothing of it and went about its business; and the great majority of the Republican congressmen, which found out where the crookedness was and exactly who was profiting by the crookedness, and used this knowledge to get favors from the beneficiaries. The chief beneficiaries were August W. Machen, superintendent of free delivery, and George W. Beavers, superintendent of the division of salaries and allowances. The rise of rural free delivery in this country in the eight years last past has made it impossible for a Republican congressman to retain his seat if he does not get his constituents all the free delivery routes they ask for. The man to whom the congressman had to go for his rural route favors was August W. Machen, superintendent of free delivery and head thief in the post-office department. Now when a congressman knew that the man of whom he was asking a favor was stealing, and the man who was stealing knew that the man who was asking the favor suspected the theft, the favor was granted whether public service demanded it or not. Also, under a perversion of the intention of government, postmasters look to the congressmen to increase their salaries and those of the clerks in the offices, and to get more rentals for the post-office buildings. The man to whom the congressmen had to go for such favors was George W. Beavers, the superintendent of the division of salaries and allowances. He had a million dollars to give out, and by reason of the carelessness of the auditor of the post-office department, was paying no attention to the congressional restrictions put upon the money. Beavers was Machen's running mate in the looting expedition, and most of the congressmen suspected that something was wrong with Beavers's department. And Beavers knew their suspicions; so congressmen generally got from him what they went after. And the crookedness thrived.

When it was stopped by President Roosevelt this crookedness was so far-reaching that when a citizen went to the post-office to buy a stamp the cash register which gave him his change was full of graft, the ink used in canceling the stamp was full of graft, the pad which furnished the ink was full of graft, the clock which kept the clerk's time was full of graft, the postmaster's typewriter was full of graft, the carrier's satchel tie-straps, his shoulder straps, and his badge were subject to illegal taxation, the money order blanks were full of graft, the letter boxes on the street were fraudulently painted, fraudulently fastened to the posts, fraudulently made, and equipped—many of them—with fraudulent time-indicators. Often the salaries of the clerks were full of graft. And in the case of hundreds of thousands of swindling letters and advertisements that were dropped in the box—they were full of graft.

This grafting was a matter of common knowledge in Washington. The names of Machen and Beavers were bywords a year before the investigation began. But they were more powerful with congress than the Postmaster-General, and, strange as it may seem, were more powerful with individual congressmen than the President, because Machen and Beavers had favors which the

President did not control, and which, as has been shown, a congressman has to use to be renominated and reëlected.

When congress adjourned in March, 1903, probably a thousand people within rifle shot of the White House knew of the corruption rampant in the post-office department which congress, either consciously or unconsciously, was using to its profit. The two men in Washington who should have known about it were shielded from knowledge; they were Postmaster-General Payne and President Roosevelt. The Postmaster-General had heard considerable of the gossip, but, having been in politics all his life, the smell of the smoke of rumors was in his nostrils, and a little more smoke more or less did not startle him to the fire that was burning all around him. Recrimination is so common in politics that one becomes accustomed to hearing honest men called thieves, and the Postmaster-General did not give credence to the gossip against Machen, who was a trusted lieutenant in the political situation, and of whom all congressmen (very naturally) spoke in the most laudatory terms. More than that, Postmaster-General Payne was sick; he had a sick man's aversion to unnecessary trouble. He desired to put away from him the tumult of an investigation. During the few months of his incumbency he had conducted a few investigations of reported crookedness; but his investigations were of the most perfunctory sort, and sometimes ended by finding that the charges were exaggerated. He had no stomach for going to the bone of any matter. As for the President, two things blinded his eyes: His friends in congress (with half a dozen strong exceptions, who were too honest to know of the thieving) were of the salaaming and kow-towing sort that believes the way to please Roosevelt is to call him child of the sun, brother to the moon, and second cousin to all the stars. They apparently thought that the bearer of bad news would be beheaded. And the greater number of the Republican congressmen and senators frankly dislike Roosevelt, and would delight in seeing his downfall if it might be accomplished without their own political ruin. Congress is a slave to traditions a century old. One of these traditions of congress is that politics is a game. Everything done in congress is done with reference to politics, and is merely a play in the game. It is insincere, and often stupid, but congressmen take it in dead earnest. Theodore Roosevelt doesn't regard politics as a game, and he does not believe the governing of a people was put in his hands as an amusement. He is sincere, and often straightforward and harsh in his dealings with the gamesters in congress, and seeing their traditions ignored and their shams exposed they quietly hate the interloper who is responsible for their discomfiture. Congress, therefore, reaping the indirect benefits of the corruption in two of the departments, and suspecting the trouble found in the third department, grinned when it heard the President talk of honesty in public administration, awaiting the day when the crookedness should come out to his disgrace and confusion. He was responsible to the people and not the congressmen, and he and not they were talking about the purification of politics. Another thing blinded the President's eyes, and that is the spirit of life in the city of Washington. It is the hothouse of petty grafting. Of the thirty-four thousand officeholders in the town, not five hundred look upon their offices as sacred trusts to the people. Anything which the mass of those Washington officeholders can get out of the government is regarded by public opinion among them as clear gain, whether it be an hour's time or a railroad pass for betraying the government's interest in matters under their care. The man who is making "easy money" off the government — if he is not actually taking the money out of the till—is looked up to with a kind of envious respect. Machen and Beavers were, therefore, little tin gods. Official Washington knew their power and presumed they were stealing, and official Washington honored them. And never a hint of the conditions came to the President's ears until the *Washington Times* used the common gossip of the street about conditions in the post-office department as a basis for a series of articles. Washington was aghast at the effrontery of the newspaper. Its editors were threatened with boycott, and their friends rushed to them in amazement to know what the paper had to gain by its course. In a few weeks the proprietor of the paper discharged his enterprising editors and the matter dropped. But General Leonard Wood, Congressman E. F. Loud, Senator Platt of Connecticut, and a few other honest officials in Washington took the matter to the President and he ordered the investigation. He chose Joseph L. Bristow to do the work.

The President's attitude was from the first one of angry abhorrence for the alleged thieves. He went at the investigation as a terrier goes after a rat. When the *Washington Times* was printing its exposures, Beavers was brought to the *Times* office and agreed to tell all he knew under the promise that "that damned wolf, Bristow, be kept off him. For," said Beavers, as his fat cheeks shook with fear and horror, "that damned wolf would never rest until he saw me in stripes behind the bars and stood there grinning at me." The President knew how the post-office officials hated Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. His work in Cuba had proved his mettle. And it was Bristow whom the President set upon the thieves. Before he had been at work a month Beavers left his desk and fled, and Machen, the cooler scoundrel of the two, set to work all his power of congressmen and editors (and he had them on his staff by the hundreds) to dissuade the President from probing the scandal. Party papers all over the land, to which Machen had been furnishing lists of farmers on free delivery routes, began to discredit the investigation. They attacked Bristow and said he was inspired in his search for Machen's misdeeds by jealousy for Machen. Congressmen and senators whom Machen had favored came storming to the White House and said the exposure would ruin the party and would defeat the President for reëlection. Men high in the party councils — and close to Machen — were first persuasive and then wrathful in their insistence that the investigation be dropped. But it went on. When it touched the President's friend and political sponsor, State Senator Green, of Binghamton, New York, and when he was about to be indicted for crookedness, the two senators from New York and every prominent Republican in the state begged for mercy, and then threatened President Roosevelt for allowing Bristow to indict Green. Bristow furnished the President with the evidence against Green. It was shown that he was at the head of a powerful secret society which would be humiliated at Green's downfall and that the members of the society—enough to carry New York against the President this year—would vote against him and lose him the presidency if Green were indicted. But Roosevelt looked at the evidence and Bristow went on with his work; the indictment was issued.

And this is what was disclosed: First, let us consider Beavers's misdeeds. Beavers came into the postal service in New York City in 1881, and was made an inspector in 1890. At Beavers's suggestion, H. J. Truesdell (according to his own affidavit) bribed a post-office official in the New York office to favor the installation of the Bundy Time Recording Clock in that office, paying the officer six hundred dollars. Beavers was afterward recommended by State Senator Green, president of the Bundy Company, for a place in the post-office department at Washington, and he became Perry Heath's confidential assistant. Mr. Heath was, at the time, closely identified with the Republican National Committee, and later its secretary. The Bundy clock people had been selling clocks to the government, but the First Assistant Postmaster-General, thinking their price too high, was making investigations as to the cost of other clocks. Suddenly the investigation was stopped, and a four-year contract was made with the Bundy clock people, though such a contract was unnecessary to secure the clocks at the price then paid. These clocks were sent by Beavers over the country to various post-offices without any business justification. Post-offices were equipped with clocks and clerks' keys without reference to the needs of the office and without requisition by the postmasters. It came out in the investigation that as fast as the clocks were paid for, ten per cent. of the payment was sent back from Senator Green, of Binghamton, to Beavers in the shape of checks and drafts. This was probably for commission. When confronted with the checks Green, who had virtuously "demanded" an investigation, replied to questions asking him what the checks were given to Beavers for, saying that the investigation was not fair, that it injured his "business and financial standing" to have inspectors tracing his checks to Beavers, and "acting on the advice of counsel" he declined to make any explanation of the suspicious checks.

Later he refused to talk to the federal grand jury because he might incriminate himself, and still later he was arrested and has been using technicalities to avoid a trial —a sad contrast to the original indignant "demand."

One of Beavers's early schemes was for the sale of promotions in the post-offices in New York and Jersey City. This was done by a prostitution of the local branches of the

National Association of Post-office Clerks. From time to time special assessments of the "legislative fund" were made on the representation that the proceeds would be used to secure the passage of a law by congress to increase the pay of clerks and reduce their hours. These amounts were remitted to Otto F. Weis, assistant superintendent of the New York post-office, chairman of the "legislative" committee, who states in a deposition that, during 1899 and 1900, he got between $8,000 and $10,000, that he had paid in expenses for trips to Washington and other legitimate expenses about $3,000, and that he had paid the balance to Benj. Parkhurst, for some years superintendent of a station of the Washington post-office. Parkhurst was intimately acquainted with Beavers and was retained in the service and promoted through Beavers's influence when, without Beavers's support, Parkhurst would have been removed for intoxication and neglect of duty. That Beavers made promotions solely on the request of Weis is shown by letters in the files of the salary and allowance division. Frank C. Hay, a clerk in the Jersey City office, stated under oath that in October, 1899, Weis made a proposition to him to have the salaries of the clerks in Jersey City and neighboring post-offices increased $100 a year on the payment of two and a half per cent. of their salaries, stating that the money was to be paid to Beavers, after deducting Weis's expenses. Hay saw several clerks in Jersey City and Bayonne, and later made the following collections:

E. H. Whitney asst. postmaster	Bayonne	$25.
Bertram Cubberley clk	"	12.50
Simeon Bullen clk	Jersey City	25.
James A. Coyle "	"	25.

He gave this money and $35 of his own money to Weis. Joseph F. Hart, a clerk in Jersey City, paid $25 to Weis in person. Nearly all these persons had a distinct assurance that if they were not promoted the money would be returned. The assistant postmaster and the clerk at Bayonne were promoted. When the postmaster at Jersey City forwarded his recommendations for promotions he did not include the names of Hay, Hart, and Bullen. Hay swears that before he learned it from any other source Weis told him that the three persons last named had not been recommended for promotion by the postmaster, but that Beavers would "fix it," even if it were unusual.

Here is how Beavers went to work to "fix it." Shortly afterwards it was announced in a Jersey City paper that Hay, Hart, and Bullen had been promoted, and a few days later the postmaster received an official communication from the department, signed by G. W. B. in ink, saying that "in compliance with your recommendation the following changes in your roster of clerks are approved," and included the names of Hay, Hart, and Bullen. The postmaster at Jersey City not only protested in writing against these promotions, but he sent the assistant postmaster to Washington to take the matter up with Beavers himself. Beavers said that the papers were all made out and that he had granted an increase to these three clerks on account of the clerks' association, but that if the postmaster objected and insisted he would cancel the promotions. The postmaster did insist and the money was returned to the three unpromoted clerks, but not to the one who had been promoted. Frank Hay, the clerk who makes the affidavit that he made the collections, says that Benj. Parkhurst, when the recent investigation began, begged Hay to tell nothing of what he had done.

About this time, in 1899, the manufacturers of the "Brandt Automatic Cashier" began to try to find some corrupt way to get their machines adopted by the government for post-offices. The machine is so arranged that, by touching a key, the amount of change needed will be given out. George F. Miller of Canton, son-in-law of Judge George E. Baldwin, was made agent of the company at Washington. Inspectors have correspondence showing that while Miller and the New York agent of the company were satisfied that Beavers was corrupt, they hesitated to approach him directly and were looking for a go-between. They got Congressman E. H. Driggs, of New York, to help them. Their letters say that they are trying to find out "just what this man Beavers wants in dollars and cents." It turned out to be exactly $12,500, and $25 more than the regular market price of each machine was added to the price the government paid to make the amount. After that Beavers put the Brandt machines wherever he could force them. Whenever a postmaster asked for five dollars to repair his coin rack, he got a Brandt machine costing $150, and the postmaster at Kansas City got seven machines which he dumped in the cellar, having

no use for them. Beavers and Driggs divided the booty.

In 1900, postmasters all over the country, under the salary and allowance division, began to feel that the department was interested in the Elliott-Hatch book typewriter. Whenever a postmaster made a requisition for a typewriter an Elliott-Hatch machine was sent to him. Postmasters were asked to pay—out of their funds and charge to the government—$200 for this, and when they protested that they didn't like the machine, that they could get a satisfactory machine for half the money, and that if the Elliott-Hatch machine was put in it would take another clerk to operate it. Beavers was so anxious to make the sale of the Elliott-Hatch machine that, in some instances, as in Duluth, Minn., he allowed the extra clerk to operate the machine. The only post-office in the United States which made a favorable report on the machine was the Washington office. W. Scott Towers, who made out the report, is now under indictment for fraud in promoting the sale of the machine. The government has checks and drafts issued by the agent of the Elliott Company to Towers, showing that he got fifty dollars commission on each machine sold to the government, and as he was intimate with Beavers the reader is entitled to his own conclusions. According to the report: "The inspectors have conclusive proof that he divided his commission with Beavers, each taking twenty-five dollars per machine."

Beavers was an obliging fellow—especially when congressmen who might expose his crookedness were concerned. It was found after Beavers resigned that the clerks in certain grades of the post-offices in the country greatly exceeded the number specified in the appropriation act, and thirty-four hundred promotions that he had authorized to take effect July 1st, 1903, to oblige congressmen and others with "pull," had to be canceled in the interests of common decency. This is a large number, and the congressmen who secured them had good reasons to say nothing at the White House of what they heard about Beavers on the streets of Washington. They got noisily mad when the report was published and were going to destroy Bristow, who made the report, for his impudence in interfering with their private affairs! But they cooled down. It was also found after Beavers resigned that fourteen assistant postmasters at second-class offices were receiving excessive salaries—probably upon congressional recommendation; and in five first-class offices assistant postmasters, also with congressional "endorsements," were designated as "cashiers" for the purpose of allowing a larger salary than that authorized by law. Four clerks at second-class offices—who had friends in congress—received $1,200 and $1,100, while the maximum salary should be $1,000. Forty-eight clerks at first-class offices who had congressional "infloonce" were receiving salary from one to four hundred dollars in excess of the amount allowed by law. The only property owned by Beavers when he came to Washington was assessed at $1,800; this was afterward turned in as a part payment for the property he now owns at Borough Park, at a valuation of $6,500. It has been disclosed by investigation that when he fled from Washington with the bars of the penitentiary shadowed on his back, he was worth $60,000, and when congress was abusing Bristow, an honest man, last spring, not one unkind word was said of this fellow Beavers. The congressmen who abused Bristow were probably feeling a little lonely at the loss of their obliging old friend and took it out on the man whose unrelenting honesty had created the "vacant chair."

When one turns from Beavers to Machen it is as though one walked from the room where the young woman with pig-tails down her back was practising one-and-two-and-three-and-four-and on the piano into the room wherein the master was playing a sonata. For if ever there was an artist in graft, one who reduced graft to a really beautiful handicraft, it was August W. Machen. He not only robbed the government, but he robbed his partners who were robbing the government, and would have robbed himself sooner or later if he hadn't been caught. He came from Toledo, Ohio, in President Cleveland's second term, and was made superintendent of the free delivery service in 1893. He left an unsavory reputation in Toledo, where he had been assistant postmaster, and was a bankrupt—which is not particularly to his discredit—but in addition to that he was a dead beat. He was a borrowing swindler in Toledo, and as assistant postmaster was in league with money-sharks to collect usurious interest from post-office employees. How he imposed himself on former Governor Campbell and former Congressman Ritchie, who endorsed him, is one of a thousand

similar stories of politics. He was morally incompetent for the place he held, and was living by his wits when he got it. No railroad company or insurance company would have given him responsible employment, but the government gave him one of its most important places. Before leaving Toledo he inaugurated a grand borrowing carnival and cleaned up about $3,000, using the fact that he desired to move his family to Washington as an excuse. Little of this money was repaid, and those who were paid only got their money after threatening to sue, although while they were trying to collect their dues Machen was robbing the government of thousands of dollars a year. In Washington he borrowed money on forged mortgages, and filched from the government by making an appointment date back several months from its actual beginning, and by forging the endorsement on the warrant and pocketing it. But these were mere jim-cracks and cornices to an edifice of graft that was the admiration and marvel of official Washington.

When Machen had been in office four days he began to urge the use of straps instead of twine for tying letter parcels taken out by free-delivery carriers. He estimated that the annual cost of these straps would be $7,500, and that there would be a saving over twine. After that he ordered the straps at his own free will at an annual cost of $14,000, and sent straps to offices without regard to the need of them. A year later the government, through Machen, began buying shoulder straps for carriers' satchels from the house that furnished the tie-straps, George D. Lamb, of New Haven, Conn., and later of New York. Lamb died several years ago, and the conduct of his successors has been thoroughly honorable. The government paid 39½ cents for them. The straps were sent to postmasters over the country without requisition, and when postmasters protested against paying for the tie-straps at the price which Machen authorized Lamb to charge for them, Machen told the postmaster that the straps were furnished under contract with the government—a bald falsehood. Various postmasters offered to buy the straps in the open market for forty per cent. less than Machen made them pay, but Machen was not moved. The straps kept coming to the office and were often stored in attics and boxed up to keep them out of the way. This continued for nearly ten years. In that time W. C. Long, a "laborer" in the post-office department, who was Machen's friend, appeared at Lamb's office regularly and collected two and a half cents on each strap sold, and Long's checks will show that sixty per cent. of the amount paid during the year of 1902—indeed, it is fair to suppose that sixty per cent. of the whole amount, $30,000, fraudulently collected—went into Machen's bank account. Keep the straps in mind; they form a link in the continued story of Machen's boodling.

About the time the arrangements between Long and Lamb had been completed for the two and a half cents' graft on the shoulder straps, the government, through Machen's manipulation, made a contract with John Boyle & Company, of New York, for letter-carriers' satchels, specifying in the terms that the straps were to be furnished by Boyle. A few weeks later Machen officially wrote to Boyle—whose relations with the government were, by the way, honorable in every respect—telling him the straps would be furnished for the satchels by Lamb, and paid for by the government. Of course no deduction was made in the price of the satchels. During the life of the contract the government furnished Boyle with 20,000 straps that Machen might steal five hundred dollars. Clearly that was not enough game to pay for the powder. On the next contract, let to Leopold J. Stern, of Baltimore, in the spring of '98, Machen specified that the satchels should be equipped with shoulder straps, as it was specified in the Boyle contract, and then, shipping the straps from Lamb, of New Haven, Machen collected four cents graft on each strap from Lamb, and made Stern pay five thousand dollars to him, Machen, for stealing the straps from the government and sending them to Stern. And Stern, being thrifty and seeing that others were making a more or less honest dollar now and then, seems to have concluded that life was too short to be honest; consequently he began making shoddy satchels, knowing that Machen would not dare to protest. Machen is a sensitive soul, and the sight of any one except himself making money off the government filled him with grief, so at the end of the time for which Stern had the contract for making the satchels, Machen manipulated the awarding board and gave the satchel contract to "The Postal Device and Lock Co." This company was financed by Spencer Trask, of New York, who

seems to have been so honest that he was merely holding the sack for Machen's snipe. The active members of the company, according to a secret contract which they were foolish enough to put into writing, were Wm. G. Crawford, a lobbyist in Washington, George E. Lorenz, who was postmaster at Toledo when Machen was assistant, and Machen himself. The company was to be allowed to furnish a shoddy cloth sack instead of a leather sack; to charge the price of the leather shoulder strap to the government; Machen was to steal the straps from the government; and Lorenz was to be the dummy strap maker to fool Trask, and charge the company 45 cents apiece for them. They cost the government 39½ cents, with Machen's four cent blackmail in them, but Lorenz put them into the "company" for 45. Trask was to have the profits on the sacks only after 45 cents secret bonus had been deducted for all "A" grade sacks, $1.19 for all "B" grades, and 84 cents for all "C" grades. This part of the secret contract, though in writing, was not known to Trask, who thought he was to share in all profits. Crawford, as representative of the company Trask was financing, paid Lorenz for the straps which Machen stole from the government, and paid him a secret bonus on each sack; Lorenz forwarded back to Crawford one-quarter of the amount received from Crawford, and kept a quarter himself, and gave Machen half, while Machen was getting four cent blackmail from Lamb. In the meantime, fearing to trust Crawford and Lorenz entirely, Machen awarded the "D" and "E" grade satchels in that year (1902) to Maurice Runkle, and made a similar graft arrangement with him about the shoulder straps.

The device which fastens a street mail-box to the post cost 25 cents at the foundry. Machen made the government pay $1.50 for it, and bought these devices unnecessarily, literally by the carload, and sent gangs of men under the superintendence of his brothers over the country to take off the old fasteners—which were entirely satisfactory—and put on the new devices. The government paid $141,000 for the fasteners in the five years last past, and forty per cent. of that amount—over $51,000—went to Lorenz and Machen as partners. The little busy bee was improving each shining hour.

In 1897 Machen made a fraudulent contract with John T. Cupper, of Lockhaven, Pa., to paint the mail-boxes an aluminum color. Forthwith gangs of Cupper's men appeared all over the United States, and began painting the mail-boxes whether they needed it or not, and over the protests of innumerable postmasters that the boxes didn't need paint and that they could be painted from fifty to seventy per cent. cheaper than Cupper was painting them with the paint Cupper was using. Machen pigeonholed the protests, and the painting proceeded. Cupper charged the government $1 per package box, 50 cents per letter box, and 25 cents per post. Long, who was Machen's go-between in the shoulder-strap deal with Lamb, of New Haven, was his fence in the painting deal with Cupper. The government paid Cupper $100,000, and it is estimated by post-office officials that Machen and Long and Cupper divided the forty per cent. net profit between them. Moreover, there is documentary evidence to this effect.

Without consulting the Supervisor of Rural Free Delivery or any one else who knew the needs of the rural carriers, Machen decided to order a lot of carriers' registry cases. He and Maurice Runkle—he of the carriers' satchel contract—went into collusion. Runkle bought the cases of a regular manufacturer for $5,000 and sold them to the government for $18,000, and Runkle bought some mining stock of Machen, which he said under oath "wasn't worth a damn." Machen seems to have kept dummy mining stock in his kit for such emergencies. He used it to cover many of his transactions. The Runkle graft was so successful for the rural free delivery service that Machen and his confederates in the department—T. W. McGregor, the supply clerk, who was reshipping the stolen shoulder straps for Machen to Lorenz, and C. Ellsworth Upton, a clerk under McGregor, who naturally knew of the stealing going on around him—these three decided that they would extend the carriers' case graft to the city service. Accordingly Upton and McGregor deliberately went out and accomplished the moral ruin of a young man named C. E. Smith, a leather dealer, in Baltimore. They made him increase his price for furnishing the cases successively from fifty cents to sixty, and from sixty to seventy-five, and finally to ninety cents, that the margin of booty might be large enough to satisfy their greed. The gang trumped up political endorsement for Smith,

who is a Democrat and knew no Republican politics, to give the color of political pull to the steal. Smith went into the market, bought the articles for 30 cents and 35½ cents. He paid $6,550 for what he sold to the government at $18,000, and Machen, Upton, Ellsworth, and Smith divided up the $11,500. The pouches or cases were not needed, and were not used by carriers. Thousands of them are stored in Washington to-day. Smith, of course, got but a small share of the loot, and Machen put both feet in the trough.

There is evidence that the street letter boxes began to pay tribute to Machen in 1894, through collusion with Eugene D. Scheble, a Toledo dentist. In 1897 Machen became half owner of the contracts and after that the manufacturers got increased orders. Letter boxes were sent broadcast over the country by Machen without warrant. By the time the contract was again let, in 1901, Machen had gobbled the entire business, taking the contract under the name of the Michigan Steel Box Company. Prices were now made by an awarding board controlled by Machen to suit his greed. He and Scheble are believed to have made about $65,000 out of the three contracts. By bethinking himself of putting cast-iron legs on the big package boxes on the street corners, which legs cost the manufacturer 25 cents, Machen increased the price of the box to the government $1.25, and let his friend Lorenz get a 50 cent "royalty" from the contractor, on an article not patented, and to oblige Machen the "royalty" was paid to him as Lorenz was in Europe at the time. Thereupon it began to rain package boxes all over the country, and Machen cleared up nearly $2,000 a year on that idea. Machen also picked up some small change by grafting on the Montague time device, and by collecting ten per cent. on the gross sales of all the rural carriers' hat badges, and would have done better in this line if he had not been caught.

The complaints which caused the house of corruption to fall in the post-office department were not against the ringleaders of corruption, but against the office of the Attorney-General of the post-office department. This officer is supposed to furnish the bureau with its legal advice, and under the Attorney-General of the post-office department come the cases of persons who are suspected of fraudulently using the mails. That this office was either corrupt or grossly incompetent under the administration of James N. Tyner is a matter which is not open to the slightest doubt. Men and concerns promulgating swindling advertisements were allowed the use of the mails by Tyner after inspectors had discovered the fraud and recommended fraud orders time and again. The favorite way used by Tyner's office to permit the fraudulent advertisers to use the mails was to examine their advertisements and say, owlishly, that while of course the advertisement looked like fraud, still until the fraud was actually perpetrated it would be unfair to presume fraud. And then, fraud having been committed, as every one knew it would be when the advertisements were answered, it was Tyner's habit to say that the scheme having been discontinued, the concern was not perpetrating a fraud at that time, and when a new series was put out he went over the same silly patter. This was done many times, and thousands were swindled—always the ignorant, and hence those who were not able to lose the money. There were favorites in the office, and Tyner's bureau urged that certain swindlers be prosecuted, and demanded that others, doing exactly the same kind of business, be protected from prosecution. But the puzzle swindler and similar frauds —just referred to—were petty thieves, while the bond investment companies that were sheltered under the wing of Tyner's office were not merely practising grand larceny, but were practising it by the wholesale. The story of how the government of the United States, which is supposed to protect people against fraud, actually connived with the rascals to cheat the people, is one of the most outrageous stories in the history of this government, and if the Republican party had not purged itself, and cast out in obliquity the men who were responsible, the party would have deserved no further confidence of the people. For it is not what a party claims to be, not its platform, but its deeds that test its worth. It is men, not measures, that in the final analysis determine what government is. The story of the rise of the bond investment companies and their collusion with the government is as follows: Under the Democratic administration, after the fall of the Louisiana lottery, a swarm of get-rich-quick companies arose. They depended for existence upon new business and the confiscation of monthly payment if failure is made to continue them; they promised

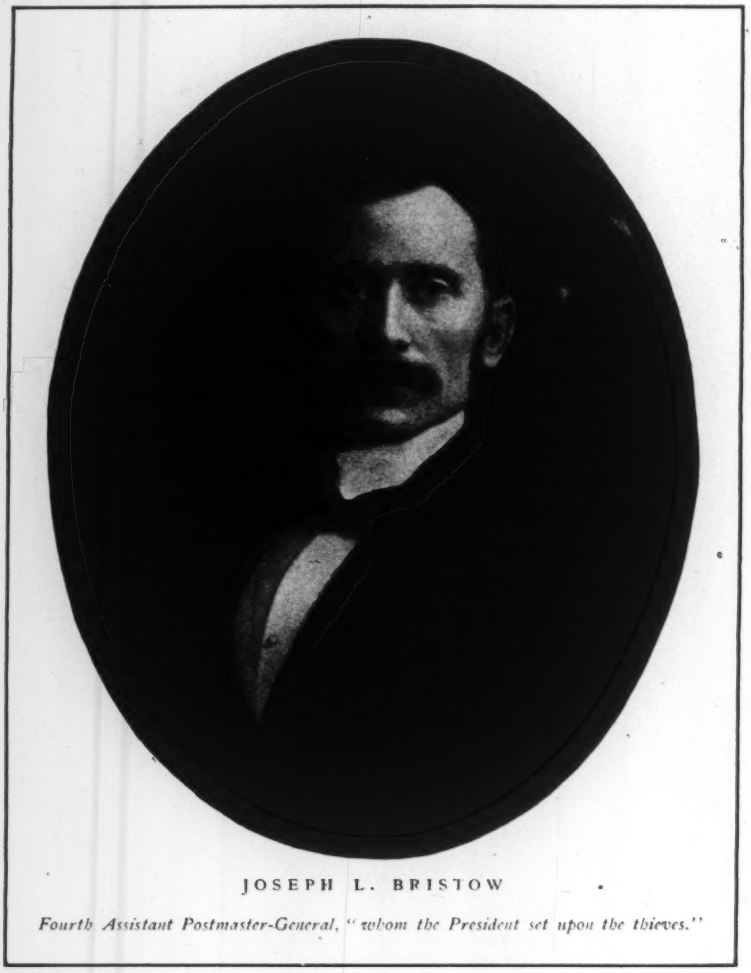
five and ten per cent. per month, and so long as the new payments came in and old ones were confiscated, the "coupons" were paid. But they were apparent frauds and the Democratic administration so held and prosecuted these frauds ruthlessly. But when the new Attorney-General for the post-office department came in under the Republican administration, the representatives of these bond companies met in Washington and formed an association to promote their interests before the post-office department. The president of the "association" wrote to the secretary, June 24, 1897, a few weeks after Tyner and his nephew, H. J. Barrett, were installed in office: "We have now an extraordinary political backing, which I am not authorized to explain, but it is the very strongest, and we are using it for all it is worth. Judge Nelms (afterwards Barrett's law partner), General Dudley, and Mr. Bowman, of Kentucky, are the only ones in the secret. We have the postmaster, the first assistant, and Tyner with us. . . . I have the strongest assurance that the government is our friend, and will do all they can for us. . . . Judge Nelms and I have pushed the matter as far as we could and the law clerk of Tyner (Barrett, his wife's nephew) is hard at work on the case." Four days later the president of this gang wrote: "Had a long interview with the law clerk (very satisfactory), he is a nice fellow and a relative of Tyner's wife. His name is Barrett, and he has charge of this matter of ours, and is conducting the investigation. At his suggestion the other day, I filed a petition to-day, asking for the suspension of the fraud order against us, and in same certified that we were not using the mails. He then asked me to wire at once to our company as follows: 'Postmaster-General requests us to have our postmaster wire him certifying that to the best of his knowledge we are not using the mails.' Which telegram I sent you, and am in hope you can induce Daniels to do so. He then told me that we would have to change some features of our plans, such as extending the maturity of our bonds—or something else—so that they will have the excuse to say our plans have been changed, and it is not the same plan passed upon by General Thomas (the Democratic official who was so ruthless). He has practically promised as soon as the answer from the postmaster is received he would act, and I expect a suspension order by about Thursday. I am in good spirits and believe more and more that we will get *all* we are asking for."

Isn't that a fine dish to set before the American people! He got the suspension of the fraud order a day ahead of the time it was promised by Barrett. More than that, the door was opened to nearly all the companies—all those who were on the "inside," and for nearly three years the bond companies did most magnificent swindling business. When a complaint was made against one of them the complainant was told that suit had been started to test the matter in the courts, and when criminal action was brought against the swindlers to really test the matter in the courts, Tyner's office was displeased, and the suits were continued and continued and finally dismissed and the matter was never tested in the courts, for a very good reason. Early in March, 1900, Barrett and Nelms decided to form a law partnership to handle the business before Tyner. So of a sudden the attitude of the department toward "bond" companies changed, and it was given out that Barrett was "investigating" the bond companies. He sent out official letters, signed by his initials, to all of them while he was still in the government employ, asking for facts about them, ostensibly for department use, and let it be plainly known that Barrett was the man who was making the trouble. When he got all the facts he wanted, Barrett officially employed an actuary, who went through the figures and who, of course, declared the whole lot of the companies frauds—as they were. Thereupon Mr. Barrett sent out a fraud order barring the whole lot from the use of the mails, and in the circular he told them that with "some modification" they might be restored to the mails. In the same mails that this circular went out, letters signed by Barrett personally went to the bond companies telling them that he was going out of the department and that he was about to open a law office with Nelms, and that he would help them "modify" their plans to get into the mails again. Naturally the bond companies bit, and Barrett and Nelms for a year—after that, Barrett alone—did more business than a bird-pup with a rubber shoe. The story of how Barrett sent to Tyner the rulings and opinions and letters needed for Barrett & Nelms's client; how Tyner became the tool of his nephew; how Barrett knew in advance

Theodore Roosevelt

Photograph copyrighted 1904 by Pach.

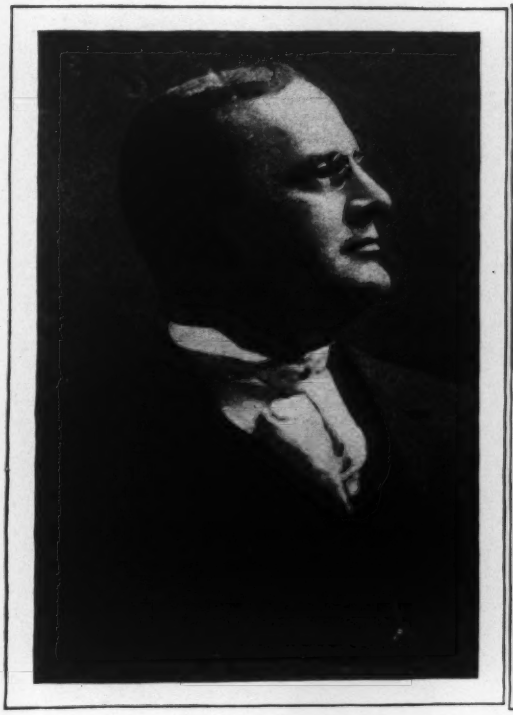
when post-office inspectors were going to call on his clients and prepared his clients for their visits; and how he used the inspectors of the government to harass those who would not patronize his law firm, is a long and shameful story. When they began to suspect Tyner, his wife and Barrett's mother rifled his official safe and took away whatever incriminating evidence there might have been. And when Tyner, who is an old man past his four score years, was tried for his offense, he was carried into court on a stretcher, took stimulants while the jury was in sight, and wept copiously before the jury. And the jury, to find a man eighty years old guilty, practically had to sentence him to jail for his natural life, and they brought in a verdict of acquittal. But his record is public, and he was not tried for the things of which Bristow and the President accused him. Considering the millions of dollars which the bond companies stole from the people while Tyner gave them the mails, and considering the fact that his defense cannot be a denial of the facts which President Roosevelt charged in dismissing Tyner, so much as it is that he was merely a fool and not a knave, his appeal to the President to clear up his name is a fitting climax to six years' official incompetency so gross as to make one hope for the sake of his faith in the intelligence of human nature that it was not incompetency at all but sheer villainy!



JOSEPH L. BRISTOW

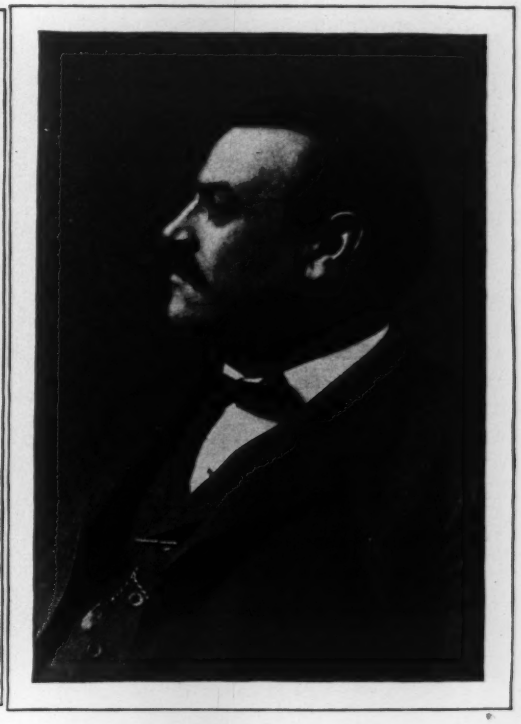
Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, "whom the President set upon the thieves."

Resulting from the investigation in the post office department, four "resignations" have been accepted and a dozen removals have been made. Seventy-four indictments



GEORGE W. BEAVERS

who, as Superintendent of the Division of Salaries and Allowances, had $1,000,000 to give out. Under indictment and now fighting the efforts to get him back to Washington for trial.



AUGUST W. MACHEN

General Superintendent of Free Delivery System, "one who reduced graft to a really beautiful handicraft."

have been issued. The following convictions have followed :

A. W. Machen, convicted; sentenced to 2 years in Penitentiary and fined $10,000.
Thomas W. McGregor, convicted; sentenced to 2 years in Penitentiary and fined $1,000.
C. Ellsworth Upton, convicted; sentenced to 2 years in Penitentiary and fined $1,000.
George E. Lorenz, convicted; sentenced to 2 years in Penitentiary and fined $10,000.
Diller B. Groff, convicted; sentenced to 2 years in Penitentiary and fined $10,000.
Samuel A. Groff, convicted; sentenced to 2 years in Penitentiary and fined $10,000.
Edmund H. Driggs, convicted; sentenced to 1 day in Jail and fined $10,000.

In June United States Commissioner Benedict in Brooklyn, N. Y., ruled that there was probably cause for Beavers's removal to Washington. He will probably be tried on the Green case first, and the probability is that he and Green will be tried together.

The trial and conviction of Senator J. R. Burton, of Kansas, was an indirect result of the post-office investigation. And the credit for pushing the case against Burton, as well as the cases against the postal thieves, belongs directly to President Roosevelt. He is the first President of the United States who has pushed a case against a crooked United States senator; not that other senators under other administrations have not been as crooked as Burton—if such a thing is possible—and not that other Presidents have not known of senatorial crimes, but other Presidents have been more "reasonable" in dealing with crimes against the state than President Roosevelt. They have avoided trouble and have thought that the consideration of grave problems of state—the tariff and international complications, for instance—was more worthy of presidential attention than thief-taking. Roosevelt's whole career before coming to the White House was full of protests against that kind of shamming; time and again he has declared that enforcing of the laws now on the books was more important in an Executive's work than trying to get new laws on the books.

Roosevelt's action in the post-office business has homely and practical meaning. It means that when a thief steals from the

American government, if there is a law to punish him, the thief must prepare for trial, and if guilty go to jail.

A man whom one class of thieves hate all thieves will fear; that is why Roosevelt is regarded as an unsafe man in certain business circles, where business methods and traditions license acts which, scraped of the veneer of high finance, are mere stealing. That also is why senators, seeing one of their number hauled into court for representing a "get-rich-quick" scheme, feel uneasy lest lobbying for the Standard Oil or for the railroad trust, or for the sugar trust, or for the beef combine in the Senate, may put them to the trouble and expense of a lawsuit with the government. And finally, that is why railroad officials, who connive with congressmen to carry tons of franked congressional mail up and down their railroads during weighing time, to increase the bills against the government, get restless when a man so powerful as August W. Machen has a penitentiary sentence in front of him and thirteen untried indictments behind him. The appearance of one honest man in a group of thieves produces the instant crystallization of the group. Therefore the post-office investigation has organized against the President dishonest forces in high circles and in low circles.

The movement toward common old-fashion honesty in politics seems to be a general movement It seems to be springing from the people, and to be making itself manifest through men like Roosevelt and Bristow and Folk and Jerome and the Chicago crowd headed by 'Billy" Kent, and hundreds of lesser lights known to the people of every community; this movement is using the party system to its ends with much practical skill; and also the movement toward political decency is clearly growing strong in the great newspapers and magazines of the country.

It remains to be seen whether this movement now so plainly evident among the people toward civic honesty is merely a passing popular whim, or whether it comes from a deep-seated functional development of growing civic intelligence and a dependable civic honesty that has come to Americans with the spread of education among the people of the newer generation born since the great Civil War.

THE REALM OF ENCHANTMENT

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "KING COAL," "THE FLYING DEATH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

IN the library of his great mansion Franklin Pierce Carlton sat and gloomed at the clock. That instrument of torture for the sleepless faced him with the blank expression proper to 2 A. M. All the doors through the house stood agape, tempting a draught, and into the wide windows there drifted the whirring night-chorus of heat, sung by countless thousands of insects in the park. The suggestion of open country mocked him, for Franklin Pierce Carlton was town-bound, a slave to the interests of the Transportation Trust, whose president and dictator he was.

"They've given me a devil of a day," he growled at the calm and deliberate timepiece. "But before you're twelve hours

"Carlton sat and gloomed at the clock"

older, I'll have taught them some things they don't know."

By "them" Mr. Carlton meant certain more or less estimable gentlemen on the New York side of the great bridge, who had undertaken, by methods well comprehended of Wall Street, to pick financial flaws in his conduct of the Transportation Trust. This they had done at their peril, for the Carrier King, as he was called, was known, through biting experiences, to resent any interference with his private affairs—or public ones. A man of brisk and ready insolence was he: masterful, overbearing, and ruthless, with the philosopher's chuckle at human frailty deep in his heart. Part of which any might read in the abrupt manner, the harsh and imperative voice, and the outthrust of the solid jaw; fewer would see the underlying humor and even romance in the

sensitive nose and deep-set eyes. For, like many masters of affairs, Franklin Pierce Carlton throbbed to a vein of sentimentalism of which he was querulously impatient.

It had been a hard day for the Carrier King. Called back from vacation a week before, he had come barely in time to rescue his forces from rout at the hands of a powerful enemy. In a fight to the death Carlton had saved the day and was now laying his plans of retaliation with a vengefulness hitherto unknown in the hardest of his battles. And to-morrow was to witness the completion of the enemy's ruin, by methods that were—well, barely legal. Why not, he asked himself. Was there any scruple in them when they were winning? Then why should he halt his revenge, short of the law? As for the newspaper attacks, what harm, he demanded, nursing a very sore spot, did their screeches do any one? Now the victory was definitely his: the tension was over, and the reaction asserted itself in a mood of ill-tempered wistfulness. Within a day or two, he assured himself restlessly, he would be back in the mountains with his family. Meantime, he couldn't see why in the name of blazes he couldn't sleep.

Turning out the light he walked through the drawing-room to the balcony and looked out across the broad, empty roadway to Brooklyn's great play-place beyond, with its thick-shrubbed lawn sloping to the lake. Behind him lay the stale custom of the unresting city; before him stretched the infinite variety of the murmurous night. An unformulated desire plagued his mind: it suddenly resolved itself into a wish for a rock that he might throw it into the water and hear the splash. Franklin Pierce Carlton sighed.

"Bet I couldn't throw that far now," he thought.

The moon was just rising, full and splendid above the broken line of tree-tops, and the silvern glory, striking through the foliage, shimmered in an ecstasy of pale colors on the bend of the lake below. A wafted breath, full of the night's warm, disquieting fragrance, came to him like a message and his heart responded with a sudden pang of yearning. When Nature sends out her call, he who is bred "next to the ground" must answer in every fiber of his being. Carlton was thrilling to unrealized memories of boyhood. He drew in a deep breath of enchantment and began unconsciously to hum an old, bygone melody, that had long nestled dormant in a far corner of his brain. Then his glance fell upon a figure leaning against the railings below—his railings.

"Hey, you!" he cried, brusquely recalled to earth. "What are you doing there?"

The figure did not move, but a languid voice rising from somewhere in its vicinity said:

"Since you're so politely interested, I believe I was romancing."

"Romancing!" sneered Carlton, his ill-temper brought to a focus by an exasperating coolness in the voice and attitude. "Romance out o' that! What kind of romancing are you doing on my sidewalk at this time o' night, I'd like to know!"

"Would you, gentle sir? Then be content. I'll tell you. I was wishing—nothing original in this—that I were a boy again for about two hours."

"You don't say!" cried the Carrier King eagerly, all the animosity gone from his voice. "What'd you do then?"

"Go a-fishin'," said the voice promptly.

"Keno!" said Carlton, with a touch of awe, as his own soul's yearnings suddenly revealed and explained themselves. "Just what I was wishing, but I didn't know enough to know it. Come on up."

"You speak as one having authority," remarked the voice. "Are you the butler?"

"Never you mind what I am *now!*" returned Franklin Pierce Carlton. "The point is, I used to be a boy."

He turned up the light as his visitor met him in the hall and examined with interest a clean-shaven, athletic man, with the darkly underlined eyes of the tired worker.

"Have a Scotch," said the host. "The family's away and the butler's fired and the watchman's asleep, but there's ice in the box. Take a seat on the balcony and hang your feet over. I'll be right back and we'll have a talk—a comfortable talk."

Five minutes later he rejoined his guest with two glasses.

"Glad to see you here," he said. "But why aren't you at home and respectably in bed?"

"I haven't any home." Carlton stared in incredulous surprise at the well-made clothes and pearl scarf-pin of the stranger. "I live at a hotel. A New York hotel—home!" he sniffed scornfully. "I'm wandering to-night."

"'Sufferin' Saints! What's that?'"

"'Wow!' he yelled, and struck. Got him, by glory!'"

"You've wandered to another poor imitation of the real thing. This is what I *call* home," said the host, waving his hand disparagingly around. "But it ain't; not this night. *Not* this particular night."

"Oh, well," said the other eagerly, "I've got a home, of course, only it's so far away that it's no good to me mostly. Beats this all hollow," he added seriously. "See that bend in the lake there?" He pointed to the silvered stretch of water. "Just around that there's a low-gabled old farm-house in a grove of locust trees. A brook runs down, making a soft racket, and the shore is steep and rocky. You can't *quite* see the end of the dock from here with the little sharpie moored beyond. That's *my* cottage and *my* dock and *my* sharpie. Just around the bend," he said dreamily. "Just around the bend—three hundred miles away."

"Yes, I know—I know," said Carlton, of the Transportation Trust, in a half whisper.

"And with the moon like that, if you take the flat boat and paddle along so near shore that your inner oar flips the moths off the flowering bushes, with a rod trailing about twenty-five yards of line over the stern——"

"Baited with crawfish," interjected Carlton eagerly.

"Baited with nothing! Flies, man! Brown hackle and Silver Doctor are the best——"

"At this time of night? You talk like a fool," cried Carlton, with the bluntness that

had won him many a well-earned enemy in Wall Street. "The bass come in for crawfish at night."

"I don't care what they come in for; it's what they come out on that counts. If there were any bass in that lake—" His outstretched arm stiffened and held.

Out of the glowing surface broke a sudden turmoil. A dark body, glinting swiftly in the moonlight, shot into the air, scattering silver drops from its sides until, with a liquid plunk that stirred two boyish hearts, it disappeared under the surface.

"Five pounds if it's an ounce," exclaimed Carlton.

"If I had a rod—" began his visitor.

"In the closet—two of 'em!"

"And a boat——"

"Canoe in the basement—cedar canoe. Shipping it to-morrow to my boy."

"Tackle and flies——"

"Got 'em all up-stairs. Worms in the back yard—big, squirmy fellows."

The visitor took a long breath and Carlton burst out upon him:

"I dare you. I black-dog dare you."

"Any boy 'at 'll take a dare 'll suck eggs, and any boy 'at 'll suck eggs 'll steal sheep," quoted the other in a solemn chant.

"Jimminy-cricky!" The old boyhood oath sprang joyously to the lips of the Carrier King. "We'll have a time! What's your name?" he asked as they began their preparations.

"Ellis."

"First or last?"

"First, of course," scornfully replied the other. "What's—no; I bet I know what the boys called you," he broke off, looking at the heavy shoulders and masterful jaw. "They called you Buck."

"No, they didn't. I was only second best. The crack boy of the town's a minister now—and they say he's a corker! He ought to be along with us to-night. He was Buck. I was Nibbs. Come on down to the basement." Involuntarily the pair began to tiptoe, passing with stealthy, guilty steps down the stairs.

"Where's the paddles?" asked the visitor in hushed tones. "We want everything ship-shape before we go."

"Behind the sideboard," answered the host, ripping the burlap and cord from the canoe with a carving knife. "They're wrapped up. Lordy! I certainly do wish Buck was here. How that cuss did use to lick me! Haven't many done it since," he added with a grin.

"You likely deserved it," suggested his guest.

"Well, I had a hunch if I kept at it long enough I could turn the tables. And I did—once; but—well, I didn't fight fair. No, sir; I didn't fight fair that time. That was just before Buck went away. When I next saw him he was back from boarding-school on vacation, and I wanted to fight him again. Yes; I was out to lick him good. 'All right, Nibbs,' he said. 'But if I get you down this time I'll hammer one promise out of you!' Talk about your tough fights. Buck didn't have any eyes to see out of when he finally got my nose in the mud. 'I got enough,' I said. He slatted me one in the ear. 'You

swear hope-to-die you'll never fight anything but square again,' says he. 'Lemme up,' I says, crying. 'Hope-to-die,' he prompted, and he banged my other ear. Well, I had to promise I'd never fight unfair with him. He got up and kneed my back till I hollered. 'You promise to fight square with me or anybody else as long as you live,' he says, 'or I'll cave you in.' 'Hope to die,' says I, and he let me up.

"He was all right, that Buck," approved the other. "Where's a shovel? I'll dig some worms in case we need 'em. Get to work on the rods."

Fifteen minutes later two figures, flannel-shirted and slouch-hatted, peered out from the Carlton mansion, reconnoitering the block for the improbable policeman. Nothing in sight. Across the street they scuttled, bearing rods and bait can, which they dropped over the guardian wall of the park. Swiftly they returned and again they crossed, this time toiling under the bulk of the canoe. Toilfully they hoisted it to the coping; carefully they lowered it to the grass. Then Franklin Pierce Carlton, President of the Transportation Trust, and his unknown guest, making two determined jumps, wriggled painfully upon unaccustomed bellies to the top of the wall. A moment they poised there. Overhead the moon moved in splendor from behind a gleaming cloud and its beams bathed them in the light that never was on sea or land, the radiance of the dear days far-gone but unforgotten; the great wizard whose name is Romance waved his mystic wand, and two small boys, Nibbs and Ellis, dropped breathless and ecstatic into the Realm of Enchantment.

Given two small boys, a forbidden territory, and the poaching career undertaken —the thing must be managed with caution. Park authorities frown on uncertified Izaak Waltons within the limits of their waters, and the occasional policeman rides his mount along the roads, doing a lonely sentry-go. Spice of danger was distinct in the enterprise; two poachers savored it with joyous appreciation.

"Ellis," whispered Nibbs, as his labored breathing grew easier, "d'you think any one saw us?"

"Had my fingers crossed all the way," said Ellis. "Wait; I'll take a peek."

He projected a cautious head above the wall and hastily bobbed down again. "Somebody coming up the road," he whispered. Then, thrusting an eye above the coping, "He's coming straight for us. Must have seen us climb the wall."

"Oh, Lordy!" groaned Nibbs. "I always was the unluckiest kid!"

Ellis cowered down beside him. They heard the steps approach in a strangely broken cadence, nearer, nearer, nearer. Then a pause. Two hearts beat thickly in a medium of chilled blood. Two minds conjured up the agonizing question—had they dropped a clue on the other side of that wall? Was the rude hand of authority once more to drag them back from an untasted joy, as it had so often done in that earlier boyhood? Couldn't a fellow have *any* fun without somebody catching him at it?

"I've got to look again or I'll bust," whispered Ellis plaintively.

Creeping along to where a bush overgrew the wall, he rose in its shelter.

"What's he doing?" came the agonized query from Nibbs.

"Standing in the road, looking around. Here he comes. Now he's changed his course—he's going back to the other side of —no; he's tacking this way again. What the dickens is the matter with the man! There he goes, falling over his feet. Oh, cricky! It's only a jag!"

The uneven footsteps blundered past and died away.

"Whew!" said Nibbs with an exultant sigh. "I'd forgotten what fun it is to be really scared. Well, let's get the canoe down."

"You take the bow," said Ellis. "How's the going?"

"All clear. Nothing but grass—nice, soft, deep grass. Keep close to the shadow of the bushes."

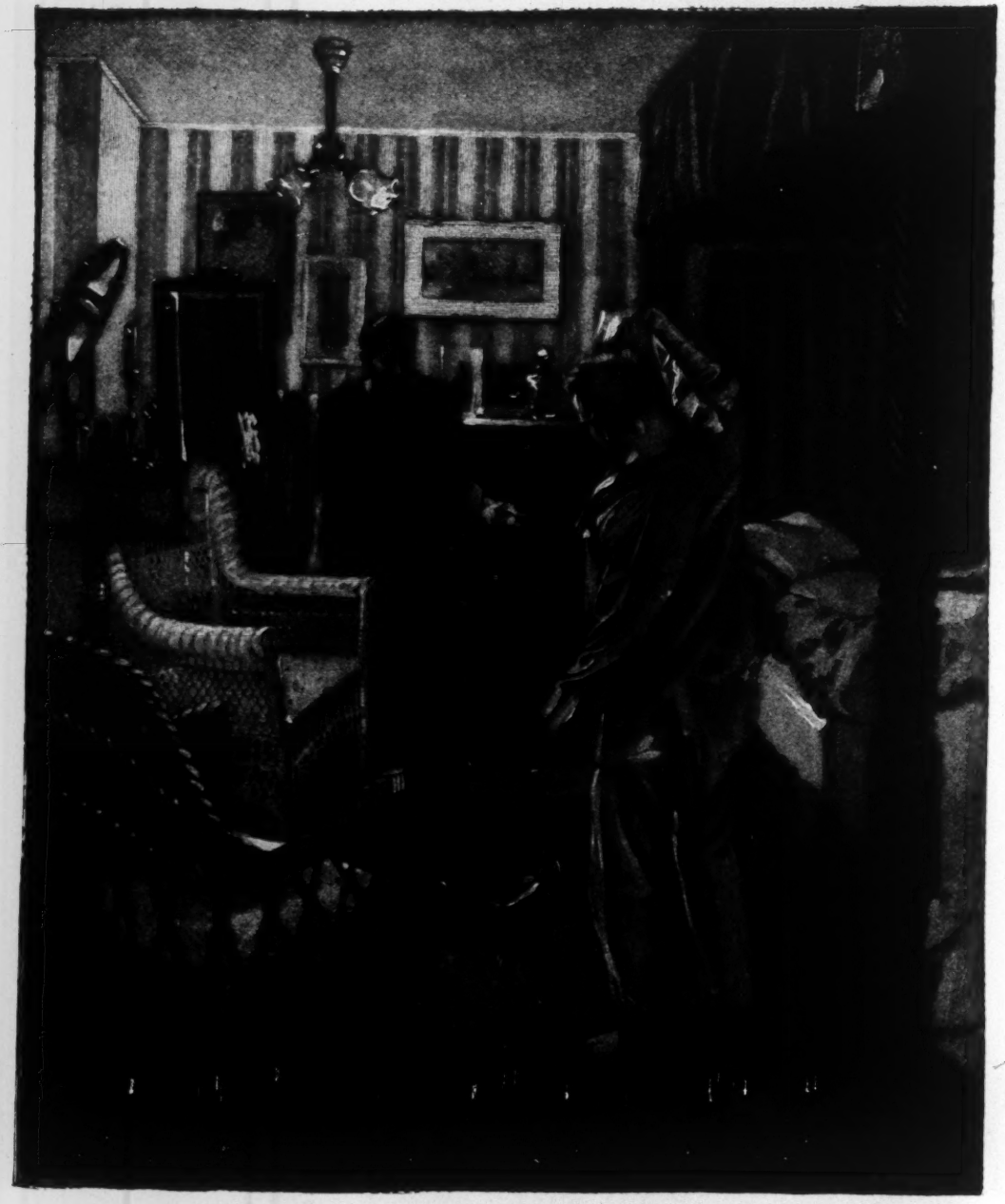
"All right. When we come to— Sufferin' Saints! What's that?"

"You fool! You dum fool!" tensely whispered Nibbs in the plaintive wrath of fillipped nerves. "Do you want to give the whole thing away? Dropping the canoe that way!"

"Well, what right's an owl got in a bush like that, a little low bush not big enough for a fair-sized sparrow," defended the other, indignant at this perversion of bird nature. "He flew right out in my face. Didn't hurt the canoe anyhow."

"Slide it if you can't carry it," said the

"Ellis fell on the fish like a half-back on a muffed punt"



"'Put that bass to bed and smother it'"

unappeased Nibbs. "Easy all. There! She's afloat. Hold her, now, while I load the truck in."

Presently the little craft, with Ellis forward and Nibbs aft, moved out from shore to somewhat clumsy paddles, into the broad moonlight.

"Great Scott! We must look big as the City Hall, if there was any one to see us," commented the stern paddle, reaching for his rod. A sharp metallic whirr cut keenly through the whispering confidences of the night.

"Quit it! Chuck it! Cheese it!" ordered Ellis with strangled violence. "Take the click off that reel. Haven't you got any sense at all?"

"Nobody's around. Anyway, they'd think it was a locust. Sounds just like a locust."

"Locust! What kind of a locust'd be singing his song this time o' night in the middle of a pond. You make me sick."

"Aw, quit your kickin' and let out your line."

Silently the boat parted the smooth water, as they paddled irregularly, paying out their lines. Then: "Isn't this great!" from Ellis.

"Certainly beats Sunday-school," answered the impious Nibbs.

"I never knew what fun a feller could have— Hi! See that cuss jump! After my fly, I'll bet a dollar!" added Ellis.

"More likely after my phantom," amended Nibbs. "I tell you, bass won't rise to a fly at night."

"Well, you just wait, and I'll show you whether they do or not. Bet you my jackknife against yours I get one on a fly tonight."

"Unsight-unseen?" cautiously inquired Nibbs.

"Yep. Unsight-unseen. Mine's an I-X-L," said Ellis. "Only one blade broken, when I last used it. (That was twenty-five years ago)," he added in parenthesis.

"I'll bet you anyway," agreed the other. "We'll troll down to the other end of the lake. Then we'll try the worms, still-fishing. Then we'll troll back."

"All hunky," assented the advocate of the fly, and the canoe glided on.

Music of the night serenaded their progress. The katydid chorus, with the crickets piping an obligato, served as a background for the deep-voiced operatic frog who sat in a watery shadow and repeated his endless chain of melody, like the prize basso in a Wagner cycle.

"I'd like to have his legs," said the practical Ellis. "Hi! Got a strike!"

There was a shrill whirr and his rod whipped back sharply. His companion saved the cranky canoe from overturning only by a sharp counter-movement to Ellis's excited leap, which brought the fisherman sprawling in the bottom. Profiting by the sudden shock, the fish leapt splendidly and shook the barb from his mouth.

"There!" cried Ellis in high dudgeon. "He's off. What'd you jerk the boat that fool way for?"

"You'd have been off if I hadn't," grimly returned the other. "D'you take this for a picnic barge, with a dancing-floor?"

"Well, that was a bass all right. I win my bet."

"You win your bet when you land him in this boat. Just around the point is where we still-fish."

Sullenly Ellis reeled in and watched his companion prepare and bait a hook.

"Aren't you going to try wums?" asked the other.

"Nah; what's the use?"

"Well, crawfish would be better—a lot better," remarked Nibbs, dropping his hook over. "But I'll back the modest wum against the gaudy fly, every time."

Pro and con they discussed the matter. Caution had been forgotten as the canoe penetrated the depths of the park, and their voices rose in the eagerness of debate. At the point of a most convincing anecdote, Nibbs broke sharply off and announced with great firmness:

"I've got one. I've certainly got one."

"Yes; and it's a whale," cried Ellis, forgetting all unworthy envy in the eagerness of true sportsmanship. "Give him line."

For a moment the battle was fierce. Then the line slackened.

"He's off," mourned Nibbs.

"No, he ain't! No, he ain't! He's coming up. Keep your line taut!"

Up came the fish, gleaming silver. Ellis caught the line, swung him in, flopping, stared, whooped, and broke into uncontrollable mirth.

"Are you going to tip the canoe over again!" demanded Nibbs angrily. "What's the matter with the fool-idiot, anyway?"

"Oh—oh—oh," groaned Ellis in spent mirth. "Look at it! Look at the face on it. It's a sucker. Sucker-fisher! Sucker-fisher! Sucker-fisher!" He pointed a derisive finger at the disgruntled angler and it wobbled half around the compass as he writhed in unholy glee.

"I'd like to give you a good punch in the nose!" said Nibbs in sheepish wrath. "How'd I know there was a sucker laying for that wum?"

"Let him off and we'll try the trolling again—unless you'd wish to land a few more suckers," added Ellis politely.

"Go on, troll," was the sullen reply. "I'll put out the phantom again."

Forth from the shadows glided the canoe. Under the roadway bridge it passed, and had hardly won to open water beyond when there was a flash in the water and Ellis's rod was almost torn from his grasp.

"Wow!" he yelled, and struck. "Got

him, by glory!" shouted he in a voice that could be heard a mile. "Whirr-urr-urr-urr!" rang the reel, spinning out its shrill melody like a challenge to the night.

Came an answering challenge, in kind from the velvet shadows.

"Powers of darkness, what was that?" gasped Nibbs.

"Don't know. Don't care. Don't give a hoot!" chirped Ellis, fighting his bass.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee!" shrilled the mysterious voice again. A dark figure appeared on the bridge.

"Jimminy crickets! A cop!" whispered Nibbs. "And he's whistling for more."

"Hey! Wotcher doin' down there?" demanded the figure.

"Don't answer," whispered Nibbs.

"*I* won't," gasped Ellis; "but how about the bass?"

And as if in reply: "Whirr-urr-urr-urr!" rasped the reel again.

"We've got to cut for it," said Nibbs. "Get your paddle!"

"And leave this five-pounder? Not on your life!"

Up went the bass, shimmering and glorious into the air, and came down with a convincing plop! In truth, who could have left such a bass?

"If-you-want-to-go, go-wan," jerked Ellis, keeping his eyes upon his line where it cut a silver gash in the black water; "I'll step out."

"You don't know how deep it is," cried Nibbs.

"No; and I don't care! I'll swim ashore with the rod in my teeth before——"

"Hey, youse! Come out o' that. I see ye!"

"Lordy! We're nailed," shivered Nibbs. "Let's skin out, Ellis," he pleaded. "Here he comes down the bank."

An ominous crash in the bushes beyond them added force to his warning.

"Get your paddle out and start her," whispered Ellis tensely. "Keep under the shadow of the trees and he won't see us."

"If we can get around the turn we'll skin him yet," answered Nibbs. "Look out, there. Give him the butt. He's rushing."

"There he goes again!" exulted Ellis as the powerful fish shot up into the air. "Now, I'll get him in."

"Whirrr-rrr-rrr-rrr!" sounded the reel. "Whee-ee-ee-ee!" replied the shriller note again and waked a far reply.

"Come on," implored Nibbs; "the whole force'll be on us in a minute."

"Dum the whole force and you too! Now for it."

There was a flurry in the water, a quick dash of the landing net, and the fish lay flopping in the canoe.

"Same old bully five-pounder!" cried Ellis. "I'll take that jack-knife. Now for the paddle."

The canoe bounded forward into an exposed patch of water, and at the same time the policeman's figure appeared on a rock at the lake's edge.

"Come ashore! Drop them oars or I'll shoot."

"He won't dare, the measly pup!" growled Nibbs.

"Stoop low," replied Ellis, putting all his strength on the paddle. The bullet sang over them. A second went flump! in the water to starboard.

"One more's all I'll give him," panted Nibbs, digging his blade deep, and, as the canoe swung around the little point, the lead cut sharply through a bush ten yards away.

"Rotten shooting!" Nibbs's taunt rang loud and clear.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee!" The whistle rang clearer and very close; this time from the darkness off the port bow.

"He's started his mate," said Ellis, laughing recklessly. "It's going to be a devil of a chase."

"Whee-ee-ee-ee." This time the whistle came from abeam of them on the starboard shore.

"That's number 3. Three's a crowd! Closing in, sure!" observed Nibbs, breathing short as he set his muscles to the paddle. "Neither of 'em can head us off, though."

"You're the captain; what do we do?"

"Paddle like blazes. The lake broadens ahead of us. It's thick on shore; underbrush—good hedgy underbrush. That'll take their time when they try to follow."

"Land where we started from?"

"Yep, and make a rush for it."

Twenty rods away to the left the bushes crackled. A voice came from the darkness.

"All right. I see 'em." Then through cupped hands: "Get down to the end and head 'em off. I'm following up this shore."

"Follow and see how you like it," grunted Nibbs. "You'll hit a hard trail."

For a time the rustle of the bushes progressed swiftly. Then came a flop, as of a heavy body falling, and deep curses.

"That's the tangle of prickly pears," chuckled Nibbs. "There's a hill of smooth rock beyond. He's out of the chase. Wonder where the other mutt is?"

"Hey, Bill!" It was the voice of the sharpshooter. "That you? What's the matter?"

Bill uplifted his voice, filling the fair night with profanity. "Terry's on the other shore. Anyways, I guess it's Terry," he concluded.

"Then our point is whether Terry comes out in front or astern of us," commented Ellis, swinging to his stroke.

And Terry came out, bulked huge and black on a bare point of land safely astern, with the set question of the force on his lips: "Wot's the matter here?"

"Steer in for the shadows to port and put all you've got in it!" whispered Nibbs. "He might shoot."

He did shoot. Followed a yell.

"Look out, you —— fool! I'm over here." The fellow officer on the opposite bank was still struggling among the prickly pears. "Whyn't you run fer the end like I told you," with more reflections on the heritage and character of Terry.

"Nibbs," panted Ellis, "I'm pretty near done."

"We're almost there; keep it up, old man. A few more strokes. Look out!"

Up rose the bow of the canoe. Over it tilted further, further, further. A splash. That was Nibbs. Another splash. That was Ellis. A wild flurry in the water. That was the bass. Ellis fell on the fish like a half-back on a muffed punt.

"I've got him," he spluttered. "What was it?"

"Rock. Never saw it till we were on top. Lucky it's shallow."

They floundered to land, Ellis gripping his prey. "What about the canoe?" he panted.

"Leave it. We've got to run. Drop your fish." Ellis was gnawing through the fish-line.

"I can carry him," he puffed. "Do we go straight ahead?"

"Little to the right. Gosh! Here they come."

The crashing of the bushes as the pursuers approached sounded very close. Ahead of the fugitives rose the hill, surmounted by the wall. Breathless from their race, heavy with their water-soaked clothes, they attacked it. Oh, the heart-breaking pang of that ascent! Oh, the compressed breath, bursting from the lungs! Oh, the surging blood that clogged the arteries of the throat and knocked with hammer strokes on the ear-drums! And, oh, the hounds of the outraged law, hot upon the trail!

Nibbs, in the lead, slipped and fell; would have lain there spent had not the slighter Ellis hauled him to his feet by the collar. Together the two fugitives reached the wall. Ellis, dropping his bass, boosted Nibbs up. He picked up the fish and followed. For a moment the two frightened poachers balanced prone on the wall. Behind them a policeman's whistle again pierced the darkness. It was answered from up the street. A passing cloud blotted the moon; the light that never was on sea or land, the radiance of the dear days far-gone but unforgotten, faded out; the great wizard whose name is Romance once more waved his wand, but something of his mystic spell still held as Franklin Pierce Carlton, President of the Transportation Trust, hatless, breathless, puffing, wild-eyed, dropped into the street and staggered across into his own basement, followed by his unknown guest in like plight, but still pluckily clasping to his bosom the five-pound bass. The door clanged behind them.

Down the street came the last policeman on a run. Over the wall toiled another. In three minutes four of them were imperiously demanding entrance. A second-floor window went up.

"Well, what's the matter?" The voice was that of President Carlton, the Carrier King, calm, assured, even—but the chest under it was at that very instant struggling out from the embrace of a wet and clammy shirt.

"There's burglars in your house. Just ran in."

"Bless my soul! You don't tell me. I'll be right down." In a whisper: "Ellis, chuck your shoes, get down and open the back door."

"I left it open," replied Ellis in the same tone.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Mr. Carlton as his trousers flopped heavily on the floor.

"Hurry up!" yelled the Majesty of the Law, outside. "They're in the house now."

"Coming, coming," said Mr. Carlton,

throwing his socks and shoes under the bed and diving into a suit of pajamas.

"What do I do?" whispered his guest.

"Put that bass to bed and smother it! Then go to bed with it." For the bass was now flopping around the floor.

Shivering in the cold proximity of the fish, the guest heard his host run down-stairs and then his exclamations of surprise at finding that his canoe had been stolen. "Yes; and the rascals have taken my fishing rods—two best rods I've got. Why, this is the most barefaced robbery I've ever heard of."

He heard the diminishing voices of the police as they followed the trail through the open rear door. Then his accomplice in crime stood before him.

"Give me the fish," said he. "Isn't he a corker! We'll send him to the club for breakfast. You'll spend the night here. My name's Carlton, Franklin P. Carlton. Who are you when you're sane?"

"My name's Ellis Smith. I'm the editor ——"

Carlton broke in, his face grown a dull red. "You're the editor of that rag—that yellow rag that's been attacking me."

"I've been attacking your methods," said the other quietly.

"Who in hell are you to judge my methods? What do you know of what I've had to fight——"

"Why don't you fight fair then—as you promised Buck?"

"What do you know about Buck?" cried Carlton. A sudden light gleamed in his eye. He stepped forward. "You—*you're* not Buck Smith."

"No," said the other smiling. "I'm his kid brother, Ellis. I used to go to the old Owasco School—after your time. Do I take my bass and go home?"

There was a long pause.

"No," said Carlton. "Put the bass in the bath-tub and go to bed." He mused for a moment, then sighed. "Well, we've had a night of it, Ellis," he said at last. "And now I have to work."

"To-night?" said the other in surprise.

"Yep; I've got a new fight on to-morrow. And don't you worry, this time it'll be a fair fight, too, by the Lord Harry, and no favor! Write me out Buck's address, will you? Thanks. Good-night."

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY: PART TWO

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

CHAPTER VII

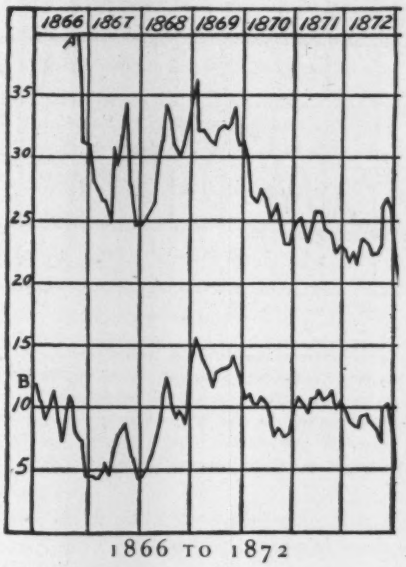
THE PRICE OF OIL

FOR nearly two years readers of this History have been following the series of operations which Mr. John D. Rockefeller inaugurated over thirty years ago, in order to realize his Great Purpose—the control of the output of refined oil in the United States. It is quite possible that in keeping the attention fixed so long on Mr. Rockefeller's oil campaign many readers have forgotten the reason why it was undertaken. The reason was made

clear enough at the start by Mr. Rockefeller himself. He and his colleagues went into their first venture, the South Improvement Company, not simply because it was a quick and effective way of putting everybody but themselves out of the refining business, but because, everybody but themselves being put out, they could control the output of oil and put up its price. "There is no man in this country who would not quietly and calmly say that we ought to have a better price for these goods," the secretary of the South Improvement Company told the Congressional Committee which examined him when it objected to a combination for raising prices.

Four years after the failure of the first great scheme, a similar one went into effect. What was its object? Mr. J. J. Vandergrift, one of the directors, questioned once under oath as to what they meant to do, said "simply to hold up the price of oil—to get all we can for it." Nobody pretended anything else at the time. "The refiners and shippers who are in the association intend there shall be no competition"—"It is a struggle for a margin"—"The scope of the Association is an attempt to control the refining of oil with the ultimate purpose of advancing its price and reaping a rich harvest in profits." These are some of the comments of the contemporary press. The published interviews with the leaders confirm these opinions. Mr. Rockefeller, always discreet in his remarks, denied that the scheme was to make a "corner" in oil; it was "to protect the oil capital against speculation and to regulate prices." Mr. H. H. Rogers was more explicit: "The price of oil to-day is fifteen cents per gallon (March, 1875). The proposed allotment of business would probably advance the price to twenty cents. . . . Oil to yield a fair profit should be sold for twenty-five cents per gallon."

What was the exact status of this refining business out of which it was necessary to make more in the year 1871 when the first scheme to control it was hatched? The simplest and safest way to study this question is by means of the chart of prices on pages 534–535.* On this chart the line A shows the variation in the average monthly price, per gallon, of export oil in barrels in New York, from 1866 to June 1, 1904. The line B shows the average monthly price, per gallon, of crude oil in bulk at the wells. A glance at the chart will show the difference or margin between the two prices. It is out of this difference that the refiner must pay the cost of transporting, manufacturing, barreling, and marketing his product and get his profits. Now, in 1866, the year after Mr. Rockefeller first went into business, he had, as this chart shows, an average annual difference of 35 cents a gallon between what he paid for his oil and what he sold it for. In 1867 he had from 26½ to 20 cents; in 1868 from 20 to 22½; in 1869, from 21 to 18; in 1870, from 20 to 15.



1866 TO 1872

Fragment of oil chart showing decline of margin between crude and refined oil in the first seven years after the pipe-line was proved practical. Notice sudden rise in refined oil in 1872 caused by the first Refiners' Association.

There were many reasons why this margin fell so enormously in these years. All of the refiners' expenses had rapidly decreased. In 1866 but two railroads came into the oil country; by 1872 there were four connections, and freights fell in consequence. In 1866 carrying oil from the wells by pipe-lines was first practised with success, thus saving the tedious and expensive operation of teaming. Equal advances had been made in other departments. Fewer cars were loaded with barrels; tank cars, for carrying in bulk, had been invented. The wooden tank for storage had been replaced by the iron tank, holding twenty or thirty thousand barrels. From beginning to end the business had been developed, systematized, simplified. The margin fell because of this.

*Adapted from chart printed in Volume I of Report of Industrial Commission and brought up to date.

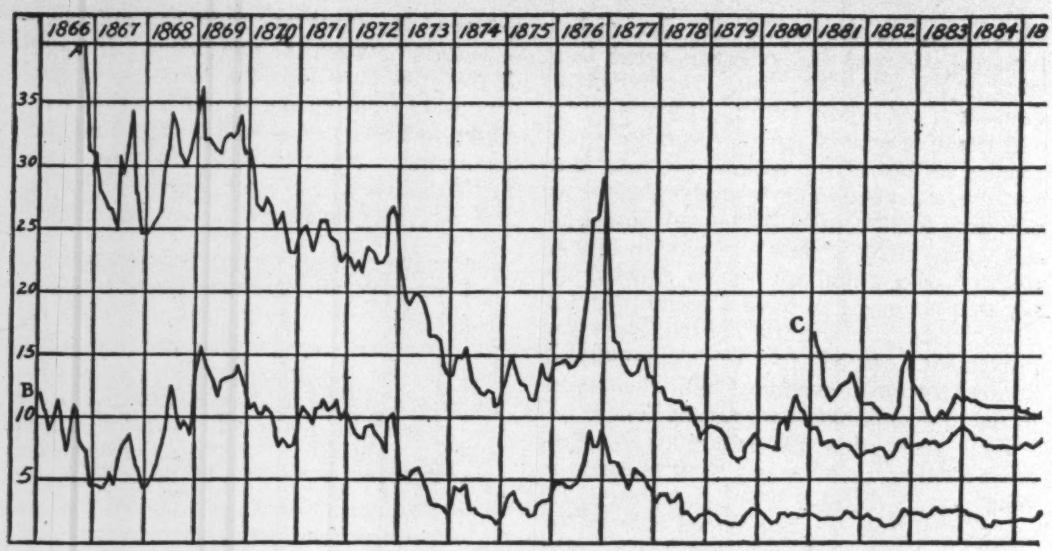


CHART SHOWING PRICE OF

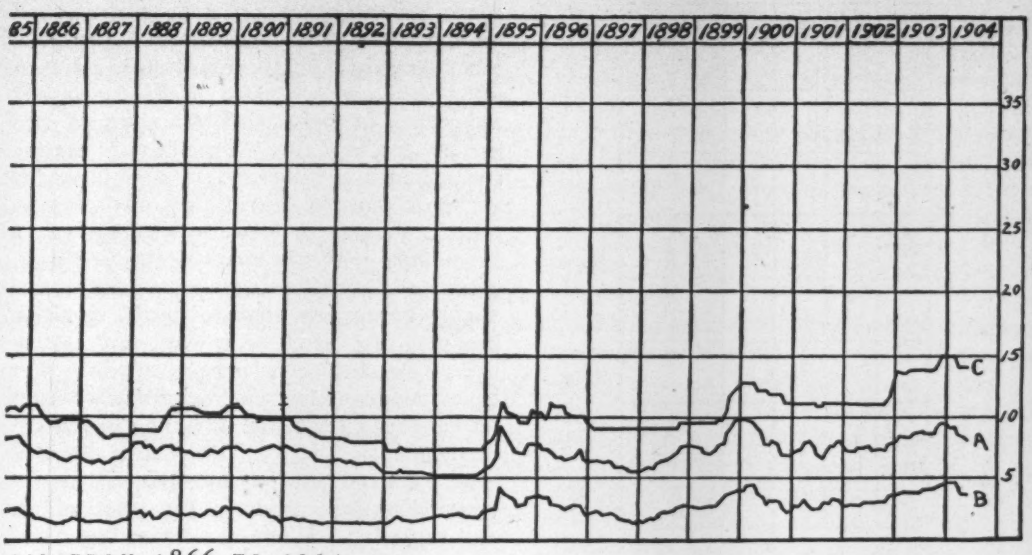
The above chart is adapted from one published in the Reports of the Industrial Commission, Vol. I, 1900—and is brought figures on which the export and crude lines are based are those taken from the "Oil City Derrick Hand-Book." Those on
A, shows the variations in the price per gallon of refined oil for export in barrels in New York. The price of barrels varies
B, shows the variations in the price per gallon of crude oil in bulk at the wells.
C, shows the variations in the price per gallon of water white oil (150° test) in barrels in New York. This is the usual
The margin or difference between the price of crude and refined is easily calculated. Thus at the end of 1876 the crude line

But not only were the expenses coming down, so were the profits. The money which had been made in refining oil had led to a rapid multiplication of refineries at all the centers. In 1872 there was a daily refining capacity of about 46,000 barrels in the country, and the daily consumption of that year had been but 15,000 barrels. This large capacity produced the liveliest competition in selling and every year the margin of profit grew smaller.

Now, it is natural that men should struggle to keep up a profit. The refiners had become accustomed to making from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent., and even more, on every gallon of oil they put out. As their new industry slowly but surely came under the laws of trade, increased its production, was subjected to severe competition, as they saw themselves, in order to sustain their business, forced to practise economies and to accept smaller profits, they loudly complained, and in 1871, as we have seen, Mr. Rockefeller and a few of his friends combined to put an end to competition by getting all the refineries of the country under their control and thereafter to make only so much oil as they could sell at their own interpretation of a paying price.

There was not enough profit in the margin of 1871. Now, what was this profit? According to the best figures accessible of the cost of oil refining at that day, the man who sold a gallon of oil at 24¼ cents (the average official price for that year) made a profit of not less than 1¼ cents—52½ cents a barrel.* Mr. Josiah Lombard, a large independent refiner of New York City, when questioned by the Congressional Committee which in 1872 looked into Mr. Rockefeller's scheme for making oil dearer, said that his concern was making money on this margin. "We could ship oil and do very well." Mr. A. H. Tack told the Congressional Committee of 1888 which was trying to find out why he had been obliged to go out of the refining business in 1873, that he could have made 12 per cent. on his capital with a profit of ten cents a barrel. Scofield, Schurmer and Teagle, of Cleveland, made a profit of 34 cents a barrel in 1875, and cleared $40,000 on an investment of $65,000. Fifty-two cents a barrel profit then was certainly not to be despised. The South Improvement Company gentlemen were not modest in the matter of profits, however, and they launched the scheme whose basic principles have figured so largely in the development of the Standard Oil Trust.

*Figures used in computing this profit are from the Oil City *Derrick* of the period, and from practical oil refiners of that day.



OIL FROM 1866 TO 1904

up to date. The figures at the right and left stand for the price per gallon in cents. The dates are placed at the top. The
which the water white line is based are from the "Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter."
slightly, but is usually estimated at 2½ cents per gallon.

domestic oil.
shows the price of crude to be about 9 cents—the price of refined about 29; the margin was therefore 20 cents.

The success which Mr. Rockefeller had in getting the refiners of the country under his control and the methods he took to do it we have traced. It will be remembered that for a brief period in 1872 and 1873 he held together an association pledged to curtail the output of oil, but that in July, 1873, it went to pieces.* It will be recalled that three years after, in 1875, he put a second association into operation, which in a year claimed a control of 90 per cent. of the refining power of the country, and in less than four years controlled 95 per cent.† This large percentage Mr. Rockefeller has not been able to keep, but, from 1879 to the present day, there has not been a time when he has not controlled over 80 per cent. of the oil manufacturing of the country. To-day he controls about 83 per cent.

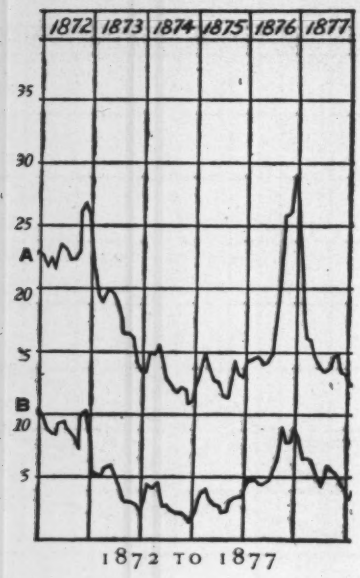
Now it is generally conceded that the man or men who control over 70 per cent. of a commodity, control its price—within limits, very strict limits too, such is the force of economic laws. In the case of the Standard Oil Company the control is so complete that the price of oil, both crude and refined, is actually issued from its headquarters.

Now, with the help of the chart, let us see what Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues have been able to do from 1872 to 1904 with their power over the price of oil. The first association which worked was brought about late in 1872. What happened? Prices for refined oil were run up from 23 cents a gallon in June to 27 cents a gallon in November and the margin increased from 13.6 cents to 16.7 cents. From a profit of about 1½ cents a gallon they rose to one of over 4 cents. Unfortunately, however, the refiners of that period were not educated to the self-restraint necessary to carry out this scheme. They very soon failed to keep down their output of oil and overstocked the market and the whole machine went to pieces. Mr. Rockefeller had been able to make oil dear for a short time, but only a short time. Worse than that, what he had been able to do brought severe public condemnation. It had, indeed, produced exactly the result the economists tell us too high prices must produce—limitation of the market and stimulation of competition in rival goods.

As the diagram shows, the margin dropped rapidly back after this brief success from 18 to 13 cents, nor did it stay there. With the return of competition, in the fall of 1873, it continued to drop rapidly. By the end of the year it was down to 11 cents; by the end

*See McClure's Magazine for February, 1903.

†See McClure's Magazine for March, 1903.



Fragment of oil chart showing decline in margin after the failure of the Refiners' Association in 1872 and the abnormal increase in the margin in 1876, when the next combination was perfected.

of 1874 to 9. What had done it? A decline in expenses, coming from the multiplication of pipe-lines, reduction in freight charges, and free competition in the markets. Nothing else.

In spite of the obvious economic effects of his scheme in 1872, Mr. Rockefeller did not give up his theory that to make oil dear was for the good of the business. He went steadily ahead, developing quietly his plan of a union of all refiners, pledged to limit their output of oil to an allotment he should assign, to accept the freight rates he should arrange for, to buy and sell at the prices he set. It was a year before the alliance was nearly enough complete to make its power felt. By the summer of 1876 it claimed to have nine-tenths of the refiners of the country in line. At that time a situation rose in the crude oil market well calculated to help it in its intention to raise prices. This was a falling off in the production of crude oil. By March of 1876 there was strong confidence that the price of crude oil must advance. By June the Oil City *Derrick* began to prophesy "$3 oil" and to advise the oil men to hold their crude for that price. In August $3 was reached on the Oil City exchange. It had been nearly four years since that price had been paid for oil. Four years before $3 had seemed to the oil men a starvation price, but now it seemed a fortune, and the day that point was reached on the exchange (August 25) the brokers fairly went mad. Of course refined oil went up steadily with crude. Refined reached 21⅜ cents in New York the day of this boom at Oil City. The day following, the advance in crude between the time the exchange opened and closed was over 55 cents. Refined in New York advanced in accordance with the market on the Creek, closing at 24 cents. This went on for several days, when a new element in the situation began to force itself on the oil men's attention. One of the chief reasons on which they based their confidence in high prices for crude oil was the fact that the foreigners were short of refined oil. It was the custom then, as now, for exporters to buy their oil for the winter European trade in the late summer and early fall. When the boom began the harbor of New York was beginning to fill up with ships for cargoes; but, to the consternation of the oil men intent on keeping up the boom, the exporters were refusing to buy. They were declaring the price to which refined had risen to be out of proportion to the price of crude. More, they declared the latter a speculative price—only once, they argued, had it touched $4 on exchange, and the refiners were not buying at that price for manufacture. They were holding their oil too high. It was early in September when the realization came upon the Oil Regions that a new element was in the problem—a veritable blockade in exports. As the days went on they saw that this was no temporary affair. They saw that Mr. Rockefeller's combination was at last carrying out just what it had been organized to do—forcing the price it wanted for refined. Day after day refined was held at 26 cents. Day after day the exporters refused to buy. It was not until the end of September, in fact, that they began to yield—as it was inevitable they should do, for the game was certainly in the hands of the refiners and Europe had to have its light. The exporters began to see, too, that if they held off longer they might have to pay higher prices, for it was rumored that the Standard combination was shutting down its factories, literally making refined scarce, while crude oil was piling up in Pennsylvania!

With the yielding of the exporters exactly what they feared occurred—the price was raised! The exporters balked again. The matter began to attract public attention.

The *New York Herald* was particularly active in airing the situation and did not hesitate to denounce it as a "Petroleum Plot." The leaders were interviewed, among them Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller still held to his theory that to make oil dear was worthy of public approval. They had aimed to control the price of oil in a perfectly legitimate way, he told the *Herald* reporter, and the exporters would have to yield to their prices. By the end of October New York harbor was full of vessels—a mute protest against the corner—and it was not until November that the exporters fully gave in and began to take all the oil they could get at prices asked, which ranged from 26 to 35 cents. And these prices were held throughout the winter of 1876-77, up to February 22.

The winter's work was a great one for the Standard combination. It not only demonstrated that Mr. Rockefeller was correct in his theory that the way to make oil dear was to refuse to sell it cheap, but not since the coup of 1872, with the South Improvement Company, had Mr. Rockefeller reaped such rewards. The profits were staggering. One of the leading gentlemen in this pretty affair told the writer once that he had sold one cargo at 35 cents a gallon, oil which cost him on board the ship a trifle under 10 cents. Today ¼ a cent profit a gallon is considered large on export oil. The Standard Oil Company of Ohio had always paid a good dividend* but the year of this raid, 1877, it surpassed all bounds. On a capitalization of $3,500,000 it paid $3,248,650.01, only a fraction less than 100 per cent. One of its stockholders, the late Samuel Andrews, when on the witness stand in 1879, said they might have paid the dividend twice over and had money to spare.

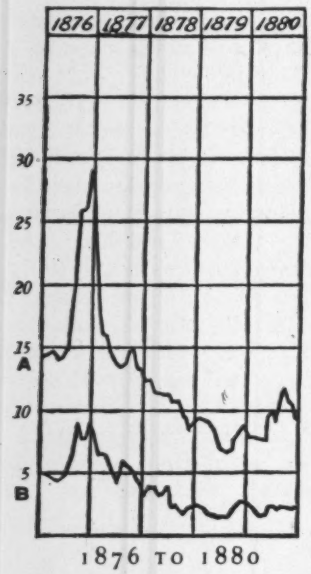
The profits were great, but notice the forces set in motion by this coup. The exporters were angry. The buyers in Europe were angry. If the Americans are going to force up prices in this way, they said, we will not buy their refined oil. We will import their crude and refine it ourselves. We will go back to shale oil. A first result, then, of this attempt to hold prices up to a point conspicuously out of proportion to the raw product was that the exports of illuminating oil fell off—they were less by a million gallons in 1878 than in 1877. In the United States the market was threatened in the same way. There had been much trouble in the years just preceding these events with extortionate prices for gas—particularly in New York and Brooklyn. Illuminating oil was so much cheaper that it had been largely substituted, but this artificial forcing of the oil market in 1876–77 caused a threat to return the next year to gas.

The effect on the refiners who were operating with Mr. Rockefeller in running arrangements was decidedly bad. Each refiner was under bonds to use only a certain percentage of his capacity and to shut down entirely if Mr. Rockefeller said so. Scofield, Schurmer and Teagle, independents of Cleveland, who had yielded to the attractiveness of Mr. Rockefeller's scheme and had gone into a running arrangement with him to limit their output, made $2.52 a barrel on their oil from July, 1876, to July, 1877! They had been satisfied with 34 cents profit a barrel the year before. Since making oil paid so well why not make more? Why keep their allotment down to exactly 85,000 barrels, as they had agreed, when they were prepared to make 180,000? They did not. They put out a few extra thousand barrels each year. Others did the same. It was, of course, fatal to the "good of the oil business." Not only did these profits tempt many refiners to overrun their allotment, the few independents left profited by the prices and increased their plants, the great Empire Transportation Company combined refineries with its pipe-lines as Mr. Rockefeller was adding pipe-lines to his refineries. Thus competition was stimulated.

The effect on the men who produced oil was, of course, bad. They had found it impossible at any time, while the refined was kept so high, to force crude up to a corresponding point, though every effort was made. The producers threatened to combine and refine their own oil. When the Empire Transportation Company went into refining, the producers heartily favored the movement and throughout the next year a severe competition kept prices down. The Empire was finally wiped out; the producers, aroused by this failure, combined against the Standard in one of the greatest associations they ever had. From 1878 to 1880 they fought continuously to restore competition. They secured the introduction into Congress

*According to the statement of the Standard Oil Company, made in a suit for taxes brought by the State of Pennsylvania in 1881, it declared dividends as follows: In 1873, year ending the first Monday in November, $347,610.00; in 1874, $358,605.00; in 1876 (the capital stock was raised from two and a half millions to three and a half millions in 1875), $514,230.00; in 1876, $501,285.00; in 1877, $3,248,650.01; in 1878, $875,000.00; in 1879, $3,150,000.00; in 1880, $1,050,000.00.

of a bill to regulate interstate commerce; they fought for more drastic laws against railroad discrimination in the state of Pennsylvania; they persuaded the state to prosecute the Pennsylvania Railroad for discrimination; they indicted Mr. Rockefeller and eight of his colleagues for criminal conspiracy; and they supported by money and influence a scheme for a seaboard pipe-line connected with the independent refineries.



Fragment of chart showing decline in margin after the coup of 1876–1877, caused by alliance of independent oil men and the success of the first seaboard pipe-line.

If one will look at the chart he will see graphically the effect on Mr. Rockefeller's ambition of this fundamentally sound independent movement. The margin between crude and refined, thrust up to over 20 cents by the combination of 1876, fell rapidly under the combined efforts of the independents, through 1877, 1878, and 1879. In the latter year it touched 5 cents for the first time in the history of the business. Competition resulting in economies, in a revolutionizing transportation invention — the seaboard pipe-line—in a greatly extended foreign market—brought down this margin in 1879, nothing else.

Those who have read this history know what became of the competitive movement of these years of 1877–79. They remember how the producers' movement compromised its suits and abandoned its efforts for interstate commerce regulation. They remember too, how, just before the great seaboard pipe-line project was proved to be a success, all but one of the independent refineries were, by one means or another, persuaded to sell or to combine with the Standard, leaving the Tidewater without an outlet for its oil. Before the end of 1879 the Standard claimed 95 per cent. of the refining business. Now examine the chart for the effect on the price of oil in 1880, of this doing away with competition—another sudden uplift of the price of refined, this time without the excuse of a rise or probable rise in crude. For three years oil had not been sold so high as it was in 1880, when the exporters began to take on their winter's supply.* But this time the exporters were less pliant. The performance of 1876 and 1877 was not forgotten in Europe. In 1879 the exporters and buyers from all the great foreign markets had met in Bremen in an indignation meeting over

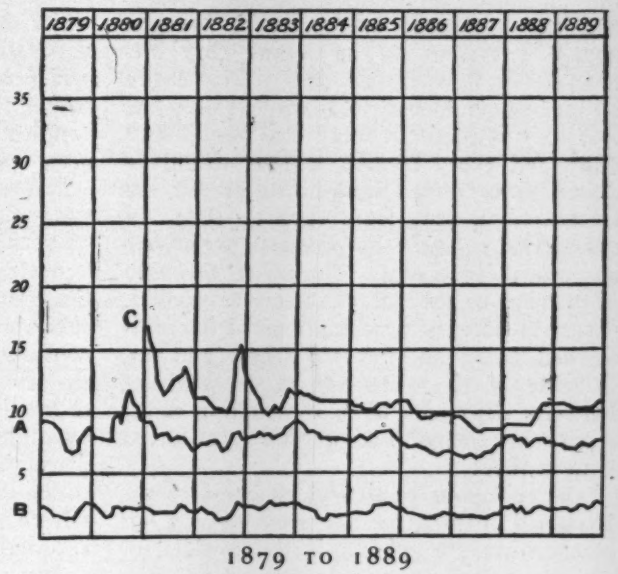
*An interesting contemporary account of this coup of 1880 and the way in which it was managed is found in the excellent monthly "Petroleum Trade Report," published by John C. Welch. It is dated November, 1880, and headed "Very Sharp Practice."

"There is made each day in New York what is known as an official quotation for refined oil; this official quotation being made as a matter of convenience in cabling the price of refined oil throughout the world. Refined oil not being sold at an open board it is sometimes difficult to quote it accurately, but by having an 'official quotation' this can be quoted and the difficulty is supposed to be, in a measure at least, remedied. The 'official quotation' is made by three petroleum brokers appointed by the Produce Exchange for that purpose, who meet each day after exchange hours for the purpose of establishing it. There is one party, and one party only, that have very large lots to sell, and so important a position do they hold in the business that their prices are ordinarily the market. Of course to make transactions their prices and buyers' prices have to come together, and transactions establish a market much better than prices offered to buy or sell at but without transactions. At many times, if the Standard do not sell there are no transactions and, consequently, the Standard's asking price is leaned upon to establish an official quotation. During September the official quotation went up from 9⅜ cents to 11⅞ cents, with comparatively little demand, as the foreign stocks were large, and very little oil was required to supply the world's wants. The upward movement was, consequently, purely arbitrary. Arbitrary prices are, however, a part of the Standard's every-day life and I am not taking at this time any exception to them. All through October and up to November 13, the official quotation was 12 cents, or sometimes a little over and sometimes a little under, and as this price did not meet the views of buyers to but slight extent the Standard were supposed to be exercising a Roman virtue in not selling. Twelve cents continued as the official quotation to November 13, without any wavering, but from the 13th to the 18th, while '12 cents asked by refiners' continued in the quotation, such sentences as these were included at different dates: 'Other lots obtainable at 11 cents.' 'Sales at 10½ cents, offered at that.' 'Other lots obtainable at irregular prices, from 10 to 10½ cents.' On November 18 the quotation was '10 to 12 cents.' I give the following quotation of the New York refined market as published in my Oil City daily report of November 11. 'The New York market yesterday closed, secretly offered and unsaleable at 11½ cents, and probably at 11¼ cents by resales and outside refiners, and likely by Standard, though they openly ask 12.'"

The point that seems apparent is that the official quotation of 12 cents ceased to be an honest quotation a considerable time before it was abandoned. The committee making the quotation can probably justify their position by the custom of the trade of regarding the prices the Standard openly ask as the market, nevertheless they, and the Produce Exchange whom they represent, were the bulwark from behind which the Standard were able to get off their hot shot against the consuming trade in the United States and the consuming trade in Europe, who all this time were buying Standard oil on the basis of 12 cents at New York, the supplies at the time being drawn from their stock in Europe and from their various depots in the United States.

the way the Standard was handling the oil business. Remonstrances came from the consuls at Antwerp and Bremen to our State Department, concerning even the quality of oil which had been sent to Europe by the Standard. John C. Welch, who was abroad in 1879, was told by a prominent Antwerp merchant: "I am of the opinion that if the petroleum business continues to be conducted as it has been in the past in Europe, it will go to smash."*

The attempt to repeat in 1880 what had been done in 1876, failed. The exports of illuminating oil that year fell much below what they had been the year before. In 1879 three hundred and sixty-five million gallons of refined oil were exported—in 1880, only two hundred and eighty-six million gallons. Exports of crude, on the contrary, rose from about twenty-eight million gallons to nearly thirty-seven million gallons. The foreigners could export and refine their own oil cheaper than they could buy from Mr. Rockefeller. Competition was after him too, for the Tidewater, whose refineries he had cut off, had stored their oil, built new plants, and were again ready to compete in the market.



Fragment of chart showing how margin reached in 1879 by competition was raised and sustained for ten years under the monopoly achieved by the Standard Oil Company in 1880. The sudden rise in refined in fall of 1880 was a purely arbitrary price. Notice that crude was stationary at the time.

This third corner of the oil market seems to have convinced Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues at last that, however great the fun and profits of making oil very dear, in the long run it does not pay; that it weakens markets and stimulates competition. Again and again the effect of the experiences of 1872, 1876, and 1880 crops out in the testimony of Standard officials. Mr. Benjamin Brewster once said to a Federal investigating committee, which had asked if the Standard could not fix the price of oil as it wished: "At the moment many things may be done, but the reaction is like a relapse of typhoid fever. The Standard Oil Company can never afford to sell goods dear. The people would go to dipping tallow candles in the old-fashioned way if we got the price too high." The after effects of the first great raids then were salutary. The Standard learned the limitations set on monopolies by certain great economic laws.

But if the Standard Oil Company learned in its first attempts to raise the price of oil, that they could not in the long run afford to make from 100 to 350 per cent., they by no means gave up their attempt to keep their control and to hold up profits as high as they could without injuring the market or inviting too strong competition.

If one will look at the chart showing the fluctuations from 1879, when control was achieved, to the beginning of 1889, one will find that for ten years the margin between refined oil and crude never fell below the point reached by competitive influences in the former year, though frequently it rose considerably above. Yet it is in this period that the Standard did all its great work in extending markets, in developing by-products, and in introducing the small and varied economies on which it rests its claim to be a great public benefactor. The first eight years of its existence had been spent in bold and relentless warfare on its competitors. Competition practically out of the way, it set all its great energies to developing what it had secured. In this period it brought into line the foreign markets and aided in increasing the exports of illuminating oil from 365,000,000 gallons in 1879 to 455,000,000 in 1888; of lubricating from 3,000,000 to 24,000,000, and yet this great

*Report of Hepburn Committee, 1879.

extension of the volume of business profited the consumer nothing. In this period it laid hands on the idea of the Tidewater, the long distance pipe-lines for transporting crude oil, and so rid itself practically of the railroads, and yet this immense economy profited the public nothing. In spite of the immense development of this system and the enormous economies it brought about—a system so important that Mr. Rockefeller himself has said, "The entire oil business is dependent upon this pipe-line system. Without it every well would shut down and every foreign market would be closed to us"—the margins never fell the fraction of a cent from 1879 to 1889. In this period, too, the by-products of oil were enormously increased. The waste, formerly as much as 10 per cent. of the crude product, was reduced until practically all of the oil is worked up by the Standard people, and yet, in spite of the extension of by-products between 1879 and 1889, the margin never went below the point competition had forced it to in 1879.

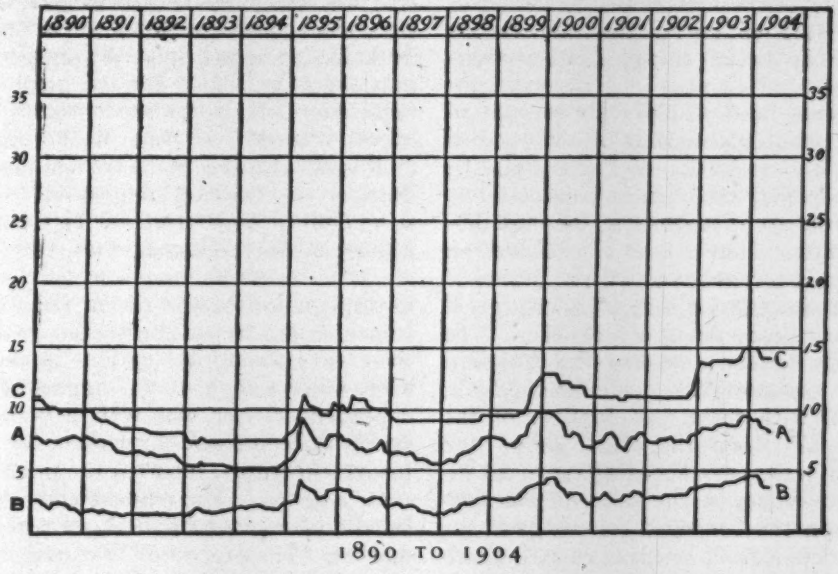
The enormous profits which came to the Standard in these ten years by keeping out competition are evident if we consider for a moment the amount of business done. The exports of illuminating oil in this period were nearly five billions of gallons; of this the Standard handled well towards 90 per cent. Consider what sums lay in the ability to hold up the price on such an amount even an eighth of a cent a gallon. Combine this control of the price of refined oil with the control over the crude product, the ability to depress the market for purchasing, an ability used most carefully, but most constantly; add to this the economies and development Mr. Rockefeller's able and energetic machine was making, and the great profits of the Standard Oil Trust between 1879 and 1889 are easily explained. In 1879, on a capital of $3,500,000, the Standard Oil Company paid $3,150,000 dividends; in 1880 it paid $1,050,000. In 1882 it capitalized itself at $70,000,000. In 1885, three years later, its net earnings were over $8,000,000; in 1886, over $15,000,000; in 1888, over $16,000,000; in 1889, nearly $15,000,000. In the meantime the net value of its holdings had increased from $72,000,000 in 1883 to over $101,000,000. While the Standard was making these great sums, the men who produced the oil saw their property depreciating and the value of their oil actually eaten up every two years by the prices the Standard charged for gathering and storing it.

But to return to the chart. With the beginning of 1889 the margin begins to fall. This is so in spite of a rising crude line. It would look as if the Standard Oil Company had suddenly had a change of heart. In the report of that year's business made to the trustees of the Standard Oil Trust, an elaborate and interesting calculation was presented. According to this the margin between the crude and finished product handled by the Standard Oil Company had been reduced .301 of a cent, and it was estimated that $2,697,000 had been saved to the consumer by this falling of the margin. "We have, therefore," said the report, "continued to make good the claim that the Standard has heretofore maintained of cheapening the cost of the products to the consumers by giving them the benefits of the saving in costs effected by consolidation of interests." This certainly sounds just—even philanthropic. It is exactly what the consumer claims is his due; to have a share of the economies which undoubtedly may be effected by such complete and intelligent consolidation as Mr. Rockefeller has effected.

But was it combination that caused this falling of the margin? As a matter of fact this lowering of the margin was the direct result of competition. In 1888 a German firm, located in New York City, erected large oil plants in Rotterdam and Bremerhaven. They put up storage tanks at each place of 90,000 barrels capacity. They also established a storage depot of 30,000 barrels at Mannheim, and took steps to extend their supply stations in Germany and Switzerland. They built tank steamers in order to ship their oil in bulk. These oil importers allied themselves with certain independent refiners and interested themselves also in the co-operative movement which the producers of Pennsylvania were striving to get into operation at this time. (Readers of the article on the Independent Oil Movement, in the June number of this magazine, will recall the fact that throughout 1888 and 1889 such a movement was agitated.) The extent of the undertaking threatened serious competition. In the same year imports of Russian oil into the markets of Western Europe began for the first time to assume serious proportions (*see foot note, page 542*). Prices of export oil immediately fell. There was nothing in the world that gave oil consumers the

benefit of the Standard's savings by economies in 1889 but the competition threatened by Russia and the American and German independent alliance.

Follow the lines a little farther. Notice how, in 1892, the price of refined oil begins to fall although crude is stationary. Notice how the refined line remains steady throughout 1893 and 1894 although the crude line steadily rises. This went on for nearly three years until there was a margin of only three cents between crude and refined oil. The barrel which is always reckoned in the official quotations of export refined oil costs 2½ cents per gallon and the price of manufac-



Fragment of chart showing relation between crude and refined oil in last fourteen years. Notice effect on margin from 1890 to 1894 of rise of strong competitive forces. Notice also how margin between price of crude and of domestic oil increased in winter of 1903–1904 during coal famine.

turing is usually put at ½ a cent. The cost of transporting the oil was not covered by the margin the greater part of the year 1894. Now the Standard Oil Company were not selling oil at a loss at this time out of love for the consumers, although they made enough money in 1894 on by-products and domestic oil to have done so—their net earnings were over $15,000,000 in 1894 and they reckoned an increase in net value of property of over $4,000,000—they were fighting the independent combination started in 1889. By 1892 this combination was in active operation. The extent of this movement was described in the last article of this series. At the same time certain large producers in the McDonald oil field built a pipe-line from Pittsburg to Baltimore, the Crescent line, and began to ship crude oil to France in great quantities. It looked as if both combinations meant to do business, and the Standard set out to get them out of the way. One method they took was to prevent the refiners in the combination making any money on export oil.

After two years they gave it up. It was too expensive. The Crescent line sold to them but the other independents were too plucky. They had lost money for two years but they were still hanging on like grim death, and the Standard concluded to concentrate their attacks on other points of the combination rather than on this export market where it was costing them so much.

About the end of 1894 the depression of export oil was abandoned, as the chart shows. Notice that from 1895 to 1898 the margin remained at about 4 cents, that in 1900 it rose to 6 cents and from that time to the present (June, 1904) it has swung between 4½ and 5. The increasing competition in Western Europe of independent American oils and the rapid rise since 1895 particularly of Russian oil, are what has kept this margin down. It is doubtful, such is the growing strength of these various competitive forces, if the Standard Oil Trust will ever be able to put up the margin on export oils. If there were only the American independents to reckon with a

compromise might be possible, but Russia, Burmah, and Sumatra are all in the game.*

For the Standard there is good profit in this margin of 4½ cents for export oil. The expenses the margin must cover are the transportation of the crude from the wells to New York, the cost of manufacture, the barrel, and the loading. For twenty-five years the published charge by the Standard Oil Company for gathering oil from the wells has been 20 cents a barrel. The charge for bringing it to New York has been 40 cents, a little less than 1½ cents a gallon. It costs, by rough calculation, ½ a cent to make the oil and load it. The barrel is usually reckoned at 2½ cents. Here are 4½ cents for expenses—the entire margin. Where the Standard has the advantage is in its ownership of oil transportation. A common carrier gathering and transporting in 1902 all but perhaps 10,000 barrels of the 150,000 barrels' daily production of Eastern oil, the service for which the outsider pays 60 cents, costs it from 10 to 12 cents at the most liberal estimate. Here is over a cent saved on a gallon, and a cent saved where millions of gallons are in question, makes not only great profits but keeps down competition. The refiner who to-day must pay the Standard rates for transportation cannot compete in export oil with them. In January of the present year, when the chart shows the margin to have been about 4¾ cents, an independent refiner in the state of Ohio, dependent on the Standard for oil, gave the writer a detailed statement of costs and selling prices of products in his refinery. According to his statement he lost 1¾ cents on his export oil. He was forced, of course, to pay Standard transportation prices for crude and railroad charges for refined from Ohio to New York harbor.†

That there would have been such a transportation situation to-day had it not been for the discrimination by the railways, which threw the pipes into the Standard's hands in the first place, and the long story of aggression by which the Standard has kept out rival pipes, and so been able for twenty-five years to sustain the price for transportation is of course evident. To-day, as thirty years ago, it is transportation advantages, unfairly won, which gives the Standard Oil Company its hold. It is not only on transportation, that the Standard to-day has great advantages over the independent refiner in the export market. As said at the beginning of this article, the Standard Oil Company "makes the price of refined oil"—within strict limits. Of course, making the market, it has all the advantages of the "inside track." Its transactions can be carried on in anticipation of the rise or fall. For instance, in January of the present year, when there were strong fluctuations in the water white (150° test) prices, the agent of an independent refiner, who was in Wall Street trying to keep track of markets for out-of-town competitors, reported the price as 9.20 cents a gallon. The refiner's goods were r fused on the ground that this was above the market. The Standard Oil export man and a broker who worked with the company were consulted. The market was 9.20. Further investigation, however, showed that at headquarters the figure given out privately was 8.70 cents. The disadvantage of the outsider in disposing of his goods is obvious. The Standard makes the official market. The situation seems to be the same in practice as in 1880 (*see foot note, page* 538), though now the fiction of a committee of brokers has been done away with. Of course there is nothing else to be expected when one body of men control a market.

Thus far the illustrations of Mr. Rockefeller's use of his power over the oil market have been drawn from export oil. It is the only market for which "official" figures can be obtained for the entire period and it is the mar-

*The competition of the first is the most serious. Russian oil has for thirty years been a possible menace to American petroleum, for the wonderful fields on the Caspian were known long before oil was "struck" in Pennsylvania. They did not begin to be exploited in a way to threaten competition until late in the eighties. In 1885 consuls at European ports began to report its appearance—50 barrels were landed at Bremen that year as against 180,855 of American oil. In this year, too, the first Russian oil went to Asia Minor where "Pratt" oil had long held sway. The first cargo reported at Antwerp was in March, 1886. In April, 1890, the consul at Rotterdam, in calling attention to the independent American competition, said of Russian oil: "It is no longer a serious competitor for the petroleum trade of Western Continental Europe." The consul said that while the American oil shipments to the five principal continental ports was fully 4,000,000 barrels per year, that of Russian was less than a tenth of that number. However, a growth of 400,000 barrels in five years was something, and the Standard Oil Trust was the last to underestimate such a growth. By 1896 Russia was exporting 210,000,000 gallons of petroleum products (America in that year exported over 931,000,000 gallons), and these products were going to nearly every part of Europe and Asia. They began to cut heavily into the trade of the Standard in China, India, Great Britain, and France. By 1899 the exports of Russian oil were over 347,000,000 gallons; in 1901, over 428,000,000 gallons. In China, India, and Great Britain, particularly, has the Russian competition increased. While at one time the Standard Oil Company had almost the entire oil trade at the port of Calcutta, last year, 1903, out of 91½ million gallons imported only about 7½ million gallons were of American oil. In China, Sumatra oil is now ahead of American, the report last year being American, 31,060,527 gallons; Sumatra, 39,859,508.

†It costs the Cleveland refiner .64 of a cent a gallon to bring oil in bulk from the oil regions to his refinery, and 1.44 cents per gallon to send it refined in bulk to New York.

ket usually quoted in studying the movement of prices. It is of this grade of oil that the largest percentage of product is obtained in distilling petroleum. For instance, in distilling Pennsylvania crude 52 per cent. is standard white or export oil, 22 per cent. water white—the higher grade commonly used in this country—13 per cent. naphtha, 10 per cent. tar, 3 per cent. loss. The runs vary with different oils, and different refiners turn out different products. The water white oils, while they cost the same to produce, sell from two to three cents higher. The naphtha costs the same to make as export oil but sells at a higher price, and many refiners have pet brands for which, through some marketing trick, they get a fancy price. The Standard Oil Company has a great number of fancy brands of both illuminating and lubricating oils, for which they get large prices—although often the oil itself comes from the same barrel as the ordinary grade. Now it is from the extra price obtained from naphtha, water white, fancy brands, and by-products that the independent refiner makes up for his loss on export oil and the Standard Oil Trust raises its dividends to 48 per cent. The independent refiner quoted above, who in January of this year lost $1\frac{3}{8}$ cents on export oil, made enough on other products to clear $8\frac{3}{10}$ cents a barrel on his output—$83 a day clear on a refinery of 1,000 barrels capacity, which represents an investment of $150,000.

Turn now to the price of domestic oil and examine the chart to see if we have fared as well as the exporters. The line C on the chart represents the price per gallon in New York City of 150° water white oil in barrels from the beginning of 1881 to June, 1904.* The figures used are those of the *Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter*. A glance at the chart is enough to show that the home market has suffered more violent, if less frequent, fluctuations than the export market. A suggestive observation for the consumer is the effect of a rise in crude on the price of domestic oil. The refined line usually rises two or three points to every one of the crude line. It is interesting to note, too, how frequently high domestic prices are made to offset low export prices; thus, in 1889, when the Standard was holding export oil low to fight competition in Europe it kept up domestic oil. The same thing is happening to-day. We are helping pay for the Standard's fight with Russian, Roumanian and Asiatic oils. But this line, while it shows what the New York trade has paid, is a poor guide for the country as a whole. Domestic oil indeed has no regular price. Go back as far as anything like trustworthy documents exist and we find the most astonishing vagaries even in the same state. For instance, in a table presented to a congressional committee in 1888, and compiled from answers to letters sent out by George Rice, the price of 110° oil in barrels in Texas ranged from 10 to 20 cents; in Arkansas, of 150° oil in barrels, from 8 to 18; in Tennessee, the same oil, from 8 to 16; in Mississippi, the same, from 11 to 17. In the eighties prime white oil sold in barrels, wholesale, in Arkansas, all the way from 8 to 14 cents; in Illinois from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 10; in Mississippi, from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$; in Nebraska, $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 18; in South Carolina, 8 to $12\frac{1}{2}$, and in Utah, 13 to 23. Freight and handling might, of course, account for one to three cents of the difference, but not more.

A table of the wide variation in the price of oil, compiled in 1892, showed the range of price of prime white oil in the United States to be as follows:

In barrels.....6 to 25 cents.
In cases.....14 to $34\frac{1}{2}$ cents.
In bulk.....$3\frac{1}{2}$ to 25 cents.

The same wide range was found in water white oil.

In barrels.....$6\frac{1}{2}$ to 30 cents per gallon.
In cases.....16 to 35 cents per gallon.
In bulk.....$3\frac{1}{2}$ to 29 cents per gallon.

In 1896 an investigation of prices of oil sold from tank wagons in the different towns of Ohio, in the same week, was made and was afterwards offered as sworn testimony in a trust investigation in that state. The price per gallon ranged from $4\frac{3}{4}$ cents to $8\frac{3}{4}$ cents.

The most elaborate investigations of oil prices ever made was that instigated by the recent Industrial Commission. In February, 1901, the Commission sent out inquiries to 5,000 retail dealers, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf, asking the prices of certain commodities, among them illuminating oils. 1,578 replies were received. The tables prepared offered striking examples of the variability of prices—thus:

In Colorado the wholesale price of illuminating oil (150° test) varied from 13 to 20 cents; in Delaware, 8 to 10; in Illinois,

* Trustworthy and regular quotations are not to be obtained earlier than 1881.

6 to 10; in Alabama, 10.50 to 16; in Michigan, 5.50 to 12.25; in Missouri, 7.50 to 12.50; in Kentucky, 7 to 11.50; in Ohio, 5.50 to 9.75; in California, 12.50 to 20; in Utah, 20 to 22; in Maine, 8.25 to 12.75 (freight included in all these prices).

The difference between the highest and the lowest prices in the same states varies from 8 cents in Oregon (12.50 to 20.50) to 1.50 in Rhode Island (8.50 to 10). Of course in the former case two or even three cents of the difference may be due to freight, but hardly more. Take adjoining states for instance. In Vermont there is a difference of 4.50 cents between the highest and lowest price of oil; in New Hampshire only 1.75. In Delaware there is a difference of 2 cents; in Virginia of 6.

Compare now the lowest price in different states. In Ohio and Pennsylvania oil was sold as low as 5.50; 6.50 is the lowest in New York state, 8.50 the lowest in Rhode Island, and 7 the lowest in New Jersey. In Indiana oil sells as low as 5.50, but in Kansas nothing below 8.50 is reported (the freight rate to Atchison, Kansas, from Whiting, Indiana, which supplies both of these states, is 1.7 per gallon. The freight rate from Whiting to Indianapolis is .5 per gallon).

Not long ago there fell into the writer's hands a sheet from one of the ledgers forming a part of the Standard Oil Company's remarkable system of bookkeeping. This sheet gave the cost and selling price per gallon of different grades of refined oil at over a dozen stations in the same state in October, 1901. In the account of cost of oil were included net cost, freight, inspection, cost of barrels, and cost of marketing. The selling price was given and the margin of profit computed. The selling price of water white from tank wagons (it is customary for Standard tank wagons to deliver oil from their stations to local dealers) ranged from 8½ to 11½ cents, and the profit on the oil sold from the wagons varied from about ½ cent to over 3 cents.

Now, in considering these differences, liberal allowance for freight rates must be made. Something of what these allowances should be can be judged from the table of oil freights which the Industrial Commission published with its schedule of prices. From this table many interesting comparisons can be made. For instance, it costs the Standard Oil Company (if they paid the open rate their rivals did) 1.5 cents to send a gallon of oil from Whiting, Indiana, their supply station, to Mobile, Alabama. They sold their oil in Alabama at wholesale from 10½ to 16 cents. The net cost of this oil was under five cents in February, 1901. It cost them the same 1.5 cents to send a gallon of oil to Des Moines, Iowa (if they paid the open rate), but in Iowa they sold it from 7 to 11. The freight from Whiting to New Orleans was the same 1.5 cents, but prices in Louisiana ranged from 9 to 14 cents. According to the investigation the average wholesale price of oil, including freight, ranged from 8.27 in Pennsylvania to 25.78 in Nevada.

Freights and handling considered, there is, it is evident, nothing like a settled price or profit for illuminating oil in the United States. Now there is no one who will not admit that it is for the good of the consumer that the normal market price of any commodity should be such as will give a fair and even profit all over the country. That is, that freights and expense of handling being considered, oil should sell at the same profit in Texas as in Ohio. That such must be the case where there is free and general competition is evident. But from the beginning of its power over the market, the Standard Oil Company has sold domestic oil at prices varying from less than the cost of the crude oil it took to make it up to a profit of 100 per cent. or more. Wherever there has been a loss, or merely what is called a reasonable profit of say 10 per cent., an examination of the tables quoted above shows conclusively it has been due to competition. The competition is not, and has not been since 1879, very great. In that year the Standard Oil Company claimed 95 per cent. of the refining interests of the country. In 1888 they claimed about 80 per cent.; in 1898, 83 per cent. This 5 to 17 per cent. of independent interest is too small to come into active competition, of course, at all points. So long as one interest handles 83 per cent. of a product it is clear that it has the trade as a whole in its hands. The competition it encounters will be local only. But it is this local competition, unquestionably, that has brought down the price of oil at various points and caused the striking variation in prices recorded in the charts of the Industrial Commission and other investigations. The writer has before her a pile of a hundred or more letters written in the eighties by dealers in twelve different states. These letters tell the effect on the prices of the introduction of an

independent oil into a territory formerly occupied exclusively by the Standard.

Calvert, Tenn.—The Waters-Pierce Oil Company (Standard) so reduced the price of their oil here when mine arrived that I will have some trouble to dispose of mine.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—. . . Cut the price of oil that had been selling at 21 cents to 17 cents.

Pine Bluff, Arkansas.—While the merchants here would like to buy from some other than the Standard they cannot afford to take the risks of loss. We have just had an example of 100 barrels opposition oil which was brought here, which had the effect of bringing Waters-Pierce Oil Company's oil down from 18 to 13 cents—one cent less than cost of opposition with refusal on their part to sell to any one that bought from other than their company.

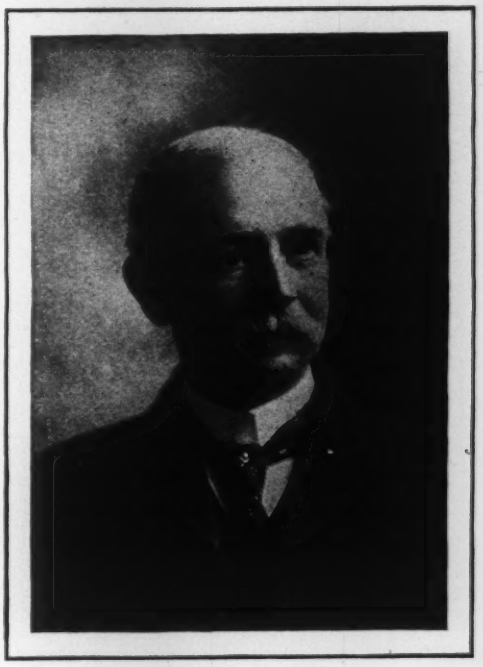
Vicksburg, Miss.—The Chess Carley Company (Standard) is now offering 110° oil at 9 cents to any and every one. Shall we meet their prices? All they want is to get us out of the market, then they would at once advance price of oil.

These are but illustrations of the entire set of letters; prices dropped at once by Standard agents on the introduction of an independent oil. A table offered to Congress in 1888, giving the extent of their cutting in the Southwest, shows that it ranged from 14 to 220 per cent.

Every investigation made since shows that it is the touch of the competitor which brings down the price. For instance, in the cost and profit sheet from a Standard ledger referred to above, there was one station on the list at which oil was selling at a loss. On investigation the writer found it to be a point at which an independent jobber had been trying to get a market. If one examines the tables of prices in the recent report of the Industrial Commission, he finds that wherever there is a low price there is competition. Thus, at Indianapolis, the only town in the state of Indiana reporting competition, the wholesale price of oil was 5½ cents, although 40 out of the 53 Indiana towns reporting gave from 8 cents to 10½ cents as the wholesale price per gallon. (These prices included freight. Taking Indianapolis as a center, the local freight on oil to any point in Indiana is in no case over a cent.) In April of this year inquiry showed the same striking difference between prices in Indianapolis, where six independent companies are now established, and neighboring towns to which competition has not as yet reached.

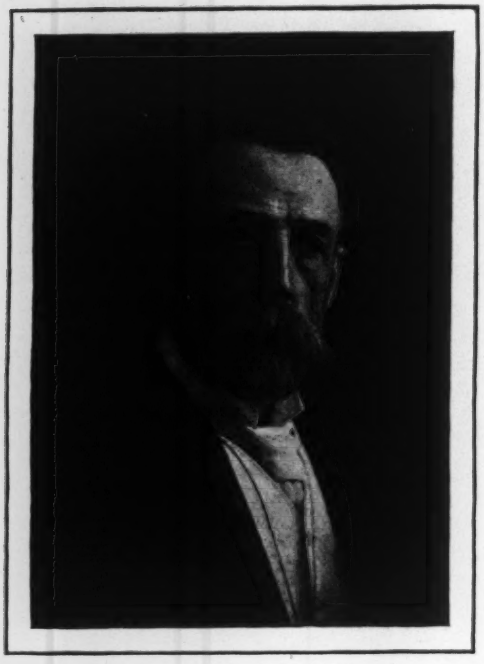
The advent of an independent concern in Morristown, New Jersey, brought down the price to grocers to 7½ cents and to housewives to 10, but in the neighboring towns of Elizabeth and Plainfield, where only the Standard is reported, the grocers pay 9 cents and the housewives 12 and 11, respectively. In Akron, Ohio, where an independent company was operating at the time the investigation was made, oil was sold at wholesale at 5¾ cents; at Painesville, nearer Cleveland, the shipping point, at 9¼ cents. In Richmond, Virginia, one dealer reported to the Commission a wholesale price of 5 cents, and added: "A cut rate between oil companies; has been selling at 9 and 10 cents."

In the month of April of the present year 150° oil was selling from tank wagons in Baltimore, where there is competition, at 9 cents. In Washington, where there is no competition, it sold at 10½ cents, and in Annapolis (no competition) 11 cents. In Seaford, Delaware, the same oil sold at 8 cents



JOSIAH LOMBARD

Among the clearest and most convincing testimony given in 1872 before the Committee which investigated the South Improvement Company, and again in 1879 in the investigation of the Pennsylvania Railroad by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, was that of Josiah Lombard of the refining firm of Lombard & Ayres of New York. Mr. Lombard's refinery was one of the concerns which joined the Tidewater Pipe Line in 1879, and it was the only one which did not sell to the Standard in its attack on that independent movement. Mr. Lombard is still an active member of the Tidewater Combination.



JOHN C. WELCH

The earliest attempt to collect full and trustworthy reports of the oil trade was made by John C. Welch, who for several years published an admirable monthly—"Petroleum Trade Report." Mr. Welch was a witness before the Hepburn Committee in 1879. He has always been an active and intelligent opponent of railroad discrimination and all special privileges giving corporations unfair advantages.

under competition. The freight rates are practically the same to all these points. And so one might go on indefinitely, showing how the introduction of an independent oil has always reduced the price. As a rule, the appearance of the oil has led to a sharp contest or "oil war" at which, not infrequently, both sides have sold at a loss. The Standard being able to stand a loss indefinitely, usually won out.

An interesting local "oil war" which occurred in 1896 and 1897 in New York and Philadelphia, figured in the reports of the Industrial Commission, and illustrates very well the usual influence on Standard prices of the incoming of competition. On March 20, 1896, the Pure Oil Company put 3 tank wagons into New York City. The Standard's price of water white oil from tank wagons that day was 9½ cents and the Pure Oil Company followed it. In less than a week the Standard had cut to 8 cents* *along the route of the Pure Oil Company wagons.* In April the price was cut to 7 cents. By December, 1896, it had fallen to 6 cents; by December, 1897, to 5.4. It is true that crude oil was falling at this time, but the fall in water white was out of all proportion. For, while between the price of refined on March 20 and the average price of refined in April, there was a fall of 2½ cents, in crude there was a fall of but four-tenths of a cent. Refined fell from 7 cents in April to 6 cents in May, and crude fell one-tenth of a cent. Mr. John D. Archbold, in answering the figures given by the Pure Oil Company to the Industrial Commission, accused them of "carelessness" and gave the average monthly price of crude and refined to show that no such glaring discrepancy had taken place. Mr. Archbold gives the average price in March, for instance, as 7.98 and in April as 7.31 cents. However, his price is the average to "all the trade of Greater New York and its vicinity," whereas the prices of the Pure Oil Company are those they met in their limited competition. As Professor Jenks remarked at the examination, "It might easily be, therefore, that your (Standard) average price would be what you had given, and that to a good many special customers with whom the Pure Oil Company was trying to deal it could be 5½ cents." That this was the fact seems to be proved by the quotations for water white oil from tank wagons, which were published from week to week in trade journals like the *Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter.* These prices show 9⅞ cents for water white on March 21, and an average of 9.4 cents in April. Evidently only a part of the trade of "all Greater New York and vicinity" got the benefit of averages quoted to the Industrial Commission by Mr. Archbold.

If competition persists the result usually has been permanently lower prices than in territory where competition has been run out or has never entered. For instance, why should oil be sold to a dealer at nearly 4 cents more on an average in Kansas than in Kentucky, when the freight from Whiting to Kansas is only a cent more? For no reason except that in Kentucky there has been persistent competition for twenty-five years and in Kansas none has ever secured a solid foothold. Why should Colorado pay an average of 16.90 cents for oil per gallon and California 14.60 cents, when the freight from Whiting differs but one-tenth of one cent? For no reason except that a few years ago competition was driven from Colorado and in California it still exists.

* Report of Industrial Commission, Volume I, page 365.

Indeed, any consecutive study of the Standard Oil Company's use of its power over the price of either export or domestic oil must lead to the conclusion that it has always been used to the fullest extent possible without jeopardizing it; that we have always paid more for our refined oil than we would have done if there had been free competition. But why should we expect anything else? This is the chief object of combinations. Certainly the candid members of the Standard Oil Company would be the last men to argue that they give the public any more of the profits they may get by combination than they can help. One of the ablest and frankest of them, H. H. Rogers, when before the Industrial Commission in 1899, was asked how it happened that in twenty years the Standard Oil Company had never cheapened the cost of gathering and transporting oil in pipe-lines by the least fraction of a cent; that it cost the oil producer just as much now as it did twenty years ago to get his oil taken away from the wells and to transport it to New York. And Mr. Rogers answered with delightful candor: "We are not in business for our health, but are out for the dollars."

Mr. J. D. Archbold was asked at the same time if it were not true that, by virtue of its great power, the Standard Oil Company was enabled to secure prices that, on the whole, were above those under competition, and Mr. Archbold said: "Well, I hope so."

But these are frank answers, perhaps surprised out of the gentlemen. The able and wary president of the great concern, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, is more cautious in his admissions. On the witness stand in 1888 he was forced to admit, after some skilful evasion, that the control the Standard Oil Company had of prices was such that they could raise or lower them at will. "But," added Mr. Rockefeller, "we would not do it." The context seems to imply that Mr. Rockefeller felt that it would not be *right* so to use his power! The student is certainly justified in questioning whether a man who signed the South Improvement Company charter can expect the public to place much confidence in an assurance that he would not misuse a power gained in the way his has been gained.

For many of the world it is a matter of little moment, no doubt, whether oil sells for 8 or 12 cents a gallon. It becomes a tragic matter sometimes, however, as two years ago when in the coal famine, the poor, deprived of coal, depended on oil for heat. In January, 1903, oil was sold to dealers from tank wagons in New York city at 11 cents a gallon. That oil cost the independent refiner, who paid full transportation charges and marketed at the cost of a cent a gallon, not over 6.4 cents. It cost the Standard Oil Company probably a cent less. That such a price could prevail under free competition is of course impossible. Throughout this hard winter of 1902-1903 the price of refined oil advanced. It was claimed that this was due to the advance in crude, but the advance in every case was considerably more than that of crude. Indeed, a careful comparative study of oil prices shows that the Standard almost always advances the refined market a good many more points than it does the crude market. The chart shows this. While this has been the rule, there are exceptions, of course, as when a rate war is on. Thus,

JOSEPH SEEP

For many years the oil-buying of the Standard Oil Trust has been in the hands of an agency whose head is Joseph Seep. The National Transit Company—the Standard pipe-line—collects and transports all but about ten per cent. of the oil of the Eastern fields. This oil goes at once into the hands of the "Seep Agency," cash or certificates being issued for it. Although nominally independent, the Seep Agency is really a Standard concern. Standing as he does, between the Standard and the producer, Mr. Seep's position has always been one of great delicacy, and he has filled it with a tact and consideration which has made him one of the most respected men in Standard circles.

in the spring of the present year, the severe competition in England of the Shell Transportation Company and of Russian oil caused the Standard to drop export refined considerably more than crude. But, as the chart shows, domestic oil has been kept up.

As a result of the Standard's power over prices, not only does the consumer pay more for oil where competition has not reached or has been killed, but this power is used steadily and with consummate skill to make it hard for men to compete in any branch of the oil business. This series of articles has been but a rehearsal of the operations practised by the Standard Oil Company to get rid of competition. It was to get rid of competition that the South Improvement Company was formed. It was to get rid of competition that the oil-carrying railroads were bullied or persuaded or bribed into unjust discriminations. It was to get rid of competition that the Empire Transportation Company, one of the finest transportation companies ever built up in this country, was wrested from the hands of the men who had developed it. It was to get rid of competition that war was made on the Tidewater Pipe Line, the Crescent Pipe Line, the United States Pipe Line, not to mention a number of similar smaller enterprises. It was to get rid of competition that the Standard's spy system was built up, its oil wars instituted, all its perfect methods for making it hard for rivals to do business developed.

The most curious feature perhaps of this question of the Standard Oil Company and the price of oil is that there are still people who believe that the Standard has made oil cheap! Men look at this chart and recall that back in the late sixties and seventies they paid 50 and 60 cents a gallon for oil, which now they pay 12 and 15 cents for. This, then, they say, is the result of the combination. They do not know the meaning of the variation of the price line, that it was forced down from 1866 to 1876, when Mr. Rockefeller's first effective combination was secured by competition, and driven up in 1876 and 1877 by the stopping of competition; that it was driven down from 1877 to 1879 by the union of all sorts of competitive forces—producers, independent refiners, the developing of an independent seaboard pipeline—to a point lower than it had ever been before. They forget that when these opposing forces were overcome, and the Standard Oil Company was at last supreme, for ten years oil never fell a point below the margin reached by competition in 1879, though frequently it rose. They forget that in 1889, when for the first time in ten years the margin between crude and refined oil began to fall, it was the rise of American independent interests that did it.

To believe that the Standard Oil combination, or any other similar aggregation, would lower prices except under the pressure of the competition they were trying to kill, argues an amazing gullibility. Human experience long ago taught us that if we allowed a man or a group of men autocratic powers in Government or Church they used that power to oppress and defraud the public. For centuries the struggle of the nations has been to obtain stable government with fair play to the masses. To obtain this we have hedged our kings and emperors and presidents about with a thousand constitutional restrictions. It has not been possible for us to allow even the Church, inspired by religious ideals, to have the full power it has demanded in society. And yet we have here in the United States allowed men practically autocratic powers in commerce. We have allowed them special privileges in transportation, bound in no great length of time to kill their competitors, though the spirit of our laws and the charters of the transportation lines forbade these privileges. We have allowed them to combine in great interstate aggregations for which we have provided no form of charter or of publicity, although human experience long ago decided that men united in partnerships, companies, or corporations for business purposes must have their powers defined and be subject to a reasonable inspection and publicity. As a natural result of these extraordinary powers, we see, as in the case of the Standard Oil Company, the price of a necessity of life within the control of a group of nine men, as able, as energetic, and as ruthless in business operations as any nine men the world has ever seen combined. They have exercised their power over prices with almost preternatural skill. It has been their most cruel weapon in stifling competition, a sure means of reaping usurious dividends, and, at the same time, a most persuasive argument in hoodwinking the public.

(To be concluded)

"when Martin became conscious at sunset time, there were her violets"

THE CHUMP

BY

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

AUTHOR OF "BRINER'S WHEAT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

I

THROUGHOUT his school-days they called him a chump, and later on, though they did not use the word, they still thought of him as one. Martin P. Hodge, in coarse gray and odd square shoes, entered the high school conscious of occupying that place in the eyes of his fellows. He accepted the appellation. There are worse things than chumps, said he.

Even at twelve years of age, when he first wore white collars much too large and of that appearance called "country," when his hands were beginning to grow heavy, his eyes calm, and his jaw was becoming massive, even then he loved Isabel Hayden, who had begun, so young, to take Latin ahead of her class and to enter into the high school room a half-hour each day to recite it. But, Isabel's father being a judge, she was the furthest removed from a chump; a slender

thing, intellectual and sweet, who at eleven years of age had sung once, daintily, as Martin went by :

"Chumpy—chumpy—chumpy."

But immediately she became too old, too bright, and too good to call out such things.

His parents died when he was in the second year of the high school, and, being left penniless, he took up his books, walked to the high school door (still being very "country" in appearance), turned, gazed long on Isabel, and went away.

A certain grocery keeper on the south side of the square, one Black, would now employ Martin. The youth went into that store and observed to Black :

"I'm here."

Black showed him a hole under the stairs, away at the back of the store, where there was a straw mattress. Here slept Martin P. Hodge for seven years, during which time

"There was then revealed the complete paraphernalia of a gambling den"

"she went in and came to the hole under the stairs"

his salary, originally ten dollars a month, increased.

There was no such thing as "coming out" in Princeton. Girls seldom made a formal debut; everything flowed on with more simplicity. Isabel gave parties, and went to them, a tall, slender, intellectual girl, sweet and serious; but Martin P. Hodge was of the under-sea, and nobody ever invited him. This did not grieve him; he looked on and pondered. He drove the grocery wagon; at times tramped, with heavy shoes and red hands of power, into Judge Hayden's kitchen to pour potatoes into a box that stood there. Once, finding her in a long apron, hair up in a high twist with a rose in it, making candy, he seemed to gaze at her as some unfathomable philosopher gazes on humanity.

"Good morning, Martin," she said, friendly and kind. "Have a piece of the taffy?"

" 'So I came for the last time; and this is what I have to say' "

He refused with the deference of a caged lion who favors you with an infinite dignity. What was there in his clothes that was so chumpy? When he had departed she looked at the kitchen, at the potatoes, and had the feeling that something tremendous had gone.

Judge Hayden read Homer, trod sedately on the street, his unbearded face the acme of the aristocratic, and believed in encouraging honest young fellows. Out of his high reserve he spoke to Martin P. Hodge, stilted but inspiriting, and made grave observations about the openings which the United States offers to young men. Hodge, the oyster spoon in hand, gazed with stolidity on Hayden. The judge instilled his kindly philosophy into his family, and long after he himself had lost Hodge in the lower mists, Isabel made it a point, no matter how beautifully gowned, to speak to Martin as she passed the store. Martin, original observer of phenomena, unconsciously determined to take nothing for granted in this world and find out everything for himself, knew just how matters stood. He cared not at all; he had no rebelliousness, no jealousy, no wants.

"One crowd goes to parties and dresses better," said he. "The other can give parties of their own, but they can't go to the first crowd's parties. That's all there is to it."

At twenty years of age Hodge had learned one thing: that power will conquer.

"Mr. Black," said he, "I have purchased thirteen lots in the South Side with my savings."

"And what if the price falls?" cried Black, plainly calling Hodge a lunatic.

"Why," said Hodge, turning that gray eye and that calm face, which meant no more than a bowlder on a hill-side means, toward Black, "what difference will it make?"

Robert Keating, deputy county clerk, was in the store, a slim man with a keen eye. He broke out:

"You fool! You'd lose your money."

Hodge laid his cuffs on the counter and regarded Keating. "What difference would that make?" he asked.

There it was—all of it. You can't get round that kind of a chump.

Keating, magnetized, later bought some lots in the South Side. The railroad shops came; the price went up; Martin P. Hodge bought an interest in the grocery store. There was nothing "country" about that shop; your little cities of the Middle West are grown spruce, shining, up-to-date; but Martin Hodge, common, heavy creature, seemed to have changed but little.

Up this long ascent had he climbed, not even puffing. The world was just the same; to be above or below it or wedging up through it, that didn't change the world a whit.

Keating, who was about to become county clerk himself, and had prospered somewhat along with Hodge, was fascinated by Martin. He looked to Martin for advice. He was an emotional fellow who loved a good friend, and Hodge controlled him, without ever trying to.

One winter night they sat by the stove in the rear of the long store. It was after working hours.

"Rob," said Martin, after a season of meditation; "I am going to Judge Hayden's now."

Keating was pleasingly dressed, devoid of all the "countriness" that marked the man before him. He turned a surprised eye on Hodge.

"What for?" asked he.

"To ask Isabel to marry me," said Hodge.

Keating was on his feet.

"My Lord! You unfathomable chump!"

"Of course," said Hodge. "Sit down."

A strange wideness marked his eye. He said no more for a quarter of an hour; then he leaned slowly forward, with a finger in the air.

"Robert Keating, I am a chump," said he, speaking with decision. "Let that stand. The reason I speak of her calmly is because my feeling for her is the force that moves everything in me. I never learned anything by hearsay in my life. I'm not going to take the world's idea of this for granted now. Because every one would say the gulf can not be bridged, I am going to find out whether it can or not. I am too plain for ornamentation. My feeling is too profound for ornamentation. You are a friend of mine and I give you my explanation. What is more, I will put on no exterior badges of a social position to which my nature is foreign. I will not learn to dress differently. I will not work slowly into this upper class and learn to conduct myself aright at her parties. I will not join her church. I will not pretend, or strive after, an education such as is hers and her father's, and in comparison to which whatever I might plaster on would be but a rag. Robert Keating, you and I

are raised on a mental milk made out of these sentences: All men are created equal. There is no class in America. Riches and poverty make no difference. The clothes are not the man. None shall be deprived of rights because of religious belief. Honesty and cleanliness make all men brothers. Power, standing alone, will conquer." He paused, then resumed. "I am going to see if all those things are words."

To no other man had he ever spoken his thoughts; Keating had never seen into him so far before.

A half-hour later Martin P. Hodge was admitted into Judge Hayden's parlor and Isabel had shaken hands with him pleasantly. That was his first visit there. He had never before, anywhere, looked so completely and hopelessly the chump. Isabel, now twenty-one years of age, was tall and wore glasses. She had a face that spoke first of all, and above all, intelligence. Her hair was auburn and waved a little round a white forehead. Her nose was straight, her lips were very sensitive, her chin was of an almost Grecian outline. She had laid down a volume of Montaigne's essays to receive him. Her dress, dark green, floated away beautifully at the side of her chair.

Here was a predicament for her; she said ten detached brave things, placidly, each one showing a sweet nature. Nothing could make that conversation go. What was the cause of the suggestion of strength which she got from his awkward attitude? As for him, he was thinking how she looked when, wasp-like, slim-legged, she had called "Chumpy—chumpy—chumpy," so long ago —and that he loved her. Now she paused in her attempts, pained by failure, and he said:

"Isabel, what I shall say will surprise you. That I cannot help, for a man must do his best and let the rest go. Between you and me there is an apparently unfathomable gulf. I never came here before. I can't even say that I ever wanted to. Now that I have come, believe first that I am honest." His eyes had that strange wideness and were somehow sad. She seemed a little frightened, but could not look away. "You and I were brought up, in a sense, together. The weeding out begins at about the age of fourteen, but we carry with us, in spite of that, all the old axioms about people being equal, and we believe them. Isabel, I am blind when it comes to roundabout methods. But I have learned a truth or two, not out of books. And on a rock-bottom truth I can walk as straight as any man. Well," he folded his hands and turned his square face fully on her, "the truth is this, that I loved you when we went to school together, that I loved you when you called me chump, and that I love you to-day. I don't ask you to marry me. I ask you to think about it as long as you like in order to see if you can."

There was a dumb patience in his face. She had been too astonished, also too incongruously moved, to stop him. She had felt the flush go over her forehead. Now she regained her composure and sat with her lips pressed together, thinking of her answer. There was in her eyes the softness of the gentle.

"Of course, it has surprised me," she said, a little agitated, for she was not the girl to undervalue any kind of a man. "And it is pain, more than surprise. It is impossible—impossible. Oh, Mr. Hodge, forgive me!"

He arose, seeming ponderous and gray.

"Good-by," said he. "Thank you."

He held out his heavy hand, and she, now on her feet, took it. He turned to the door. She was strangely stirred with regret, as though she had committed a sin and must atone.

"I wish—I wish," she faltered, "that you could still believe me your friend."

He paused at the hall door with his hat in his hand and looked at her once more.

"I do," he said; and she, staring at his face, seemed to read in it some all-comprehensive power. He went away.

On the public square, which was now deserted, he stood in front of the store. The great stone had rolled down. As the ant refashions the crushed abode, so Martin P. Hodge, chump, turned back to roll it up again.

II

There followed some colorless weeks of speechless thought-search. Then he told himself that he had to be doing something. The county elections were fiercely fought, and because he was attached to Keating here was a natural field for activities. He still retained a little tract of land in the South Side, which section of the town was now all built up with the cottages of railroaders, and the shops smoked and hammered four blocks distant. His property

brought Martin P. Hodge to that region frequently, and he came oftener in company with Keating. And presently all the railroad people were buying their groceries at his store and knew him.

"Vote for Keating," he said at the shops during a dinner hour, standing there watching them eat.

"But why?" asked one.

Hodge turned on him slowly.

"Didn't you know he was honest?" said he.

"Yes; but thunder, what's the matter with the party already in? The mayor's one of the boys."

The Chump's finger went up.

"The mayor fined John Slack just one dollar for keeping the back door of his saloon open on Sunday, and he did it against his will. There's a row of stinking hovels on Green Street, not a block from the public square, and you call them the Levee. Every man here knows what goes on in that row."

"I like these railroaders," said he to Keating. "I can understand people who make things with their hands." He paused awhile. "I've learned something new. It's this: I have to do something else besides run this grocery store. I have to change things. I was looking at that iron court-house fence. I think I'll take that down."

The handsome court-house occupied the center of the wide, grassy square. The expanse of its green lawn was broken only by a single monument to an Indiana regiment, and all around it ran a high, brown, iron fence. Keating stood twisting his mustache and staring at his friend in a puzzled way.

"Martin Hodge, what's working in you?"

"I've bought the *Princeton Morning Herald*," said Hodge.

"My Lord!" cried Keating.

Hodge's face looked dully angry.

"There are too many things in this town that ought to be changed. First, I'm going to make the paper stand for you, and it's going to elect you. Incidentally I'll get the city to buy my land in the South Side at cost and make a park out of it. Then, when you can handle the reins, you're going to tear down this iron fence. It weighs on me. I can't stand it—to look out every day and see that accursed iron fence. Then, we'll put seats in the court-house yard and make a park out of that. Afterward, we'll put a clock in the tower."

Keating was shrewd enough to see what Hodge had probably never thought of, that these might become the very catch-words to elect him. He smiled in his twinkling way.

"Is that all?" asked he.

"We'd smash the Levee if we ever grew tall enough," said Hodge.

"Maybe we shall," laughed Keating.

The *Morning Herald*, with a good editor at the desk, became a sudden power in the town. Its successive issues gave the public the impression of so many blows. The railroad people took up the cry for the park. The chump was all at once a local celebrity. Many wondered what ulterior, dishonest motive such an unsuspected "country" could have in breaking out in this manner. Sensitive people of an upper class professed to be offended at this boulder of a man who had begun to roll and bump, smashing in the town. The party which was antagonistic to Keating and his friends, and which had given the town a flagrantly rotten administration, at first hooted, then virulently attacked Hodge. Keating was called Hodge's puppet, but the slim man had poise, keenness, and strength of his own, though Martin was his pedestal. After an exciting struggle the corrupter legion was overthrown by the more honest one, a majority of the county commissioners were elected, and Keating was not only clerk but stood nearest the lever of the machine.

Hodge was twenty-three years of age; his hands seemed bigger than ever and hung at his side in the same awkward manner. His collar was still rural. He had a broad forehead and a broad jaw. Now of a sudden he abandoned the hole under the stairs where he had slept and, simultaneously with this, Black retired from the store and turned it all over to Hodge.

One bright December morning Isabel Hayden came walking along the south side of the square. Out of the grocery store of Martin P. Hodge came a boy lugging an armful of books. He almost ran into her, tripped, and fell sprawling. She gazed down at the scattered volumes. There was "The History of the Florentine Commonwealth," with Martin P. Hodge's vivid signature across the title page, at which the book was open. The other books looked like histories too. Martin came walking out of the store; she blushed when he stopped so suddenly, and, nodding and smiling a pensive smile, she went sailing away.

Martin and the boy picked up the books and carried them to a room over a dry-goods store. This apartment faced the street and contained a bed, three chairs, a wash-stand, and a table, all plain. And here dwelt Martin.

Isabel walked to the edge of the town and looked at bare fields and naked trees; then she walked home and sat down by herself. She had never read so big a thing about the Florentine Commonwealth.

One year and seven months were occupied in a long struggle with refractory county commissioners. Two of them had repudiated their platform and Hodge knew that they were bribed. Keating won at last; the city bought Hodge's land at cost (this proved him a chump still and excited jeers), and there was a little park beginning to smile in the center of the South Side. At last down came the court-house fence, a clock went up, and a little public garden began to flaunt flowers.

But now Martin's own party became tainted. The sheriff grew slack, was evidently winking at the breaking of the law. The Levee was flourishing. Toward the end of the third year the thing happened which, simple in itself, was a vital point in The Chump's career.

One night, at half-past eleven o'clock, Hodge, Keating, and two companions went through an alley behind that row of hovels called the Levee. The four, Martin being the leader, threw their united weight against a certain door and broke it in with a crash. There was then revealed the complete paraphernalia of a gambling den and fifteen men, some of whom were of the best families. There was a rush for the door and a fight. But the culprits were permitted to escape.

Next morning there appeared in large type in the *Herald* an article which stood almost alone on a page and whose chief sentence was this:

> Last night at eleven thirty, there were, in the rear room of the house number ten East Green Street, together with such and such articles which were there being employed in gambling, the following persons:

And here appeared in larger type yet, every one standing out alone, the names of the fifteen men. The article was signed boldly—"Martin P. Hodge."

The storm that this pronouncement evoked could scarce have been exceeded. Three libel suits were begun against Hodge and fought for months in the courts. Martin won them all. The sheriff was compelled to act; some of the fifteen were punished, some desperate characters fled. And now, in the fourth year, with another campaign coming on, the railroaders and other working classes rose to demand The Chump for mayor. Hodge met the committees of these men and said:

"I will run for mayor on this platform. The city shall condemn and pull down every house on the Levee. The men who have trafficked in this scandal shall be prosecuted. The county commissioners who were bribed two years ago shall be punished. This shall be a reform movement, designed to change things."

Hodge was nominated. In October, the campaign being hotly fought, he was walking down Green Street one night at ten o'clock, when some one, on that very Levee which he was determined to destroy, fired at him. The ball struck him in the back and he fell.

The criminal was never found. Martin was carried to his own room, where he lay unconscious, but the doctors had hopes for him.

Next day the town was horrified at the news and many people sent flowers and other tokens to Hodge, which bright things looked out of place in the chumpy room.

At four o'clock, Keating, being at the head of the stairs, met Isabel Hayden coming up. She looked pained.

"I brought these violets for Mr. Hodge, Mr. Keating," she said, and handed them to him. "If he is able to hear, please tell him how sorry my father and I are. What does the doctor say?"

"He thinks he will live," said Robert.

"I'm glad," she replied and went down.

So, when Martin became conscious at sunset time, there were her violets.

She, having proceeded along the square, came to the grocery store. Everybody was of course interested in Hodge now, and some people were asking the boy to show them where he had slept so long. They went into the store and Isabel stood hesitating. She bit her lip a little; she started away, then came back. Now she went in and came to the hole under the stairs.

"In there," said the boy.

It was a tiny place; there was nothing in it but an empty shelf. Seven years! She sighed and went out.

After a long convalescence Hodge was nearly well again, and meanwhile he had been elected mayor. Soon after that he sat with Keating by the stove in the store. They were silent. After a while Hodge said:

"Keating, I'm going to Judge Hayden's now."

Keating turned his keen eye to Hodge.

"What for?" asked he.

"To ask Isabel to marry me," said Martin.

Half an hour later he rang the door bell at Judge Hayden's house and was admitted by Isabel. She greeted him in a kindly way and was happy that he was well again. He said nothing to this. They sat down on the gold and blue chairs, she a little uneasy. Her hair had a rose in it again; her face was a little older and of a superior delicacy of feature. Her eyes were pensive, kindly, and calm. She had laid down on the table, to receive him, a History of the Florentine Commonwealth. It seemed to her, as he sat there, that he had slightly changed; doubtless his long illness had done that. He had little or no color, and his face was not quite so heavy, but ruggeder, a face that seemed to weigh down on her. He had become more abrupt and direct during the latter years, and so he did not allow her now to attempt a forced and impossible conversation. He said:

"Isabel, I have come because I had to. That is all there is to it. Perhaps if I hadn't been sick I shouldn't have had to. The things I said before are just as true to-day as they were then. I know, as I knew then, that you are too good to believe in false inequalities. You do not imagine that I have come because I think I have advanced. You know I think no such thing. I am still Martin P. Hodge as I was before. I am still honest; I am still clean; I am still a chump. I love you and I want to marry you."

She was on her feet with her hand outstretched in a quick, mute appeal, as though to stop him. She was plainly trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Hodge! Please—forgive me! forgive me!" She now had her hand to her head strangely. It came over him in a numb way that he had hurt her. He arose and stood looking at her a moment. She, weighed down by what seemed to be the incalculable weight of his face, said nothing.

"Good-by. Thank you," said he and turned away.

At the door, in the hall, with his hat in his hand, her quick step caused him to pause and turn. Her eyes were on him. Why was he different, why did the big hands hang in a way that meant strength, and the clothes seem to cover the body of a giant?

"I wish—I wish you could even yet believe me your friend," she said.

"I do," he replied and went away.

A little later Judge Hayden's face looked in at the parlor door. There was Isabel with her head down on the History of the Florentine Commonwealth.

The stone had rolled down the hill once more; dumbly, as the ant turns to refashion the destroyed abode, Martin P. Hodge turned back to roll it up again.

III

The new administration went forward with power unshakable, with an uprooting profound. The city was cleaned as it had never been cleaned before. As for the Levee, the ministers of the town created an agitation on their own account, declaring the spot a danger to morality, a violator of decency. No less than ten neighbors of that noisome region openly avowed, with joint threats of an action in court, that the Levee was an intolerable public nuisance. More than this, the greasy frame edifices were within the fire limit, where the law declared no wooden house should be. They menaced, then, the very existence of respectable edifices. Hodge availed himself of these facts and the Levee was doomed. There came a chill fall day when a ripping and hammering resounded on Green Street. Many good people, including Judge Hayden and Isabel, walked by and gazed with commendation on that wreck and saw the naked insides of the seats of evil. Every board and brick was swept away, the ground was leveled, and the site of that whilom builded wickedness was as desert and flat as a dead Gomorrah. There would be erected thereon honest edifices, monuments to The Chump and decency.

This and other acts made a celebrity for Hodge, which spread over that section of the state known as the Pocket. Keating was with this spreading force and made it stronger. That Hodge was a chump was yet an indisputable fact in the minds of many. But there he was, not to be ignored, a sun rolling up through the murk of the horizon.

That change which in many parts of the United States began to take political power and political fights away from what is called

the upper class, was working in a thousand towns. One other change, more apparent, affected Princeton as it affected a thousand others, the change which brought very young men to the front. On the crest of one of the first waves of this sort, Hodge rode, swept up like a log on a new strand. After a struggle in the convention of the first district between two bitter opponents, behold Martin, unruffled, suddenly comes forth the nominee for congress, and the two who have opposed each other rub their eyes and gaze on him.

This was the end of Judge Hayden's six-year term, but the Judge had held his office for many more years than that. It would have seemed to many of the inhabitants of Gibson County that the stars had ceased to exist if Hayden had ceased to be a judge. He was one of those rare men who are just what judges should be, a fixed, determinate point in the affairs of men. Your good judge in a community like this is a mooring. Hayden was nominated again.

After that Isabel gave a party. The autumn was warm, and she wrote out the invitations with her own white fingers as she sat on the porch. She sighed, gazing at the list through her glasses. Her set was vivacious and growing alarmingly; nevertheless, they were all crowded in. But there was one other. She sat and dreamed and forgot the list, with a far-away look on her face. Alas—why was that impossible?

Martin P. Hodge did not go to that party; it is to be doubted that The Chump was more than a thought in one brain among all those in Judge Hayden's house. The Judge mingled with the bright crowds. His smoothly shaven face was serene and smiling. Isabel, dressed in white, with a long, satin ribbon round her waist and floating behind, looked a little like him.

When the guests were gone she turned, singing an idle tune, to the Judge, who stood in the parlor.

"And so," she cried, smiling, "I've begun the campaign."

He looked a little serious and took hold of her hands.

"Isabel," said he, "there are new rocks in this old stream."

She thought awhile, the smile gone. Then she raised her face.

"Do you think you shall lose?" she asked.

"I've never fought a fight so hard as this will be," was his reply. "The country changes so fast, sweetheart, that an old-timer like me can't keep up with it forever."

She had lost a little of her color. She knew too well what the matter was. She looked sad and presently said, very low, with her eyes down:

"Is it Mr. Hodge, father?"

"I'm afraid it is," said he.

She went up-stairs languidly.

Martin Hodge, entering his room at eleven o'clock that night, found many notes and cards there, by way of congratulating him on his nomination, but he forgot to look at them; there was a nameless bunch of violets there too.

IV

The weeks going on, and the election approaching, there joined the ranks of Martin Hodge and Keating all that which marked the new in the first congressional district. The new is stern, sometimes a trifle coarse; it is accustomed to make things with its hands. It is the product of the spirit of manufacture. Martin Hodge was unquestionably master of that party, who, taking a cue from Keating, called themselves "The Chumps."

Judge Hayden, allied with the high of yesterday, whose spirit still informed the high of to-day, was a product of that cultured element of the life which, brought out of the East, cleared the wilderness and made the land teem and, resting from labor in the days before the manufacturing began, took out the culture and polished it up again.

The situation burst on Keating with a pang. He stared at Hodge, Hodge for whom he was wearing the soul out of him, but with whom he must inevitably rise. The thing was plain, the result indubitable. If Hodge won, Hayden must fall. He wondered what Martin thought, stalking yonder, his jaws set, his eyes calm, his mind uncomplicated. The Chump had not turned pale when the knowledge came to him. He had not smiled. He had not shrunk or leaped forward. He had just gone on. He had become something of a speaker and with Keating stumped the district. His eloquence, if such it could be called, was a sort of staccato of ideas, each propelled at his hearers and brought down on them as though it were some blow.

Late in the summer it began to be apparent that Hodge could win. Unless some sudden change in public opinion should

occur the election would mean the fall of Hayden.

At last, when the lever was beyond all doubt in Hodge's grip, there came a night when Keating received a shock. He was in Martin's store, when The Chump suddenly arose. There was something in the latter's eyes which made Keating afraid,

"Where are you going?" asked he, not knowing why he felt angry.

"To Judge Hayden's," said Hodge.

The ground seemed to be wavering under Keating. It was surely a joke. He went to the door and saw the back of Martin yonder where The Chump strode toward the Hayden house. Keating went into the store again, a little dizzy. He could not believe! He sat down as though blind. What was it he had labored for with that devotion? The sun, then, was black—the air was poison? Martin P. Hodge, gone now; now, to hold up before her his power!

Hodge rang the door bell and was admitted. There were some other callers there, and he waited, sitting silent till they had gone. Isabel, in gray, a white rose in her hair, had greeted him with kindliness, but had seemed agitated. Now, as she faced him alone, she was pale, For with his entrance something had been shattered, for her too—something too clear, too delicate, too fragile, for her to have known that she held it in her heart. But—when Martin P. Hodge came in at such a time, she felt it shattered. It was a strange face that looked on him. He arose and, standing before her, began:

"Isabel, I have never entered this house save when I had to. To-night I had to. I have believed myself strong and was strong. But to love you is stronger and is breaking me. I can't stand it any longer. I waited as long as I could; I wished to wait till after the election. But to-night was the last night, and this was the last minute. Before, when you would not love me, that made me work, made me change things. But now it will have the opposite effect. I will roll the stone up no more. So I came for the last time; and this is what I have to say." His face, grown as colorless as hers, fascinated her. "You are not even afraid that I will threaten your father's election, if you will not love me—you are good and not afraid. But the fact that I have that power has so affected me that I have revolted. I have rushed to the opposite extreme. I have told you that your refusal now would paralyze me. I will roll the stone no more. And if my hand falls, your father wins. Isabel, I am glad, though I do not know why, that this is the time when it is easier for you to refuse me than it ever was before. You have to-night a double reason to refuse; but to-night I came. If you love me, I then owe you my strength and my progress and your father must lose. If you refuse me, I will fight no more, my party is paralyzed, and your father wins. I loved you when you called me a chump. I would love you if you called me that now."

She stood and gazed at him, scarcely able to believe. The lines of his face were the pure, fire-wrought lines of power. What was he—what was he—standing there before her filling the world? The shattered thing in her heart was whole again. She forgot her father; she forgot herself. All things save him were swept away; The Chump had risen to grandeur. She came forward and cried:

"Now I love you."

TO A WOOD PATH

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

WHO found you first,
Wild wood thing,
Womanly, wayward,
Wandering?

In remote ages
Scored by the million
Once there slept here
A winged reptilian,
The print of his body
Inscribed for your reason,
As he dreamed in his coilings
A cycle or season.

Up sprang the forest
Through ages succeeding;
Stalked the wolves one by one,
The lone wolf leading.
Then in the spring-time,
Boughs interlacing,
The doe and her fawn
Went tenderly pacing.

Here you flit, there you flit,
Teasingly distant,
Vanishing ever,
Ever persistent,—
Beckoning us on,
Last-born of the million,
To walk in the print
Of that dreaming reptilian.

Where the wolves quested,
Savage and meagre,
We are love's pensioners,
With hearts that are eager.
Whither the path leads,
Dear, little matter;—
Amber of spring hole,
Waterfall's chatter;
You are my goal, dear,
Wild wood thing,
Womanly, wayward,
Wandering.